SMARTCITY DEALS FROM A TO Z; THE CITY'S QUIETEST PLACES

Sick children, painful choices. By Susan Brenna

DECEMBER 7, 1998

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Power Girls

A clique of young publicists, only a few years out of college, now control much of Manhattan's trendiest nightlife. No wonder they're laughing.

BY VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

Lara Shriftman, Ally b., and Lizzie Grubman make the scene at Moomba.

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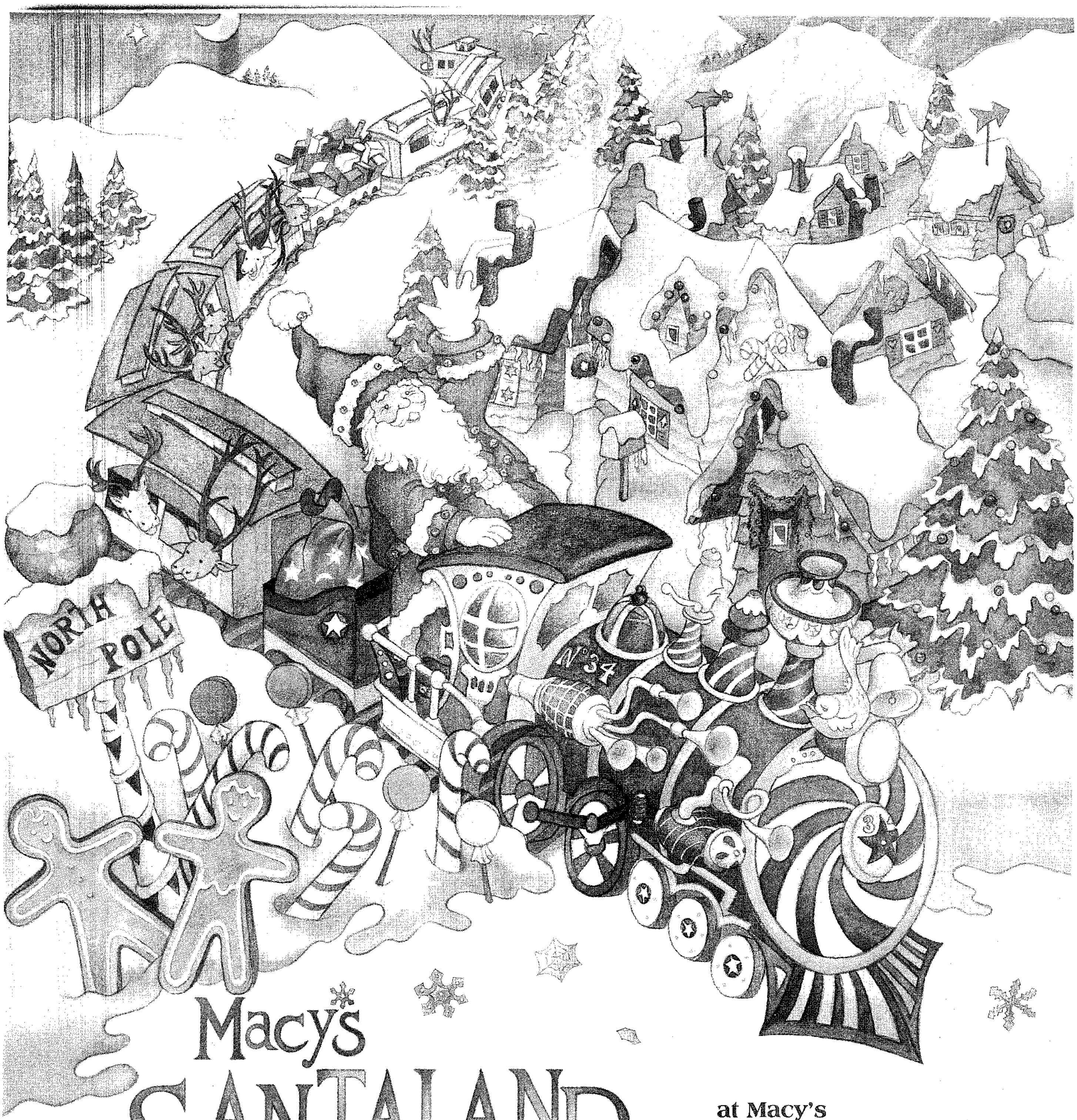

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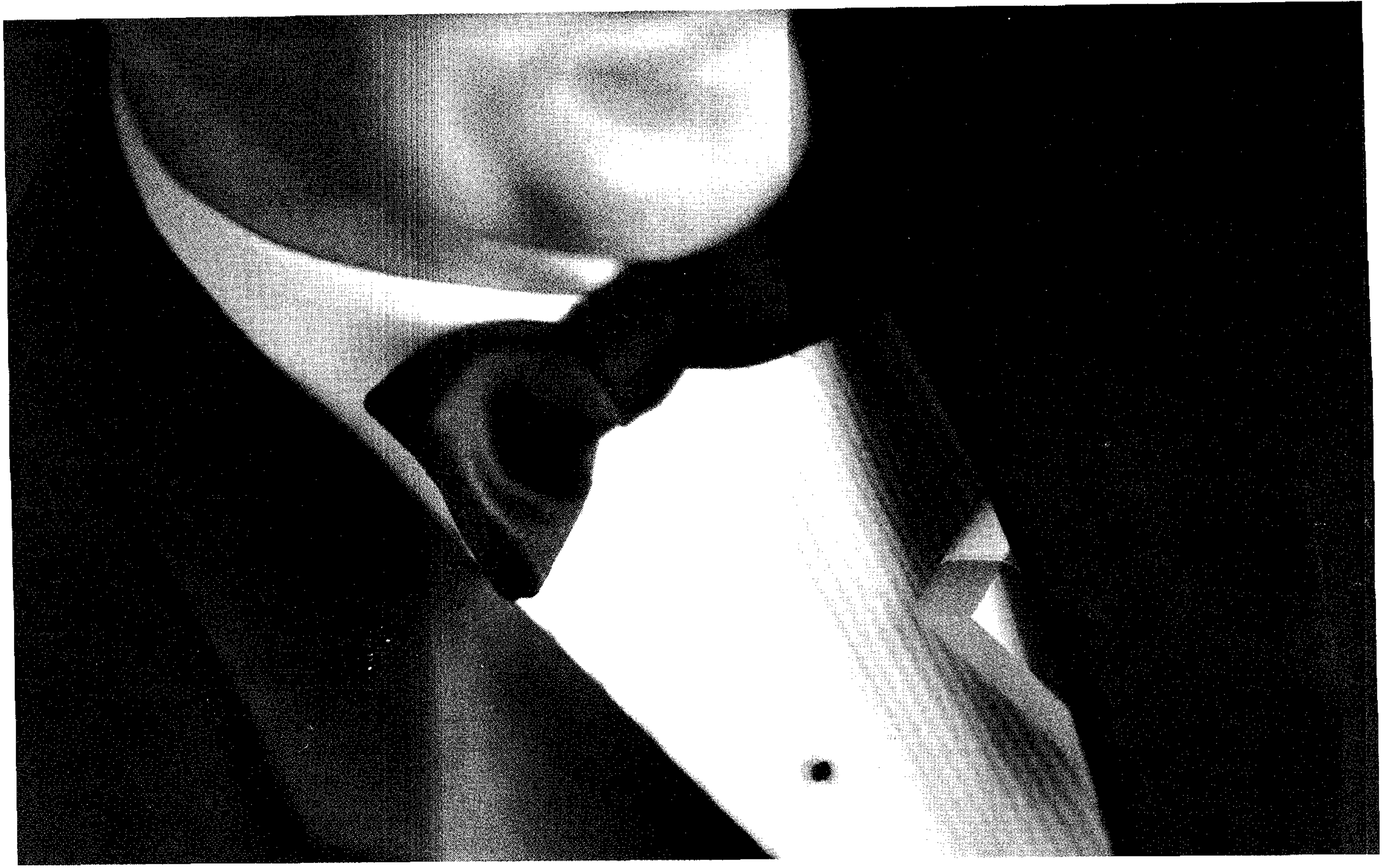

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By Vanessa Grigoriadis

A younger, feistier (and, dare we say, perkier) set of publicists have the toniest designers, the trendiest bars, and the most tractable journalists at their beck and cell-phone call. Alternately best friends and bitter enemies, they've also made the city's nightlife look a lot like high school. Peggy Siegal, watch your back.

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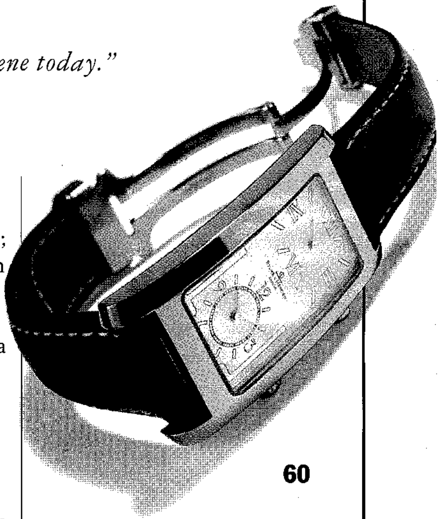

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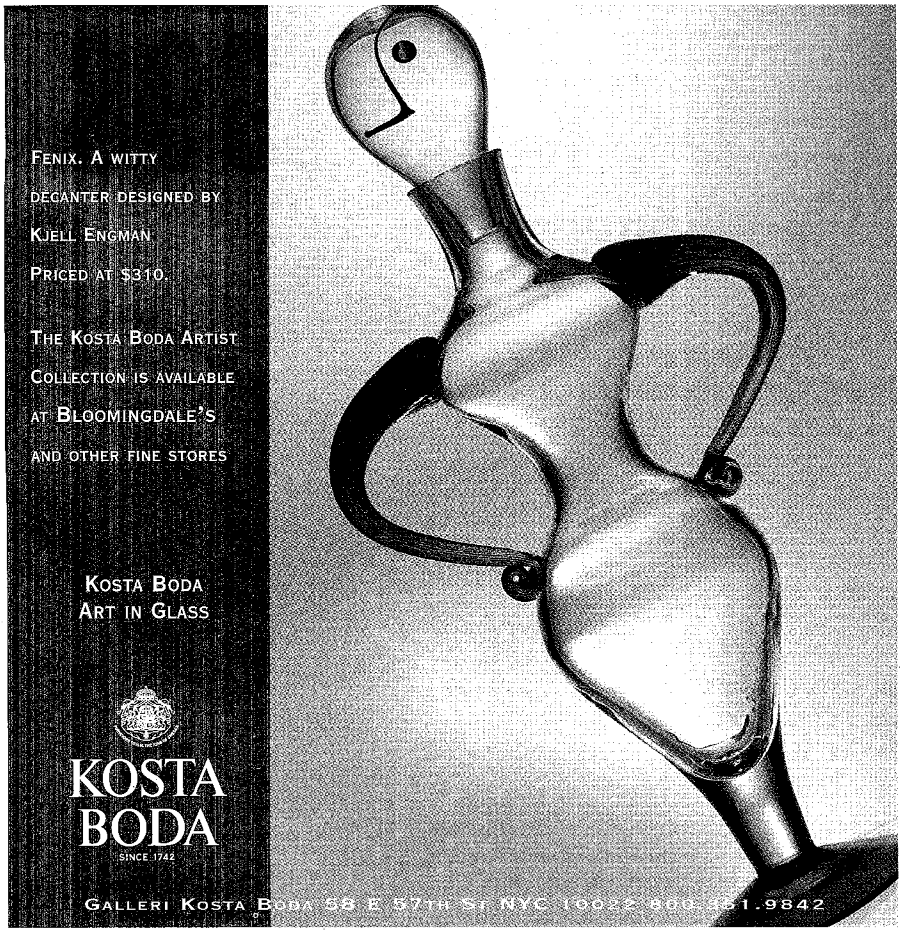
DEC. 7, 1998—VOL. 31, NO. 47. Periodicals postage paid at New York, New York, and additional mailing offices. *New York* (ISSN #0028-7369) is published weekly (except for combined issues the last week of June and the first week of July and the last two weeks of December) by PRIMEDIA Magazine Corporation, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022-6999. Editorial and business offices: 212-508-0700. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to *New York*, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 50 issues, $42. **For subscription assistance, write Joseph Oliver, *New York* Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Or call (800) 678-0900 or (212) 447-4749.** Printed in the U.S.A.

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Nedjeljko Matura; Ethan Hill; Patrick McMullan.

Cover: Photograph by Stephanie Pfriender. Hair by Carmel Bianco for Marek. On Lara: dress by Ralph Lauren, jewelry by Slane & Slane, watch by Gucci. On Ally: dress by Gucci, jewelry by Slane & Slane, watch by Cartier. On Lizzie: dress by Intermix, watch by Cartier. Cellular phones by Motorola. Photographed at Moomba.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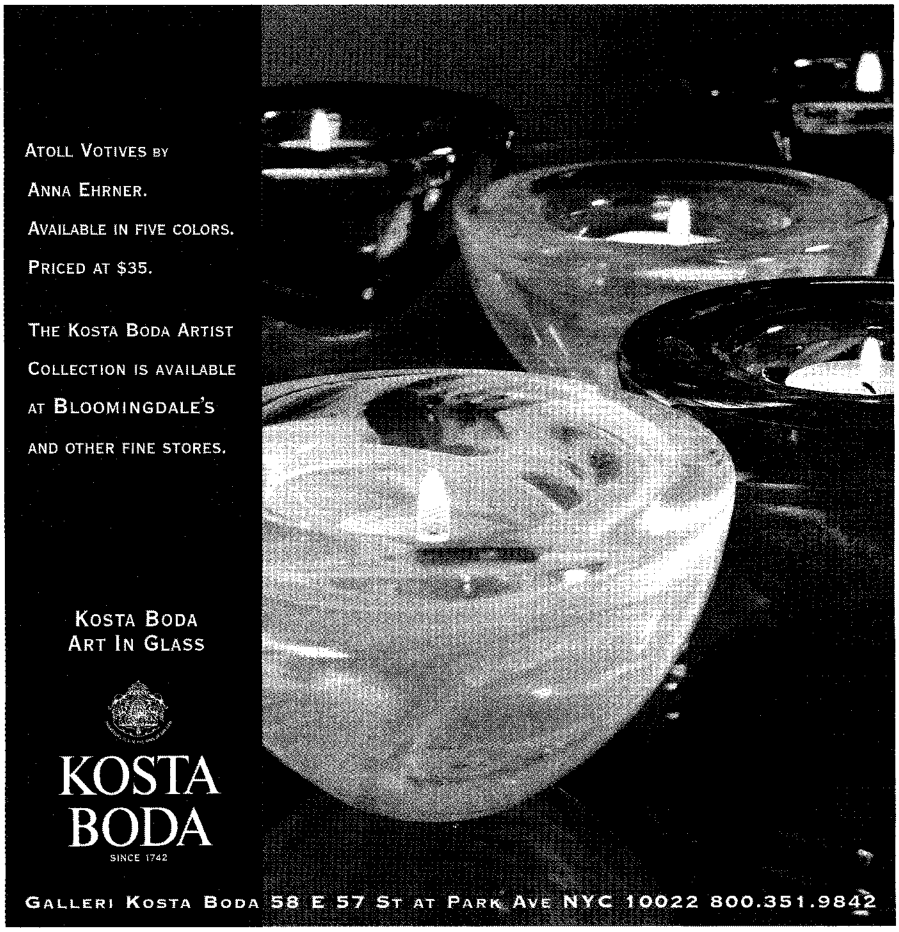
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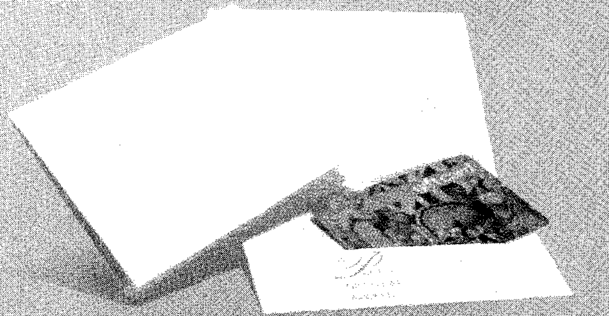

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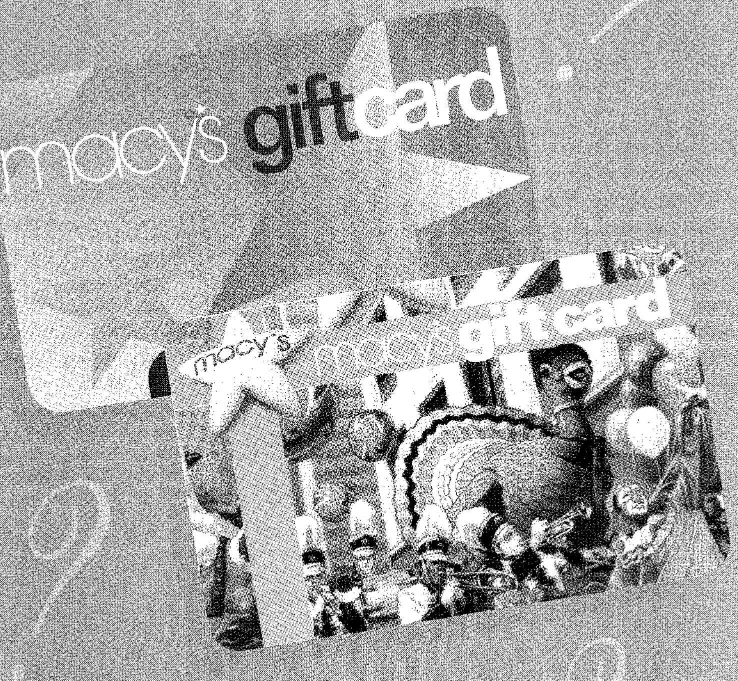

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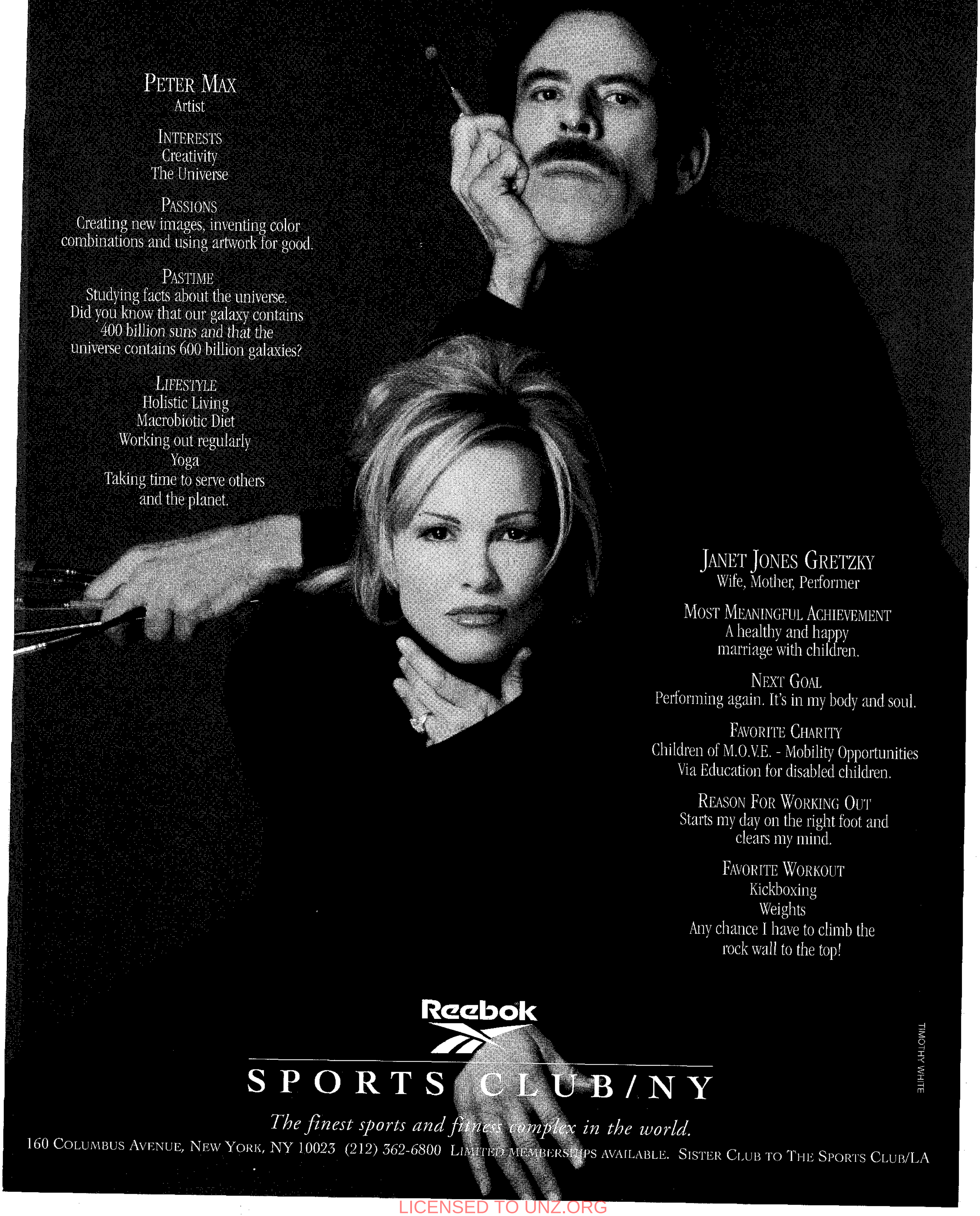

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Artist

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Town of Terror

Are mass vaccinations and underground bunkers the way to make the city a little less scary?; more motor-voters left out in the (electoral) cold; TV cops get grilled.

I HAVE BEEN DESIGNING FUTURE CITIES with my middle-school students for several years. One of the models that we are currently developing is a subterranean metropolis. This could provide protection against natural disasters such as violent storms and earthquakes. Perhaps, instead of worrying about how to inoculate millions of people, it would be wiser to design an oversize bunker with a superior ventilation system ["Fear of Terror," by Alex Williams, November 16]. This could be used as both additional living space and protection against environmental disasters. Perhaps it is in the plans of our creative students that the solution of what to do in the face of biological warfare lies.

Manette Gampel
BROOKLYN

ALL THIS HYSTERIA ABOUT BIO-TERRORISM will only inflate the budgets of the defense and law-enforcement agencies who lost the Soviet Union, their favorite bugaboo, with the end of the Cold War. That President Clinton ordered a study of bio-terrorism after reading *The Cobra Event* is emblematic of this silliness. That book is pure fiction, and any policy based on it would be fantasy. Why doesn't law enforcement end the real terrorism directed against abortion providers? Why don't we clean up the real pollution in our air and water?

Duncan T. Osborne
BROOKLYN

THANKS FOR THE INFORMATIVE ARTICLE ON urban anxiety. This is the kind of information we need in New York, not what President Clinton does in bed. One question, though: Where do we get the anthrax vaccine?

V. Ferro
MANHATTAN

Bill's Day in Court

SINCE I'M NO MORE QUALIFIED TO JUDGE the Microsoft-monopoly case than is Michael Wolff, I'd rather comment on his characterization of Bill Gates's "weird video testimony" ["Media: Gates Unhinged," November 16]. Gates has been accused of being (alternately) defiant, fetal, and, according to Wolff, "part resentful teenager." I still remember those tobacco executives sitting before Congress and swearing that tobacco didn't cause cancer. Not a weak bone, bent knee, or defiant visage among them. And how long ago was it that our president wagged his finger and swore that he "never had sex with that woman"? Perhaps we'd all be better off if Bill Gates had stayed in college, gone to graduate school, and learned how to lie with a straight face.

Arthur D. Aptowitz
STATEN ISLAND

I WAS DELIGHTED TO FIND MICHAEL Wolff's article about Bill Gates's court testimony. Now, this is funny. One clueless, vile, awkward egomaniac who makes his living by pretending to know something he doesn't is making fun of a clueless, vile, awkward egomaniac who makes his successful living by pretending his product is something that it isn't. How can you expect anyone to take your magazine seriously with such columnists?

Kirstin Reese
MANHATTAN

No Vote

HOW APPROPRIATE! I CAME BACK FROM work on Election Tuesday and sat down to read your magazine before I went to the polls. Jennifer Senior's article on how the DMV screwed up her registration caught my eye ["Gotham: Block the Vote," November 9]. I thought, *Thank goodness I made sure to register in time.* But when I walked over to the voting booth, I was dismayed to find that my name was not listed in the book. I realized that I was stung by the same problem. I moved back a few months ago from Colorado Springs (where I registered to vote through their DMV) and registered to vote when I changed my driver's license. This was in late August. I was given three options: a paper ballot, pleading my case in front of a judge (with an hour and a half left), or not voting. I resigned myself to voting on paper. When I handed my ballot to one of the volunteers, he said, "If you want to make sure that your ballot is properly registered, you can wait, or you can leave now." At that point, I didn't care if they threw my ballot in the garbage.

Barry Hammer
BROOKLYN

I RECENTLY MOVED TO NEW YORK FROM Atlanta and happily registered to take part in the democratic process upon applying for my Empire State driver's license. I was relieved to see New York was enlightened enough to recognize that the demands of city life might keep the less motivated from registering. It was the seduction of convenience in a city of very few that lured me into the motor-voter web.

The alarm clock is ringing, DMV and Board of Elections: Wake up and smell the coffee. In an election this close, these lost votes, *my vote,* could very easily be the difference between success and failure for more than a few candidates. See you next year at the polls.

J. Ben Wauford
MANHATTAN

Cop Talk

THANK YOU, JOHN LEONARD, FOR SPEAKing out on a subject that's been bothering me for a long time ["Television: Against the Law," November 2]. I love cop shows. I loved *Naked City* and *Hill Street Blues* and I even tried to like *Cop Rock,* but this increasing trend toward lawless conduct by the so-called heroes of police dramas is making me uncomfortable about my tastes. For my money, the real hero of the *NYPD Blue* episode with the alcoholic cop wasn't Sipowicz but the suit who was trying to protect the public from an armed danger to the community. When are the writers and directors of police dramas going to stop buying the blue bullshit about protecting their own and start portraying the cops who police other cops as righteous people doing a tough job?

Carolyn Wheat
OCEANSIDE, CALIF.

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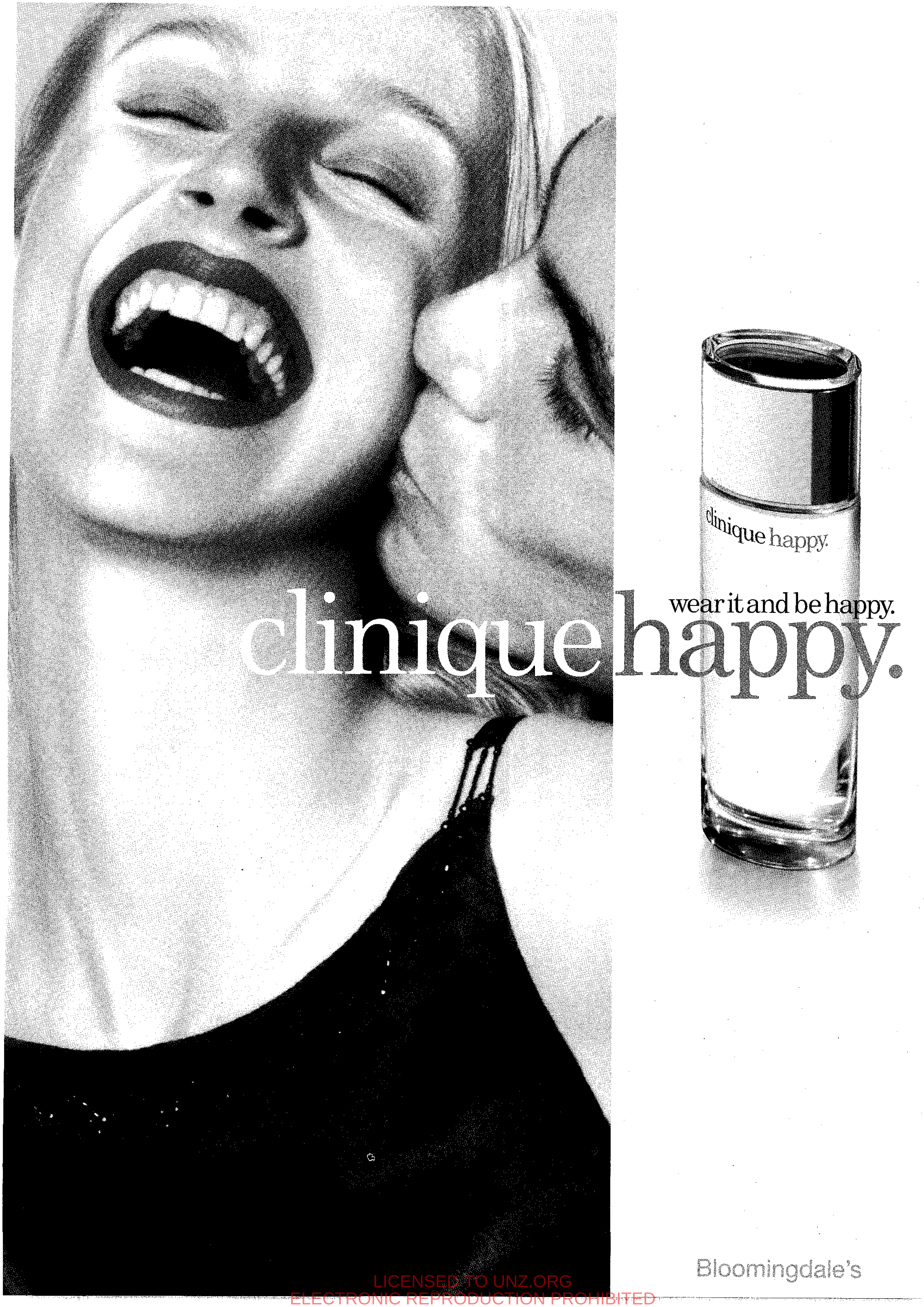
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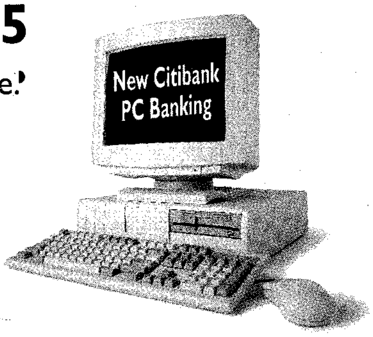

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

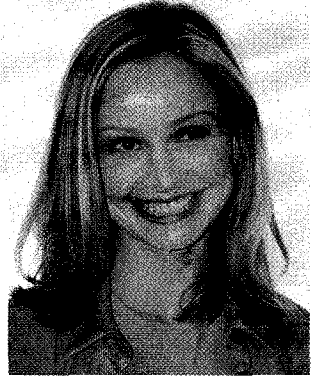
AILEY'S LAST DANCE WITH BROTHER JOHN

Alvin Ailey:
No longer his brother's keeper

When the Alvin Ailey company celebrates its fortieth anniversary, at City Center on December 2, one longtime contributor will be notably absent: **Brother John Sellers.** The vocals in *Revelations,* the company's signature piece, won't be sung by the 74-year-old bluesman, and the early Ailey pieces for which he arranged the music—*Roots of the Blues* and *Blues Suite*—won't be performed at all. Sellers is currently embroiled in a nasty lawsuit with the troupe, which cut off his royalty payments last January. Brother John was headlining at Gerde's Folk City in 1959 when he met and began to collaborate with the then-unknown choreographer Alvin Ailey. After Ailey's death in 1989, Sellers's lawsuit charges, the company recognized a copyright fraudulently obtained for the music by **Howard Roberts**, the troupe's choral director, who had been asked by Ailey to transcribe Sellers's arrangements. (**Ella Jenkins**, whose Folkways/Smithsonian recordings are used in *Revelations,* has also had legal wranglings with the company over Roberts's claiming credit for her work.) The company's court papers accuse Sellers of "extracting outrageously high royalties" and "demanding a disproportionate share of the limited resources" of the not-for-profit group. "We have been and remain willing to pay Sellers fair compensation. We're sad that our long relationship has come to this," says Ailey executive director **Sharon Gersten Luckman**. Sellers earned about $80,000 from the Ailey company in 1997, according to his attorney, **Steve Kramarsky**. These days, Sellers says, he can't afford to buy his prescribed medicine. "I have no way of getting by," he says. "Sometimes I weep in the street."

THE KINDEST CUT FOR CALISTA

Calista Flockhart, who hadn't cut her hair in a year, decided to take the plunge last week, and as long as she was doing it, she wanted to go all the way. According to a West Coast entertainment-industry insider, the television star decided she wanted a "little-boy cut" similar to Mia Farrow's in *Rosemary's Baby.* "You know how, normally, a hairdresser would jump at the chance to make a major change in a celebrity," says the source, "but no one would touch this with a ten-foot pole. They thought she would look like the walking dead." Flockhart phoned **Cindy Crawford** for advice, and the mannequin referred her to L.A. hair man **Philip B.**, who talked her out of the severe cut in favor of a trim to her clavicles. "I told her I didn't want to shock America. I said, 'You're Ally McBeal, not **Madonna**. People will want to crucify you—and tar and feather me.' "



Calista Flockhart:
Buzz cut

RUDY SHIES FROM CAMERA?

Apparently **Rudy Giuliani** *is* capable of turning down free publicity. Documentary filmmaker **Susan Steinberg** approached the mayor's film office last June requesting an interview for what she calls "an in-depth examination of what it's like to run the biggest city in the world." Giuliani's people finally got back to her in early November to say the mayor was just too busy. "I don't understand why he'd turn it down," says Steinberg, whose credits include *An American Family, Don Hewitt: 90 Minutes on 60 Minutes,* and an Emmy-winning biography of Edward R. Murrow. "This is for national broadcast and Europe—I thought he'd be delighted." Steinberg isn't put off, however; she intends to ask for Rudy's participation again and, if need be, to work without his cooperation on an unauthorized version tentatively titled *Rudy's New York.* "This is New York City," she says. "No one owns it." Mayoral spokesperson **Cristyne Lategano** says that the interview was refused because it was presented to her office as having to happen immediately. "If there's been a miscommunication," Lategano adds, "we'll certainly keep our options open in the future to review that request."

AFFLECK THROWS WEIGHT AROUND

Ben Affleck and **Joaquin Phoenix** can apparently break more than hearts. Sources say they were partying in Veruka's upstairs lounge recently along with Ben's brother **Casey** when the horseplay got a bit out of hand. The two A-listers were engaged in a great big L.A.-style embrace when Affleck's chair collapsed, sending them both to the floor. The only injuries may have been to their egos, what with **Mariah Carey** and **Russell Simmons** within eyeshot and one witness reporting that Affleck looked a bit chubby, "unshaven and not fit." But a club spokesperson says, "Ben's been in a lot lately, and I think he looks great."

Photographs: top to bottom, Bill Crespinel/Globe Photos; Andy Hall/FSP/Gamma Liaison; Bob Riha/Gamma Liaison.

DAVID COPPERFIELD'S ANTI-VANISHING ACT

Looks like **David Copperfield** doesn't do it *all* with mirrors. The illusionist par excellence has hired security-man-to-the-stars **Joe Bolanos** to install state-of-the-art surveillance systems in the four-story apartment he shares with supermodel **Claudia Schiffer**. And we thought the Galleria building on the East Side already enjoyed a fair amount of security. Have Copperfield's paranormal experiences made him just a bit paranoid? Surely he wouldn't doubt his ability to make missing objects reappear. The magician could not be reached for comment.

David Copperfield: Security issues

DRASNER WALKED A MILE FOR HIS CAMEL

Fred Drasner is learning that it's not easy combining a career as the New York co-publisher of the *Daily News* with the life of a gentleman farmer in Dutchess County. Drasner's hapless attempts to decorate his pastoral hideaway with ducks and camels have been gleefully covered by the *Post*'s "Page Six," which anointed him "Duckslayer" after he "opened fire on a pond full of sitting ducks" last year. Last fall, Drasner bought a pair of 10-month-old camels—Lawrence and Arabia—hoping to mate them when they reached sexual maturity (at 4 to 5 years old)—but Arabia died last month of a rare infection. When Arabia took ill, Drasner took the ailing dromedary to the large-animal clinic at Cornell University. "She had been on a worming schedule that was every three months, and that's what [my original] vets recommended," explains Drasner. "It turns out that it's more appropriate to put them on a one-month schedule." Undaunted, Drasner will look for another female camel soon.

FRANCO MAKES NICE; HYNES ALLOWS VICE

FRANCO'S FORCES: Before the bad reviews came in, everyone who had a voice in **Franco Zeffirelli**'s *La Traviata* got a present: a limited-edition lithograph of the opera's main set, with a personal inscription from the director. But Zeffirelli's gift could hardly make up for all of the production's cast changes and tense rehearsals, which got particularly strained after the lead soprano, **Renée Fleming**, dropped out less than a month before the opening. Zeffirelli championed the Albanian soprano **Inva Mula**, who flew in for an audition, but the Met hired **Patricia Racette** instead. Now Zeffirelli stands behind the Met's decision. He says he had suggested Mula "in a panic, because there wasn't anyone when we lost Fleming. I was certainly not *imposing,* I was simply *informing,*" the director explains. Mula "is very young, but she made a great impression," he continues. "We will call her in the future. But she is not yet at the level of Racette." As for the lithographs (700, from Florence), he says he had them made "because the people at the Met are an army. I have a special talent in creating problems for myself, but then I immediately correct them."

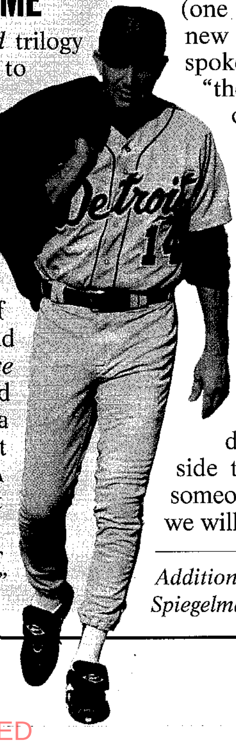
MR. LIVINGSTON, I PRESUME: **Henry Livingston** may be a distant cousin of the new speaker of the House, **Robert Livingston**, but he's facing one New York experience that might rattle even the man who nuked Newt: a legal threat from his landlord. In fact, Livingston's *ex*-landlord is making the threat. For 37 years, Livingston, 80, lived in a rent-controlled two-bedroom on the Upper East Side. Last year, the financial analyst retired to his family's 1793 home on 200 acres overlooking the Hudson; in October, his Manhattan landlord won a retroactive hardship rent increase of $11,959.36. Livingston's attorney, **Jonathan Nichols**, appealed to the state's rent-control agency; Rosenberg & Estis's **Jeffrey Turkel**, who represents the landlord, calls a lawsuit "possible." Unless, of course, Livingston manages a successful filibuster.

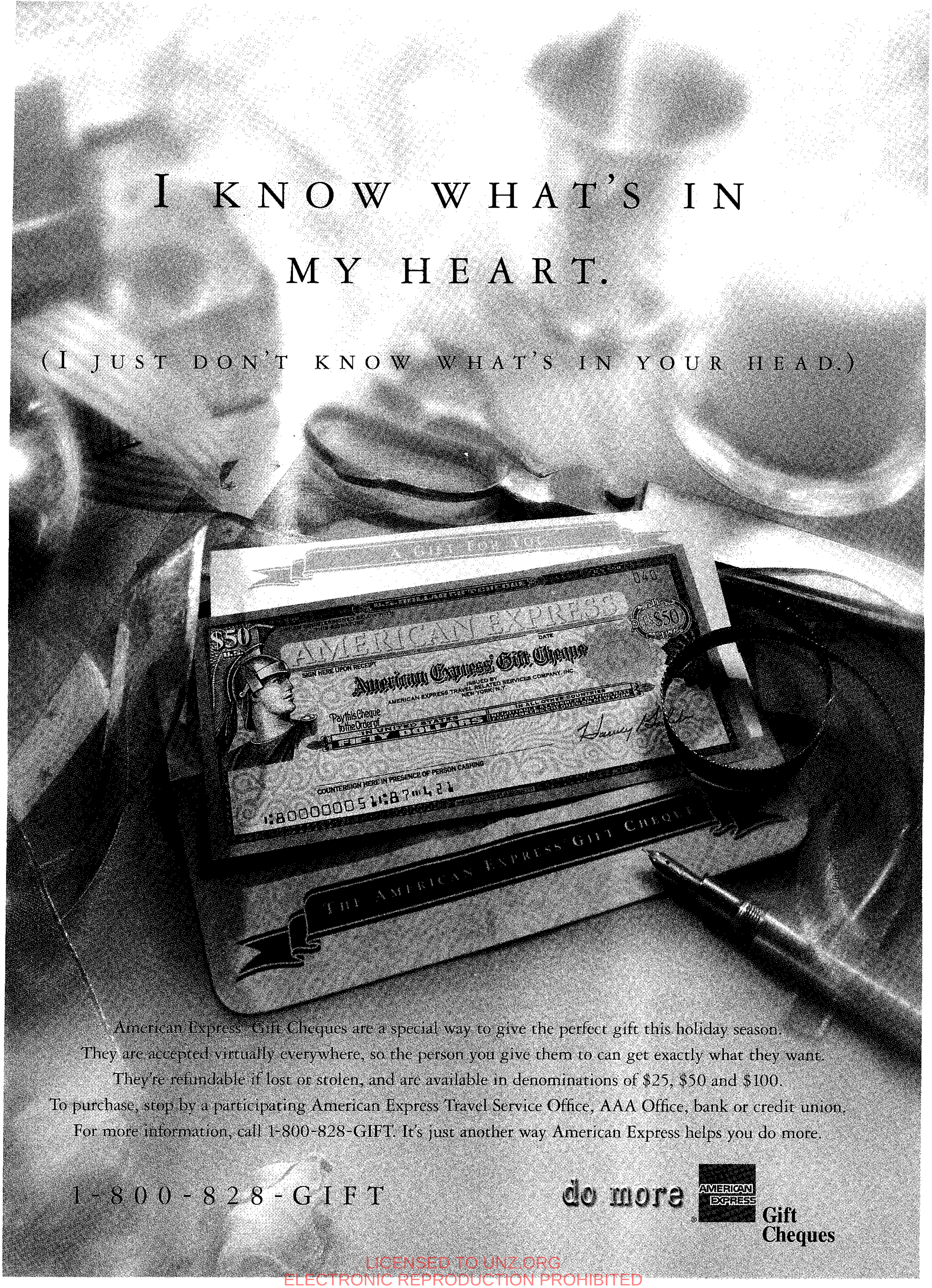
TAPE MEASURES: Nothing gets past the sharp eye of Brooklyn district attorney **Charles Hynes**—except when it's right under his nose. A few pirate-video vendors have apparently set up camp just outside his old offices at 210 Joralemon Street (one block from his new offices). A Hynes spokesperson says that "the district attorney's office has worked closely with the Motion Picture Association to target mass producers of pirate videos. Sellers are a misdemeanant, and misdemeanants don't have a high impact on the industry." And as for the misdemeanants right outside the D.A.'s door: "If someone files a complaint, we will prosecute it."

Additional reporting by Ian Spiegelman and Elana Zeide.

TAKE THEM OUT OF THE BALL GAME

The zombies in director **Sam Raimi**'s *Evil Dead* trilogy were pretty creepy, but they don't compare to some of the extras on his latest pic, *For Love of the Game,* which wrapped last week at Yankee Stadium. Filling the stands for the **Kevin Costner** baseball flick sometimes required as many as 2,000 extras, so, according to an on-set insider, the casting crew hired everyone it could get its hands on at $70 a day—including prostitutes, homeless people, drunks, and druggies. "Security threw out hundreds of them," says the source, for fighting, drinking, and engaging in sex acts. The *pièce de résistance* came when a popular extra called Guido decided to celebrate the last day of filming by donning a white suit and running the bases, at which point "security tackled him," says the source. A spokesperson for the film says, "They didn't tackle him; they just cornered him when he was finished," adding, "I didn't see any of that other stuff, but, yes, they were a pretty wacky group."

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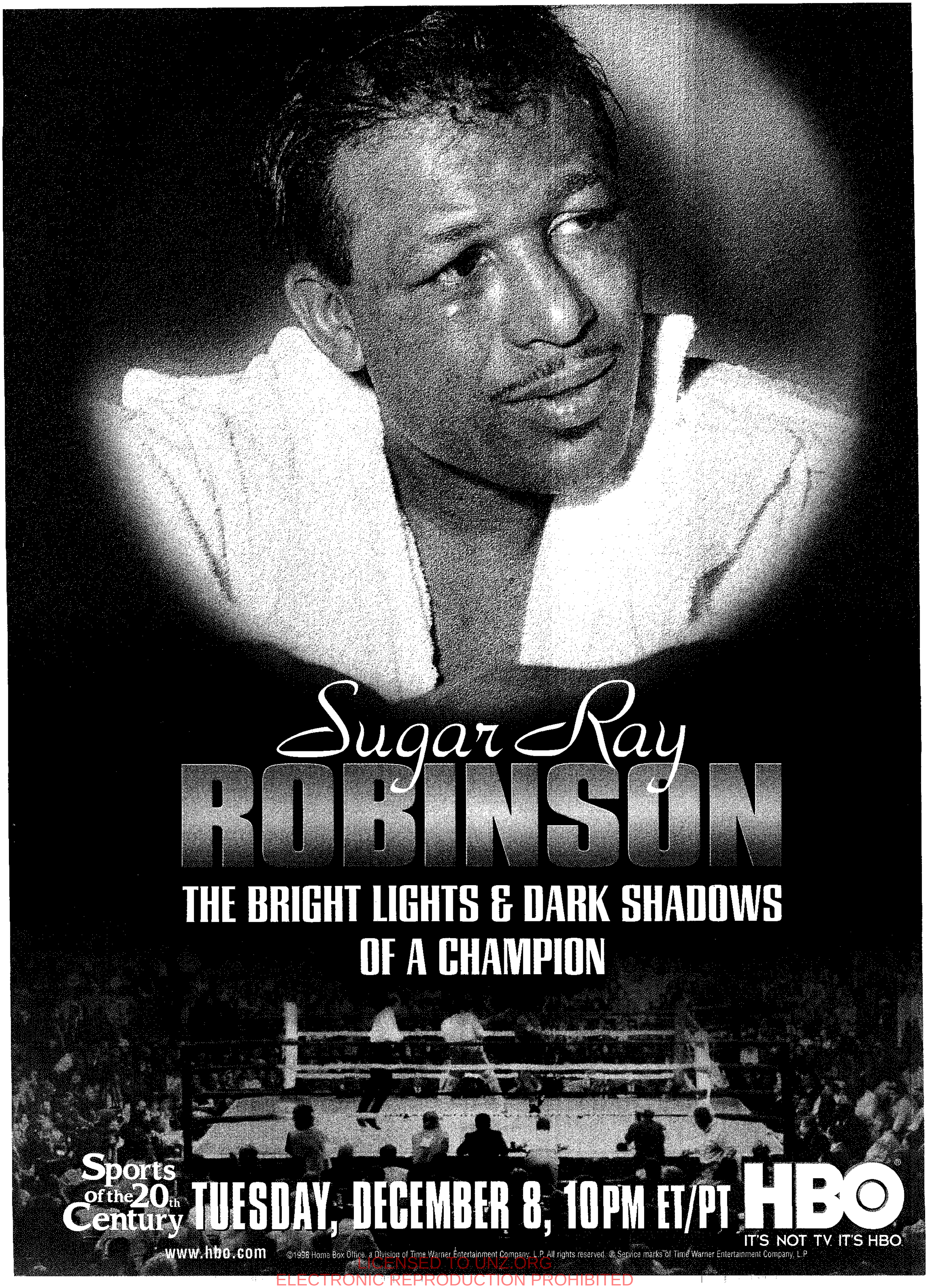

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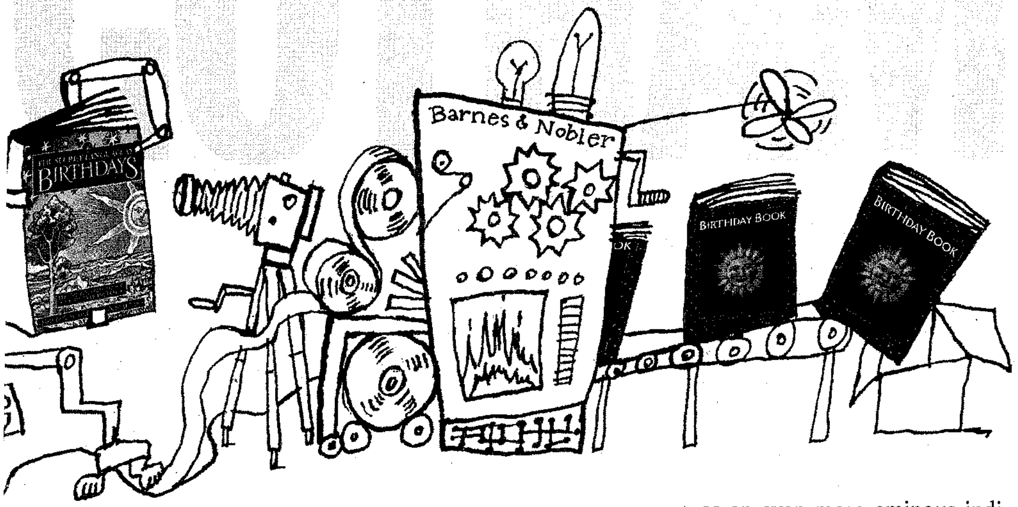
WHEN I LEAVE IT I NEVER DARE LOOK BACK LEST I TURN INTO SALT—*FRANK SULLIVAN*



Tome Raider

They own the shelves, they rule the distribution—has Barnes & Noble started cloning books, too?

CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS sifting through the gift-book selections at Barnes & Noble stores may think they're seeing double. Not far from Penguin's best-selling coffee-table book *The Secret Language of Birthdays*, lies a Doppelgänger—a similarly packaged, less-expensive volume called *The Ultimate Birthday Book*. The two books have the same outsize dimensions, strikingly close dust-jacket designs, and all-but-identical internal layouts, combining astrology, numerology, Tarot, and celebrity trivia. "It's just a takeoff with the same format," offers a perky sales clerk at the Barnes & Noble on Broadway at 82nd Street.

The book-publishing field is, of course, rife with clones and knockoffs. What makes this one noteworthy is that the takeoff volume is published not by one of Penguin's competitors but by Barnes & Noble itself. That means the company trying to attract consumers away from the original volume just happens to be the company that controls the most shelf space of any bookseller in the country.

This development comes amid considerable public anxiety about Barnes & Noble's ever-growing market share. Already a gigantic retail presence, it has recently acquired Ingram, the country's largest book distributor. "It's very scary. It really does look very much like a monopoly," says Stephanie Oda, publisher of the industry newsletter *Subtext*. "And knowing [Barnes & Noble chairman] Leonard Riggio, he'll push the envelope even further." Some see the superstore conglomerate's actual publishing of books as an even more ominous indication of its power over the entire industry.

"It's a nightmare," says literary agent Elyse Cheney, of Sanford Greenburger Associates. "These kinds of books are a publisher's bread and butter. Publishers do risky literary novels because they can do [safer bets like] *The Secret Language of Birthdays*. Without those, they can take fewer and fewer risks."

Barnes & Noble purchased U.S. rights to *The Ultimate Birthday Book* from Connecticut-based Saraband Inc., a packager that specializes in illustrated nonfiction books. Barnes & Noble approved their work at various stages and gave occasional direction on design. Saraband's Nikki Gillies says that the fact that a very similar book had been on the market since 1994 was not a concern. "That's always the case with anything we do," she

(continued on page 16)

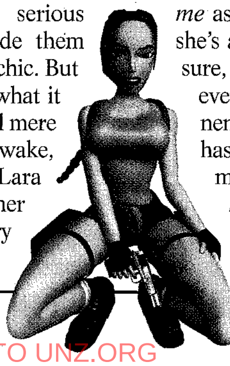
SUBPLOT

Monkey Buzz-ness

HOME IMPROVEMENT IS always a disruptive experience, no less for monkeys than for anxious suburbanites. When, at the beginning of November, the Central Park Wildlife Center began constructing two shallow hot tubs in the area inhabited by ten Japanese macaques, keepers looked to Don Moore to keep the animals happy and distracted. A 43-year-old animal-behavior scientist who already treats Gus the polar bear, Moore had a different prop delivered to the monkeys' cages twice a day. One night, the ruddy-faced, gray-haired creatures could be seen gleefully peering through paper-towel tubing; on other evenings they romped through piles of donated clothes or tore up copies of *TV Guide*. But when the tubs are finally installed, Moore will face his biggest challenge: actually getting the monkeys into the pools. "The younger animals will be more keen to use this," says Moore. "Once the older animals get a sense that this is a fun place to be, they'll use them for sure." But once the old folks show up, will the young hipsters really stick around? BARBARA ENSOR

CAMEO

Just Call Her Dirty Harriet



IT SEEMS LIKE JUST A FEW YEARS AGO THAT ALL vampy self-empowered post–*Charlie's Angels* hip chicks were toting serious firearms. They thought it made them tough. They thought it made them chic. But after the passage of so little time, what it has made them is relics. They are all mere flickers on Classic MTV; in their wake, only one remains—the mighty Lara Croft, video-game superstar. With her unmistakable silhouette (Dirty Harry megagun, Pamela Anderson bustline, and the strap-on side holster that's suddenly very Helmut Lang/Miu Miu), this high-tech *anime* ass-kicker just keeps getting better. Sure, she's a luminary of Internet stroke sites. And sure, she's given celebrity interviews to almost every major publication. But now the imminent release of Tomb Raider's latest version has even set the financial markets atingle, meriting mention in the *Wall Street Journal*. Think a girl like that's going to let you mess with her stock price? Go ahead, make her day.

Illustration by Scott Menchin. Photograph courtesy of Eidos Interactive.

Tome Raider *continued from page 15*

explains. "We like to do it one step better. We like the challenge." Mary Ellen Keating, a Barnes & Noble senior vice-president, adds that their intent was "to create a book that went further into Eastern astrology and had a little more detail and accuracy in research."

Joost Elffers, *Secret Language*'s co-author, says he isn't surprised that his book is the object of such sincere flattery. "I thought we'd get two years until someone copied it," he confesses. "That we got four is pretty good." Penguin, which does a tremendous volume of business with Barnes & Noble, declined to comment on this matter.

"When Barnes & Noble has so much power that people are afraid to speak up," says André Schiffrin, director of The New Press, "that's the real problem."

Not everyone in publishing is so taciturn, however. "Almost every time there is a big acquisition, apocalyptic echoes begin in the land," says Tom McCormack, former head of St. Martin's Press, who points out that Doubleday, a major publisher, used to own a chain of bookstores. " 'Oh, my God, Viking bought Penguin, Bertelsmann bought Random House—the end of the world is coming!' It doesn't come."

"I don't mind that they're doing books. That's the competitive way," says Laurence Kirshbaum, CEO of Time Warner Trade Publishing. "We might get into e-commerce and become retailers ourselves. There already is a very blurred line."

However one views the development, though, it's clear that spinoffs like *The Ultimate Birthday Book* are not just a onetime anomaly. Barnes & Noble, which self-published 400 titles last year alone (most of them literary classics that are in the public domain), recently hired Barbara Morgan away from *Reader's Digest* to produce a new line of illustrated reference books. The first of the series is slated for the spring of 2000.

Elffers himself is willing to play ball. "In the end," he says, "I work with the one who provides the smartest strategy to sell books." SARAH BERNARD

MUSIC

Choir Straits

The Boys Choir of Harlem navigates difficult waters.

Members of the Boys Choir of Harlem in concert.

THE HOLIDAYS ARE USUALLY prime time for the Boys Choir of Harlem: The acclaimed group performs sellout concerts, and its choral albums make beloved gifts. But this season, as the choir stumbles back from a highly unsuccessful makeover, its backers aren't feeling very merry.

It all started in 1995 when Rick Levin—a onetime promoter of New Kids on the Block—encouraged the choir to seek MTV stardom. The result was *Up in Harlem,* an album of hip-hop and ballads. It was released with all the accoutrements: a music video, a single, a dance remix—even a line of hip-hop fashion.

An institution founded to rescue children from urban crises was cultivating a street-tough image. But the arrangement was unusual in other ways, too; Levin was acting as producer, booker, and manager—roles that are usually separated to avoid conflicts of interest.

Two and a half years later, the album's distributor is out of business, and *Up in Harlem* is so scarce that the choir's had trouble scrounging enough copies to sell at concerts. A subsequent Christmas album, which included Hillary Clinton's recitation of "The Night Before Christmas," was not, Levin admits, "actively distributed." The ensemble has not been paid any of its advances or royalties, nor has it received an accounting of sales, says Bob Chiles, who oversees its finances.

Levin has landed the Boys Choir some well-paying gigs. Last month, to promote a cruise line, they performed with Loretta Lynn, Jessye Norman, and two British military bands. In terms of prestige, it was a far cry from the group's well-known White House appearances. But singing before heads of state does not pay the rent, and so the choir, always scrambling for donations, has become increasingly dependent on such bookings to support its tuition-free Choir Academy of Harlem.

To help straighten out its finances, the ensemble has retained the pro bono services of Helene M. Freeman, an entertainment lawyer with Dorsey & Whitney. Freeman has just begun to pore over the choir's dealings with Levin and his company, and she's blunt about what comes next. "They are out," she says firmly, adding that the choir formally terminated its recording agreement with Levin.

Freeman's looking toward the future: "When I first got this client, I said, 'These people should be making a ton of money.' " Until they are, however, the failed *Up in Harlem* will stand as a reminder of a great institution's less-than-great experiment. Or would, if anyone could get his hands on a copy.

MARCIA BIEDERMAN

TRANSCRIPT

Idiot's Delight: When Honorable People Differ (With Our Mayor)

Mayor Giuliani recently described a planned AIDS-awareness Christmas tree that was to be decorated with condoms as "one of the most idiotic ideas I've ever heard." His judgment may be harsh, but his expertise is unassailable. Just consider his reaction to some of the many people and ideas that have offended him over the past few years: RANDY COHEN

- "Like the stupidest thinking you can possibly imagine." *—about resistance to funding a new stadium with taxes, September 28, 1998.*
- "Idiotic and absurd." *—about a two-hour furlough for convicts, November 8, 1997.*
- "Stupid and outrageous." *—about the city's deal with the Arthur Ashe Stadium (more profitable than the city's deal with Yankee Stadium), August 25, 1997.*
- "Funny numbers, phony numbers, jerky numbers, idiot numbers." *—about a Board of Education report, July 10, 1996.*
- "Idiotic." *—about a judge's decision to grant bail to an accused felon, July 8, 1996.*
- "Academic idiots who . . . don't know what they are talking about." *—about critics of the mayor's legal knowledge, May 27, 1996.*
- "Idiotic." *—about letting an illegal immigrant drive a taxi, December 1, 1995.*
- "Idiotic." *—about outsourcing the Police Department's auto repair, March 24, 1994.*
- "Idiot." *—about cosmetics heir Ronald Lauder, September 11, 1989.*
- "If there are firefighters that act improperly—act stupidly, criminally and in a crazy way—suggests the following about firefighters: They are human beings." *—about a fireman mêlée in Bryant Park, June 5, 1998.*

Photograph by Wilfredo Lee/AP/Wide World Photos.

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ACTIVISM

On the Waterfront

Willie Studioso is fighting to turn a neglected Brooklyn pier into a contender.

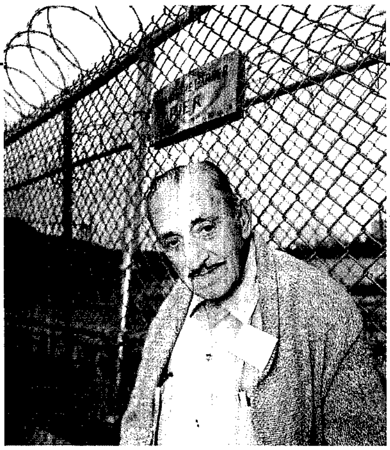
IT'S A BALMY AUTUMN AFTERnoon in Greenpoint, and Willie "the Barber" Studioso is touring the waterfront in his Thunderbird. When he gets to the remains of the India Street Pier, he waves a finger toward a spot in the swirling currents where, in the wee hours of October 14, the concrete gave way and sent fisherman Jozef Milek to his death. Willie shakes his head: "I used to see his wife bring him beer and sandwiches."

Right now, as it sags, broken, into the East River, the pier—to all but a few bass fishermen—is little more than a pitiful reminder of the Brooklyn waterfront's vibrant past. The 88-year-old retired barber also seems like a holdover from a bygone borough, but the plan he's spearheading is very much a part of the new Brooklyn.

A founder of the almost-200-member Friends of the India Street Pier, Willie is trying to get the dilapidated structure rebuilt as a recreational facility on a par with Long Island City's 49th Avenue Pier.

Studioso founded his organization in 1995 to stop carjackers from dumping their stripped booty off the end of the pier. Last year, the cause expanded when a twenty-foot section of concrete splashed into the river, taking seven people with it (all were rescued). A razor-wire-topped fence was erected, but that didn't deter fishermen like Milek. Nor did Willie's handwritten warning signs.

After Milek's body was found, the Friends held a rally. "Willie is one of a core of people who literally risk their lives to have access to that pier," says local City Councilman Ken Fisher, who believes that the dormant waterfront is ripe for a good idea. "Somebody is going to light a match," Fisher says, "and one of these firecrackers is going to go off. Once the first project takes hold, it will get them all going."


Willie "the Barber" Studioso, founder of Friends of India Street Pier.

Willie could be the one who makes it happen. Earlier this year, the India Street Pier was included on a state-mandated open-space plan, a crucial step in preserving the area for recreation. Now, when he's not out crabbing, bluefishing, and watching over his fellow anglers down at the end of India Street, Willie is trying to get the Friends incorporated as a nonprofit organization. "When that happens, we will have a storefront, computers, the works," he says. "Before I die, this is what I want to do—I want to make my peace with God."

TOM GOGOLA

FILM

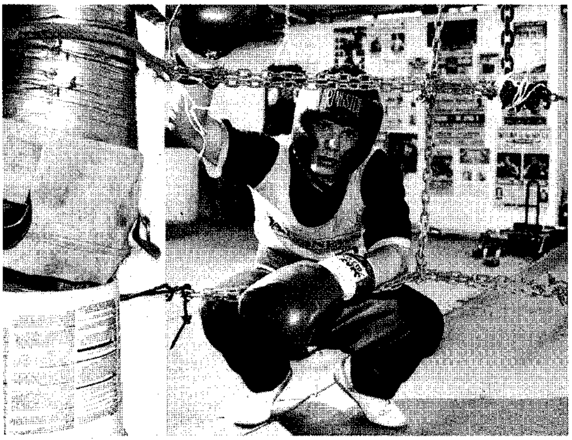
Every Film Is a Director's Cut (and Forget About Popcorn)

A YEAR AND A HALF AGO, PRODUCERS RICKI STERN AND ANNE Sundberg were ready to screen their film *In My Corner.* They knew it was a rough cut. They just weren't quite sure how rough. So they steadied their nerves and took it to the DocuClub.

Part support group, part film salon, the club was started four years ago by documentarian Susan Kaplan and some friends to let "nonfiction" filmmakers show works-in-progress to a sympathetic but demanding audience: other filmmakers. By last fall it was so popular that the monthly screenings were moved to MOMA. Now the club has begun a "final cut" series that's open to the public. The finished version of *In My Corner,* a film about the relationships between young boxers and their trainers at a grubby South Bronx boxing club, debuted this month.

Participants describe the DocuClub as valuable but somewhat unnerving. "I've been at screenings where someone will say, 'Oh, it's too bad you didn't catch that winning moment,' and it's not like you can go back and catch it," says Stern. "But if you're really ready to hear it, it can be very helpful. For us it clarified things that we sort of already knew but didn't really know until we heard it from 50 other people."

Heavyweights and first-timers all get the same treatment: total candor. When *Innocent Until Proven Guilty,* about the Washington, D.C., criminal-justice system, screened, its producer, Julia Pimsleur, said, "For all of you whose films I've been critical of all year, this is your chance to get me back." Director Kirsten Johnson qualified that: "Wait, I didn't say anything about any of your films. Get her back. Not me."


Critical knockout: A still from *In My Corner,* a documentary film about boxing that was recently screened at DocuClub.

"Because the audience are filmmakers themselves, part of every comment is, this is how they would do it," says Pimsleur. "People in their fifties, trained on cinéma-vérité, often have a different angle than people in their twenties. They want different stories exercised, they don't like the jump cuts, etcetera. So you have to sift through the comments very carefully."

Nevertheless, many say they come not only to make connections but to feel connected. "We were like this in the sixties," says the photographer Joel Meyerowitz, who screened his first film, *Pop,* about a road trip with his father, who has Alzheimer's. "We all knew each other—Robert Frank, Diane Arbus, you name it—and we would get together to look at photographs and talk. Now everyone's trying to get in a gallery and become rich. So to see in the world of film, where the potential riches are so great, that some people still care enough to get together was incredibly moving. I felt like I was a kid again."

ERIC MESSINGER

Photographs: top to bottom, Bernd Auers; Robert Stern.

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RAT CITY

PERIODIC DISPATCHES FROM THE WAR ON VERMIN

Rodent du Jour

THE FIGHT AGAINST RATS IS full of surprises, and one of the biggest of all occurs every week at Salinas, an Ecuadoran restaurant at 499 Fifth Avenue in Park Slope. In this pleasant setting, patrons—people just as likely as the rest of us to spend part of their paycheck fighting vermin—tuck into a heaping plate of what looks dangerously close to roasted rat.

It's not actually rat; it's guinea pig, the national dish of Ecuador. But to most New Yorkers' eyes, it looks like our favorite public-health risk. In a flourish that does nothing whatsoever to combat that impression, cuy (rhymes with Roy, especially in Paul Simon songs) is served whole-in-body, pointy ears, cloven paws, razorlike tiny teeth, and all. Carving it is like a gruesome *ER* sequence, and I can't remember another time I wondered whether the meat I was eating was a boy or a girl—though, thankfully, there was no evidence either way.

Carlos Guaman, the restaurant's proprietor, buys the skinned animals from Los Paisanos, a butcher shop in Queens, the borough that's home to most of the city's residents of Ecuadoran heritage. The rodents are flown in weekly from Ecuador, marinated in garlic and peppers for a day, and served as a special Friday through Sunday for $30 a plate. "Generally, we serve around 35 a weekend, usually to Ecuadoran people, but some Japanese and Americans like it, too," says Guaman. "Here, people have them as pets, so they don't think of them as food. In Ecuador, they raise them on farms to eat. But even then, running around, they look like pudgy rats."

Nevertheless, they've been a popular element of Andean cuisine since the days of the Incas. Named after the noise they make (*Waiter, I'll have a cut of your finest moo*), they're high in protein and easy to raise. In addition, some believe them to have special healing powers. On the plate, they're dark and gamey, with flesh that's chewier than Bubblicious. The closest comparison, in terms of flavor, is to duck meat. But in presentation cuy is so thoroughly un-ducklike that it's difficult to mistake it for, or even compare it to, any other species. "People who order it know that they want it," says Guaman. "It wouldn't be a party without cuy."

Let that serve as an inspiration to a city full of rodent-haters: If you can't beat 'em, eat 'em. KATE AURTHUR

A nice, hot serving of Cuy, Ecuador's national dish. (It only *looks* like rat.)

THE SCENE

Queens Logic

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

James Stewart and Binky Urban at Housing Works' Used Books Café for a party in honor of *The New Yorker's* writers and artists.

Val Kilmer and Jeff Gossett at Moomba, where John Sykes hosted a premiere party for FineLine's *Hurlyburly.*

Katie Couric, Paula Zahn, and Connie Chung at the Power Lunch for Women benefiting Citymeals-On-Wheels.

At Lincoln Center, for the New York City Partnership's annual gala, president Robert Kiley, honoree David Rockefeller, Brooke Astor, and chairman Richard D. Parsons.

Queen Anne-Marie of Greece, Empress Farah Pahlevi of Iran, Queen Sofia of Spain, and Queen Noor of Jordan at a benefit for the United World Colleges.

Michael Musto celebrating his birthday with Quentin Crisp at Lucky Cheng's. The party was hosted by Jerry Springer.

Photograph by Dick Kranzler/Stockfood.

GOTHAMSTYLE

Light Necking

British aristo-gypsy chic is colorful and irreverent in design, but let's face it, it's usually more aristo than gypsy in price. Who among us has the cash (and the confidence) to wear Voyage or Virginia Bates? Luckily, there's jeweler Noël Bohorquez, a resident of London and the New Age, whose collection of crystal-strewn silk chokers has just arrived at Calypso. Inexpensive ($60) and effortlessly eye-catching, Bohorquez's creations are both seasonally spot-on (in colors like fuchsia, lemon, turquoise, clementine) and spiritually correct (with chakra-specific stones). Little wonder they've been spotted on collarbones at Euro-trash society weddings and the Jivamukti Yoga Center.

SALLY SINGER

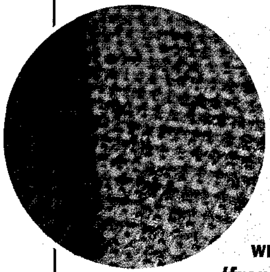
BODY TYPE

Softer Hands Without Washing Dishes

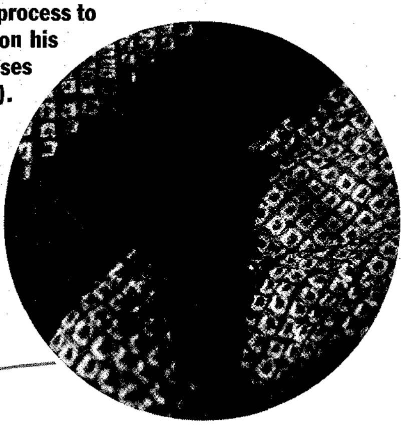
Dr. Jim Baral's hands are a little bizarre, but that's all in a day's work: The Central Park South dermatologist got an anti-aging SoftLight laser peel on his right hand, leaving the left unchanged for comparison's sake. "The right feels softer and looks smoother," says Baral, who is among the few New York doctors who offer the procedure. "People notice the difference immediately." The specially designed laser painlessly zaps away imperfections in the top layer of the skin—a procedure that takes only 20 to 30 minutes for both hands and costs $160. With no side effects (other than possible tingling and temporary redness), it's the sort of thing you can even squeeze into a lunch hour. But not if you're hungry.

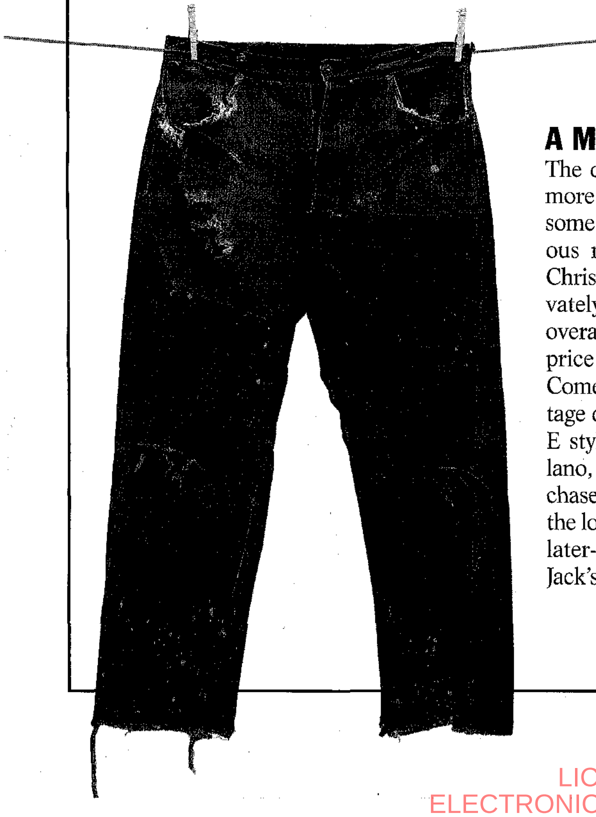
ELANA ZEIDE

To Tie-Dye For



An ancient tie-dying technique called *shabori,* in which tiny corners of fabric are tied around single grains of rice before being dipped in dye, has recently made its way from the oldest neighborhood in Kyoto to the catwalks and showrooms of Manhattan. Australian designer Akira Isogowa uses the process to make tiny, textured polka dots on his wrap skirts, camisoles, and dresses (from $360; available at Barneys). And Gothamite Susan Cianciolo, who was given some antique *shabori* kimonos by a Japanese friend, has made the fabric into brocade cotton shirts and bustled skirts (from $600; by appointment at her showroom). "I love it because it's so tactile," says Isogowa. "It's a fabric, but it feels like a little creature that's alive."





A Mean Pair of Jeans

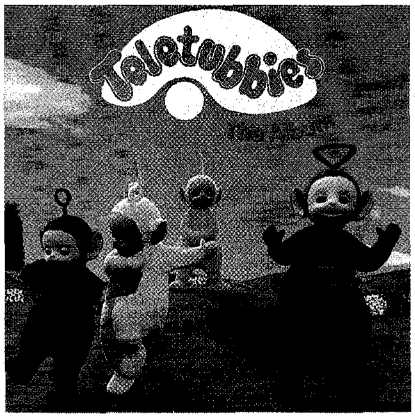
The days when jeans got cooler as they got more and more beat-up are long gone, but some people are still willing to shell out serious money for ratty pants. This Tuesday, Christie's auctions off one of the oldest privately owned pairs of Levi's—"duck-waist overalls" circa 1870 (left)—for an expected price of $30,000. West Broadway's What Comes Around Goes Around also sells vintage denim, including Levi's red-line and Big E styles, which Shalom Harlow, Alyssa Milano, and Scary Spice have all recently purchased for upwards of $300. Those who like the look but can't afford the pedigree can find later-model duck-waist overalls at Cheap Jack's for $65.

MAURA EGAN

Pre-Schoolhouse Rock

Never underestimate a plush, pear-shaped plaything from Teletubby Land. In England, *Teletubbies: The Album* scared the Spice Girls into delaying the release of their holiday single by a couple of weeks; as if that weren't enough of a palace coup, the disk ended up outselling Princess Di's tribute album. Though the trippy television show is geared to 1-year-old viewers, tracks like "Puddle Dance," "Twisty Dance," "Running Away Dance," "Up and Down Dance," and, of course, "Tree" all found eager audiences at electronica clubs. This month, the synthesized ditties of Tinky Winky, Dipsy, Laa-Laa, and Po have been released on these shores. Get ready to hear "Dirty Knees" repositioned as a joke about the White House scandal.

BARBARA ENSOR



EDITED BY VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

Photographs: clockwise from bottom left; courtesy of Christie's New York; Amy Freeth (3).

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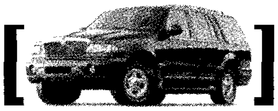
Lincoln Navigator. What a luxury [ **] should be.**

MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

The *Me* in Media

Why has Mort Zuckerman grafted a glittery, high-profile head to the working-class body of the 'Daily News'? The answer has to do not with business but with vanity.

MORTIMER ZUCKERMAN HIRES editors with such verve and determination that it certainly seems as though he has some clear plan in mind for his media empire. Now he's hired Edward Kosner, a longtime editor of this magazine and more recently editor of *Esquire*—the kind of high-powered, socially connected magazine editor TV movies are made about—to edit the Sunday *Daily News,* that package of police stories, lottery tales, color comics, human-interest bromides, and ethnic special sections that, it might surprise many Manhattanites, is still published every Sunday.

While this may seem like a really obvious error—hiring a person whose interests and aspirations are at odds with those of the readers of the publication he's supposed to edit—it is also something of a consistent strategy for Zuckerman. Earlier this year, he hired Harry Evans, the bon vivant and former editor-in-chief of Random House, to be his editorial director. Indeed, Zuckerman, who made his fortune in the real-estate business, has hired an astounding array of highbrow talent to edit his middle- and lowbrow publications.

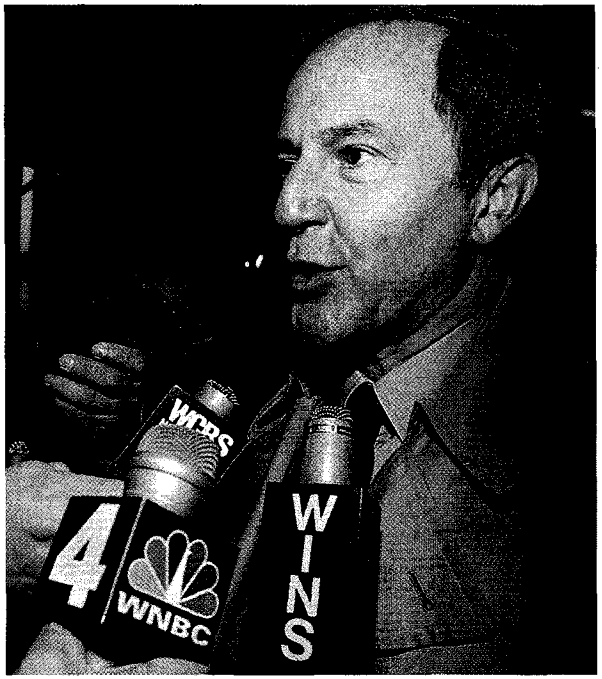
Oh, yes, the other part of the Zuckerman strategy seems to be that before his celebrated editors can do much of anything to his publications, he fires them.

The publishing business has a long history of mercurial owners who want something that is often elusive: respect, notoriety, smart dinner conversation. But Zuckerman's mercurial nature and his quest for personal stature may, even in the publishing business, set a standard.

"What does Mort want?" is the question that comes to frustrate nearly all of his lieutenants and managers. How he plans to get it with the *Daily News* is an even more perplexing question.

And yet while what he wants often isn't very clear to the people who work for him, he doesn't hide it, either. Seldom has a man's acquisitiveness been so out in the open. We in the Manhattan media world believe we know him—and what he wants. "Mort is Mort," we say.

Indeed, though he's a fabulously rich guy, there isn't more than a degree of separation between him and us. I have one friend who was hired and resoundingly fired by Mort and another who was his girlfriend; my wife, a media lawyer, had a client who got clobbered by Mort.



Mort's challenge: How to get his famous friends to read his paper.

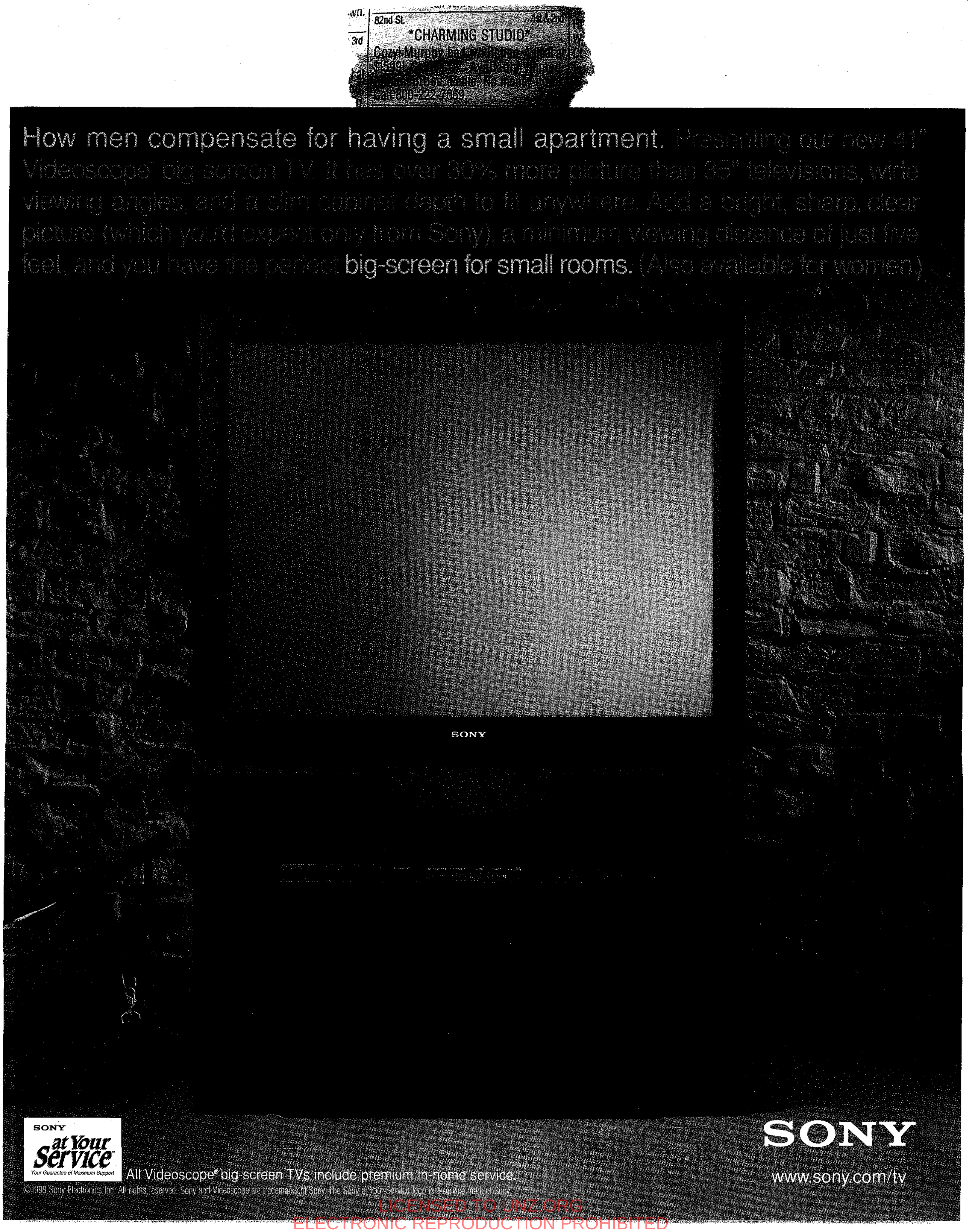
And, of course, you can always read about Mort. He is as well documented as any mogul—more so, certainly, than your average real-estate billionaire. You can read Betty Rollin's book, *First You Cry,* about her fight with breast cancer, and the boyfriend who dropped her because, after the cancer, she couldn't have children—that was Mort. Or you can read Gloria Steinem's *Revolution From Within,* in which she offers her tale of betrayal at the hands of a hard-hearted paramour—that was Mort.

Since Manhattan became a two-horse town—Wall Street and media—there have been lots of rich people who have demanded inordinate attention. But Mort is not, as my friend his former girlfriend says, "just another slobbering shopper" like so many other billionaires. He moves in the company of writers—I haven't known a writer to reject his seduction—and reeks of class and distinction. At the same time, Mort *is* Mort, a poster boy for "I want what I want when I want it."

But what he wants is not just the big house (although he does have a very big house on the beach in East Hampton), or the trophy wife (after a series of well-chronicled courtships, he married Marla Prather, a National Gallery curator, in 1996; they had a daughter in 1997), or the rapid compounding of his fortune (he has continued his real-estate business and leapt up the *Forbes* list). He also wants the literary life, to be able to talk as an equal with intellectuals, to hang not just with businessmen but with the artistic and the stylish. The fact that he can appear often on *Charlie Rose* to talk earnestly about foreign affairs encapsulates his achievement.

The path that led him to his place in the media pantheon is an almost pulplike narrative of glamour and accomplishment. After Harvard Law School, he executed a series of big-time real-estate deals that left him a wealthy, socially ambitious Boston bachelor. He became involved with Rollin, a writer and television journalist, and began to travel in media-minded circles. Then, in 1980, he stepped forward to rescue the *Atlantic Monthly* from likely death. The deal cost him relatively little and quickly yielded a substantial return. "It turned out," says my friend whom he fired, "that there was a symbiosis between a publishing operation and a real-estate operation. In the real-estate business, you need access to credit markets. When you

Photograph by Jon Levy/Gamma Liaison.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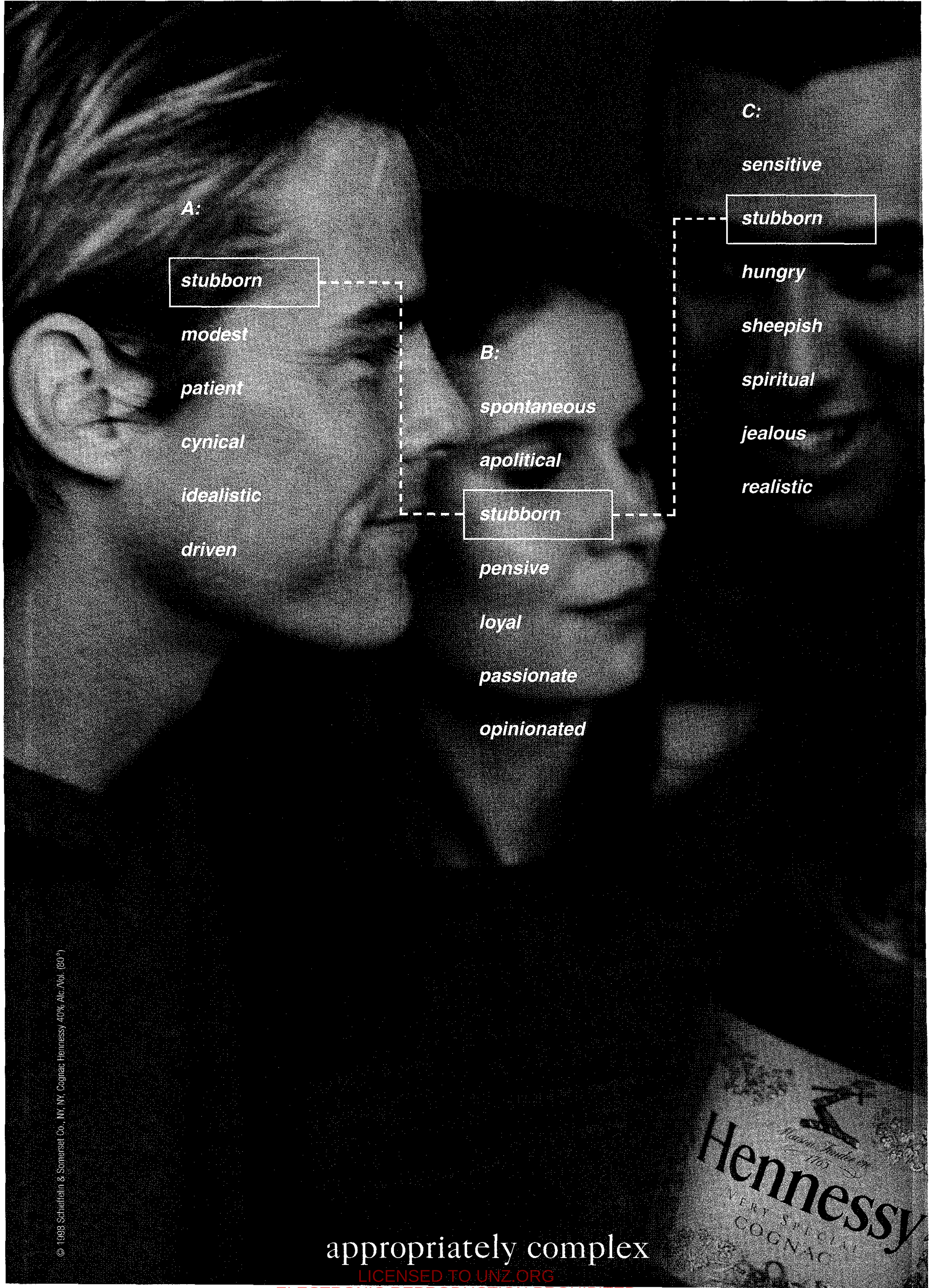
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own the *Atlantic Monthly,* people on Wall Street call you before you call them.”

He came to New York (showing off the cover of the *Atlantic* featuring Philip Roth’s novel *Zuckerman Unbound*), shepherded around by fellow Harvard Law School graduate Jeffrey Steingarten, a socially prominent lawyer, now *Vogue*’s food critic. The suddenness of Mort’s arrival, the perfection of all the details—the sympathetic Chinese driver, the airplane ready to go to Boston—his appearance at A-crowd media parties, the slightly prefabricated nature of his patter (repeating the same joke throughout a night on the town) made him seem a little more than just casually Gatsby-like.

Then there were the women. Rollin and Steinem. Nora Ephron. Arianna Stassinopoulos. Diane Von Furstenberg. Suddenly, he was a fixture in New York, famously beginning his Russian Tea Room lunches with a spartan grapefruit.

He entered the bidding for *U.S. News & World Report* in 1984. The nation’s third-largest news magazine (put another way, the last among three)—the only one based in Washington—offered entry to the political world. Because *U.S. News* had substantial property, it was a real-estate deal, too, giving Zuckerman an edge in financing the acquisition. With *U.S. News*—hidebound, with an aging readership—Zuckerman began his strategy of hiring prominent editors and, in effect, pretending his publication was what he wanted it to be instead of what it was. Shelby Coffey lasted a year. David Gergen went 29 months; Roger Rosenblatt, 13 months. After the seven-year tenure of husband-and-wife team Michael Ruby and Merrill McLoughlin, James Fallows served briefly before he “resigned” last June, citing chapter and verse as to Zuckerman’s difficult nature and editorial interferences. None of this squabbling seems to dim Zuckerman’s enjoyment—in fact, the casting-director element seems to increase his fun.

Still, it’s a large leap, or free fall, from the middlebrow *U.S News* to the classically downmarket *Daily News.* The *Daily News* is a paper of the boroughs, of families in neighborhoods where Zuckerman has never been. Also, it was broke. After a circulation-and-advertising hemorrhage, the paper was rescued by Robert Maxwell in 1991. In short order, on the verge of ruin, Maxwell took his final dive, and the *Daily News* filed for Chapter 11.

Chapter 11 to a real-estate guy has a powerful attraction; it’s a kind of financial musk. With the paper up for grabs in a bankruptcy proceeding, Mort cut a deal with the key unions and snatched the paper from the other bidder, Canadian mogul Conrad Black. By securing the unions, he was in essence able to get the other unsecured creditors to finance his acquisition. “He could say to everybody else, ‘Take it or leave it,’ ” says a lawyer who sat on the creditors’ committee. “In other words, he got it for *bubkes.*”

THE ULTIMATE PARVENU, THE PERSONIFICATION of glittering Manhattan, now owned a paper read by the nannies, drivers, and doormen of his friends. You could deal with this joke in a couple of ways. Like Charles Foster Kane, you could, in fact, become a tabloid publisher. Or, like Mortimer Zuckerman, you could count on some kind of alchemy turning the outer boroughs into Manhattan.

Zuckerman tried the Murdoch approach—create a campy tabloid rich in media gossip to appeal to people in Manhattan—by hiring the top editors at the New York *Post.* In short order, he fired them. He imported an English tabloid editor but got rid of him. He gave Pete Hamill—who could talk about Brooklyn from Elaine’s—a shot before axing him. Then he installed a *News* veteran, Debby Krenek. Krenek was in the job all of a month when the Evans shoe dropped.

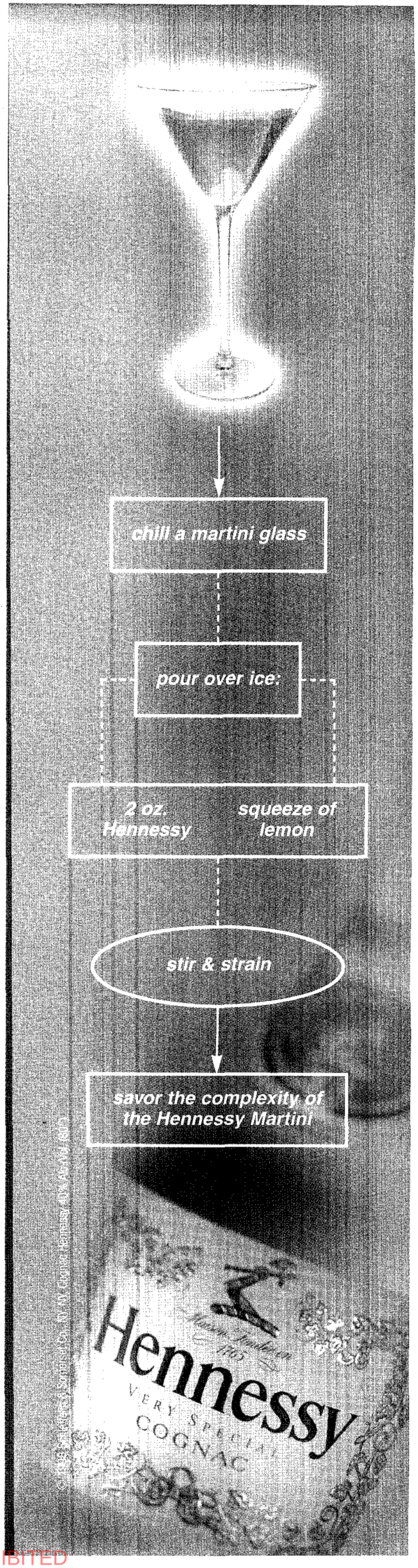
Evans was the toast of Manhattan publishing before being forced out of his job at Random House and into Zuckerman’s arms (Zuckerman is the godfather of one of Evans and Tina Brown’s children) as a sort of supernumerary editor. The question “What does Mort want?” now had a companion: “What does Harry do?” Was he going to devote his attention to the *News*? And could there be a less-likely person running an outer-borough tabloid, after Zuckerman himself, than Evans?

More quietly, something else was happening. By bringing the *Daily News* out of bankruptcy, restructuring its debts, and moving it from the storied 42nd Street headquarters to discount space on the far West Side, Zuckerman, whether by design or not, turned the *News* into a lean and mean tabloid machine. What’s more, Zuckerman’s partner, Fred Drasner, was running the business side with an effectiveness not seen in twenty years.

The *News* works. It has stabilized its circulation fall, growing from a year ago (its daily circulation is 723,000 against the *Post*’s 437,000). It has increased its advertising base. And it covers the city in a style that resonates with New Yorkers off the power curve, converting itself from the Archie Bunker paper to the paper of New York’s immigrant neighborhoods.

There are two *News*es now. There’s the *News* run by

(continued on page 104)

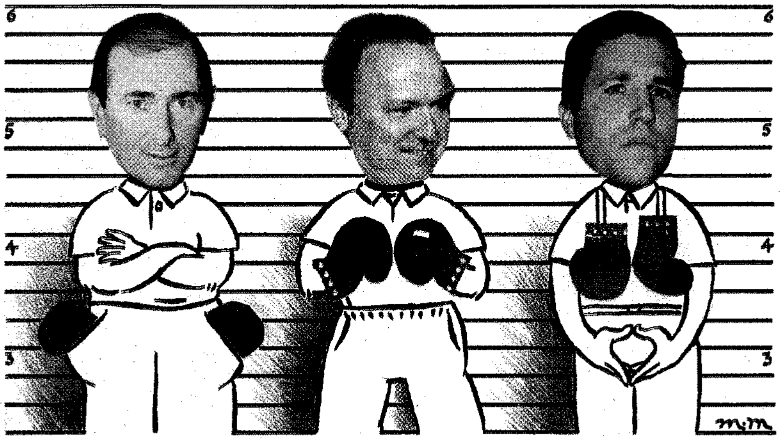


CITYSIDE CHRIS FRANCESCANI

Law and Disorder

With cops still seething over their pay freeze, police-union chief Lou Matarazzo will be stepping down early—and setting off a wild and unprecedented race to replace him.

STROLLING ALONG THE EAST River, James "Doc" Savage pauses to reflect on what figures to be a hotly contested three-way race for the presidency of the police union. The veteran union administrator is, according to a highly placed source on the union's executive board, about to be crowned the de facto incumbent, the handpicked successor of embattled Patrolmen's Benevolent Association chief Lou Matarazzo, who is said to be stepping down as early as this week. Savage knows full well the value of the inside track, especially because the three candidates don't have radically different goals. "We all have the same platform," he says. "More money and more benefits. I'll fight to get Scores girls in the back of every patrol car," he adds, chuckling. "How's that for a platform?"



Police-union contenders: Insider Doc Savage; conciliator Jimmy Higgins; reformer Pat Lynch.

By bowing out now, Matarazzo is hoping that he'll give Savage, currently first vice-president, a boost in next June's PBA election and thereby preserve a labor dynasty that stretches back almost three decades. Over the years, police-union presidents and their rubber-stamp boards have held unregulated power over union purse strings, wielding enormous political clout and enjoying unflinching loyalty from city cops. The top job has been handed down from one entrenched boss to the next—Sam DeMilia begat Phil Caruso, who begat Lou Matarazzo.

But now, after kickback scandals that have crippled the union at the bargaining table over the past three years, one of the last bastions of political bossism may be nearing extinction. The two-year pay freeze that Matarazzo agreed to—at a time when NYPD cops are hailed as heroes for crushing the crime rate—outraged the rank and file. As a result, for the first time in memory, the leadership is up for grabs. Doc Savage, a soft-spoken negotiator, has been anointed heir apparent to the current regime; Jimmy Higgins, a street-tough board member who split with the union leadership after the scandal, is the compromise choice; and Pat Lynch, a young Brooklyn community-affairs officer, is heading an outsider reform movement.

The campaign has all the fixings of a Dashiell Hammett potboiler, complete with high-powered press agents working the phones and well-connected lawyers maneuvering behind the scenes in support of each of the candidates, staking a claim for lucrative PBA contracts down the road (the union takes in more than $12 million a year in dues and $20 million a year in health and welfare payments from the city). The membership itself is equally energized—the PBA is more than a union. Formed in 1894 to assist the families of police officers killed in the line of duty, it has become a fixture in the everyday life of NYPD officers, handling everything from their wills, divorces, and landlord disputes to life insurance, pensions, and legal representation, both civil and criminal.

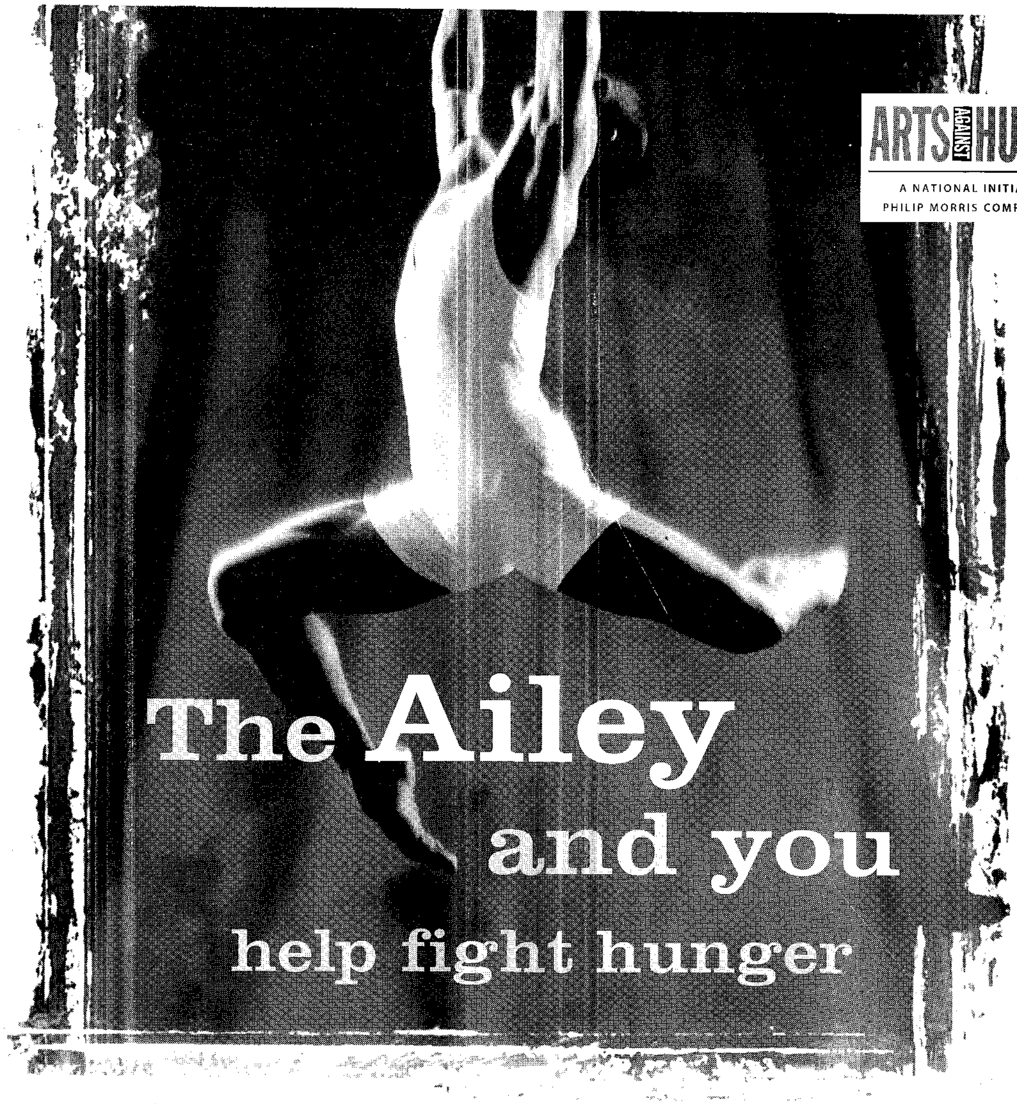
As Savage suggests, the candidates' positions aren't really the issue—everyone agrees that the cops deserve better from the city. The question, then, is who has the personality, the reputation, and the will to get the goods from City Hall.

● **THE INSIDER.** Doc Savage, the son of a fire-union boss, is a cordial administrator with a master's degree in labor relations, but he'll need to exhibit some other talents right from the start. The biggest problem is handling fallout from the scandal—though neither Matarazzo nor any of his top officers were implicated, their lawyers were convicted in federal court of orchestrating a series of kickback schemes through the transit-police union (which merged with the PBA in 1995). And the tabloid drama of the trial exposed an unseemly cozy relationship between the PBA bosses and the lawyers they made rich with extravagant union contracts and perks. It wasn't just an image problem—it destroyed the union's credibility at the bargaining table, and it made cops view their leaders with distrust for the first time.

Winning back this trust is Savage's biggest headache. Considered more reasonable than Matarazzo, he's nevertheless too closely linked to the old guard to market himself as an agent of change. So he'll have to rely on PBA insiders like Howard Rubenstein, the flack for George Steinbrenner and Rupert Murdoch, among others, who was brought onboard in the wake of the scandal.

Savage will also be looking to call in favors owed to Matarazzo. The biggest payoff may come from Albany. The union made a big deal of endorsing Pataki in the last election; Savage himself spoke at the endorsement press conference, an unusually visible role for a first vice-president. Now that the governor has been overwhelmingly re-elected, he may be willing to reconsider the P.E.R.B. bill, which would transfer the responsibility for resolving PBA contract disputes from the

Illustration by Matthew Martin.



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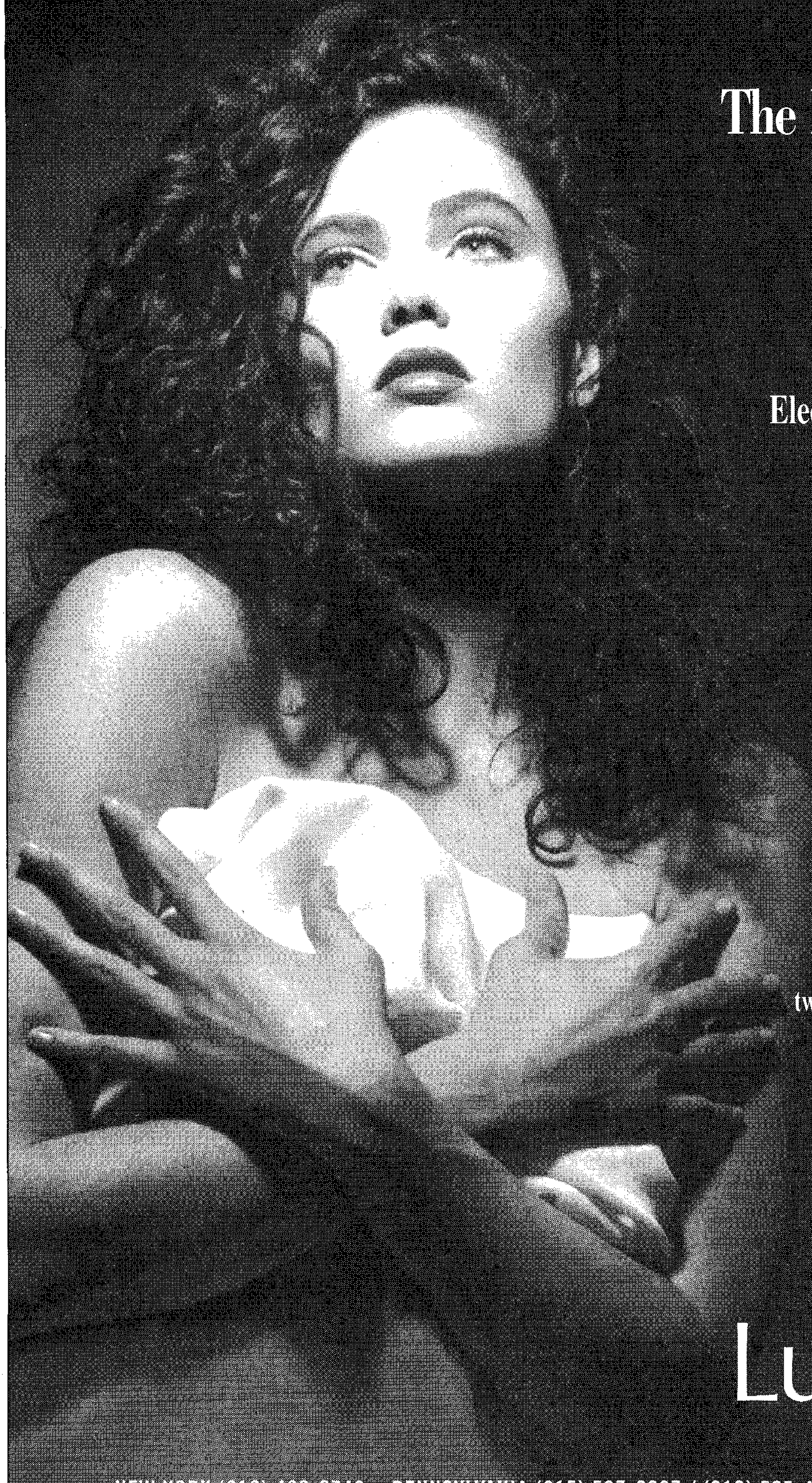

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city to the state (if that happened, NYPD officers might achieve their longstanding dream of pay parity with other cops in the state and hike their salaries by as much as $20,000 a man). Cops lobbied hard for the measure, but Pataki caved to heavy pressure from Giuliani and vetoed it earlier this year. The legislation is being rewritten, and if Savage can get the governor's signature on it before June, his victory is virtually assured.

● **THE CONTENDER.** In an unusually bold move for an officer of a loyalty-bound organization, PBA recording secretary Jimmy Higgins is mounting his own campaign against Savage. A beat cop at heart (he once shot and killed a perpetrator outside Yankee Stadium), Higgins is notorious for firing up the troops at delegate meetings. After breaking with Matarazzo following the pay-freeze deal, he was swiftly assailed by his ex-colleagues. "He betrayed us," says Savage. "It's much easier to throw stones than to catch them. We re catching the stones."

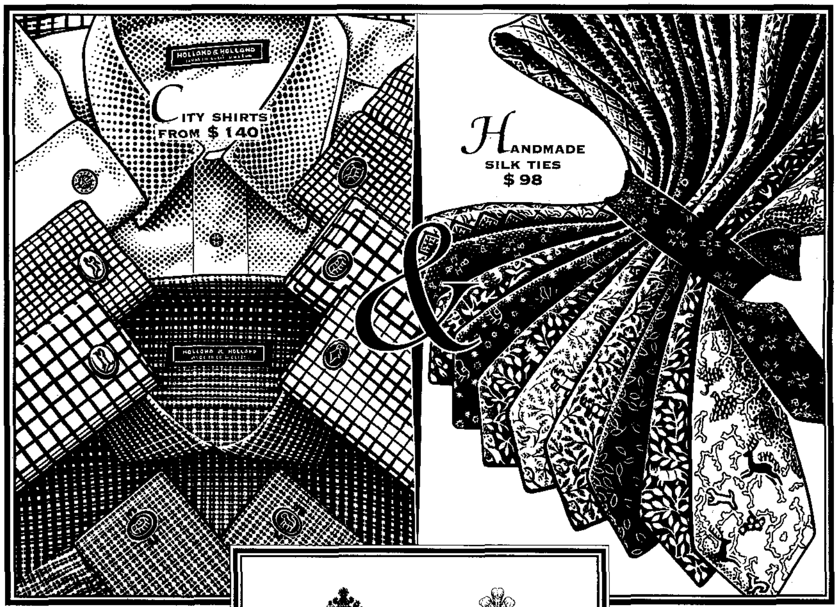
Higgins is defiant. "They lied to the membership," he counters. A boxing nut, Higgins considers contract negotiations an old-school street fight, and he's embarrassed not only that the union lost its last brawl but that the leadership won't even cop to it. "They didn't have the courage to come back and say, 'We lost,' " he says disgustedly. "[Giuliani] beat us. I recognize that. I don't want to fight him. I want to move on."

In Higgins's corner is P.R. agent Lonnie Soury, a well-connected former Rubenstein operative who represents General Motors. Higgins's biggest asset, though, may be his ties to City Hall. One administration official points out that virtually all the members of Giuliani's police detail are Higgins's guys. If cops want a conciliator to patch up relations with City Hall after the bitter contract negotiations, he may be the man.

● **THE INSURGENT.** The genuine outsiders vying for power are a group of mostly young delegates, headed by Pat Lynch, a photogenic 35-year-old community-affairs officer from the notoriously tough Brooklyn North command. Lynch and his gang—none of whom have any executive-board experience—are hoping to topple the PBA power structure in one fell swoop.

Though Lynch is at the top of the ticket, the inspirational leader is John Loud, a silver-haired union man who spends his spare time sniffing out better deals on insurance policies and hatching new schemes to

(continued on page 111)



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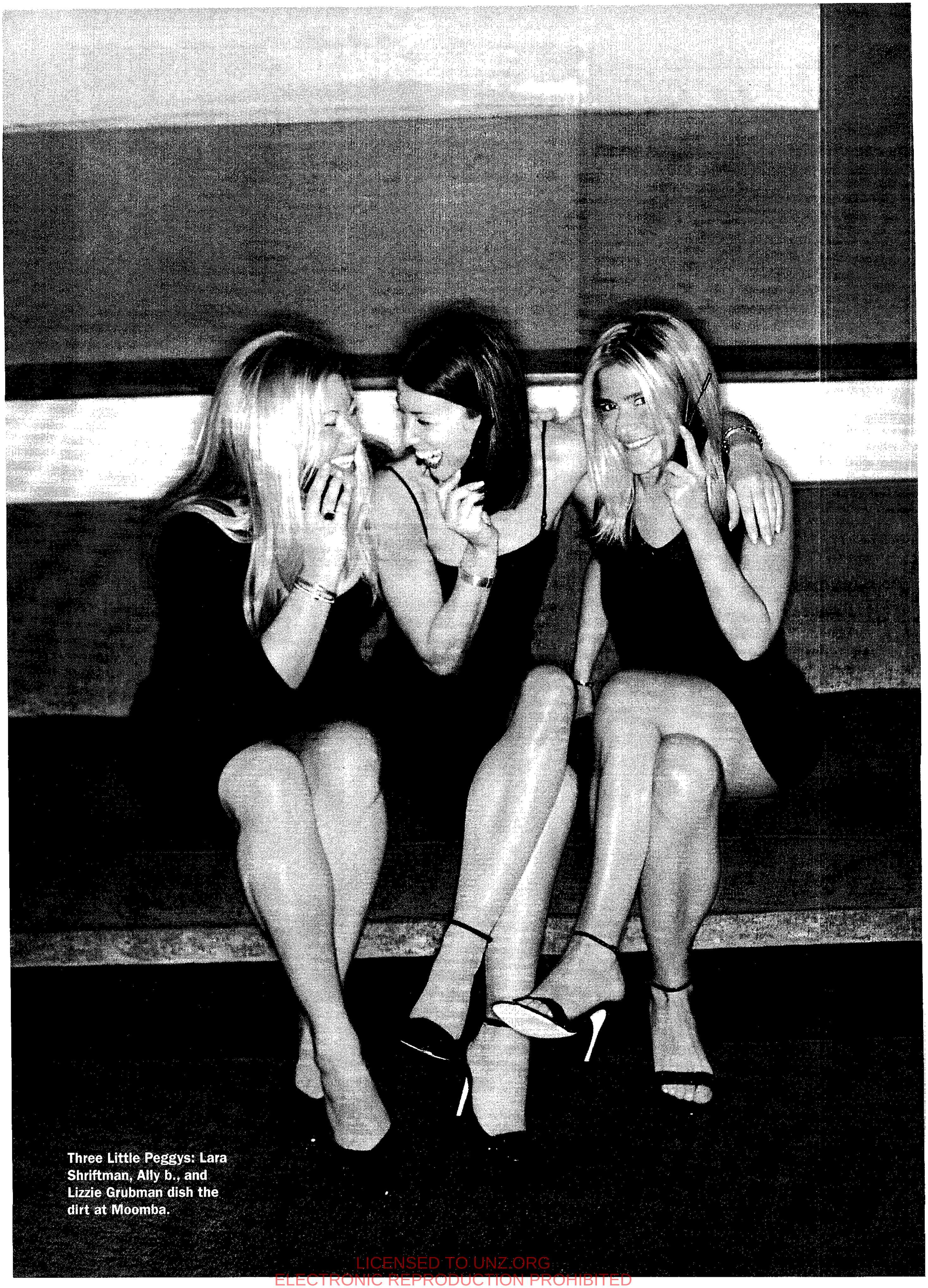


Three Little Peggys: Lara Shriftman, Ally b., and Lizzie Grubman dish the dirt at Moomba.

Welcome to the Dollhouse

Perky, pretty, and remarkably plugged-in, a pack of young publicists have become the darlings of New York's demimonde. But be careful—they bite. By Vanessa Grigoriadis

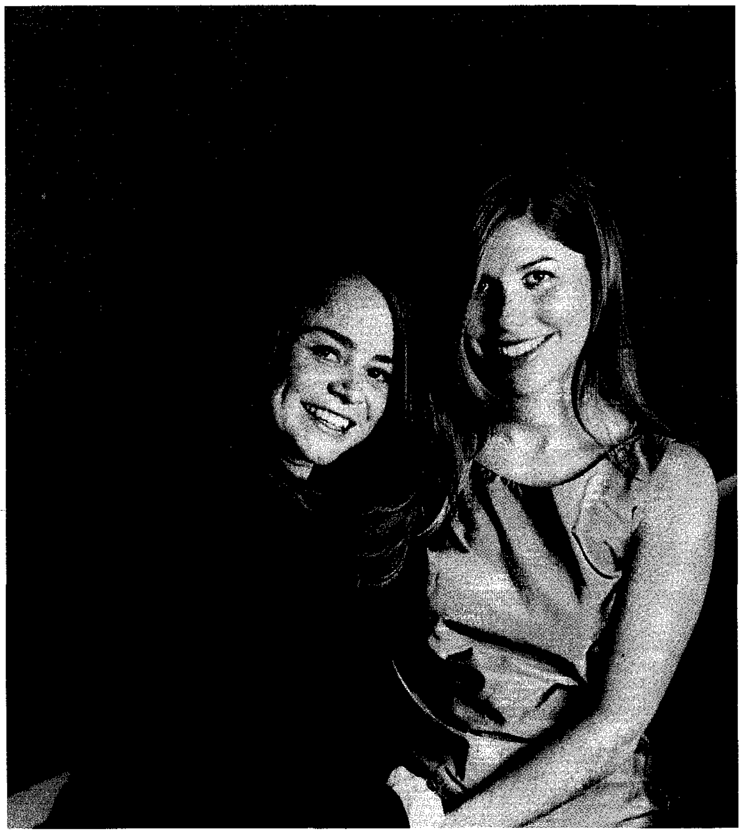
A couple of years ago, **Lara Shriftman**, a 26-year-old publicist, and one of her employees, socialite **Liz Cohen**, 28, had an idea. They decided to transform a Betsey Johnson boutique salesgirl—a 25-year-old transplant from London named **Alice Larkin**—into the season's preeminent it-girl. To this end, the publicists began outfitting the clerk in free designer clothes, putting her up in their summer homes in the Hamptons, and taking her in their limos when making their nightly rounds of movie premieres, dinners for eight, and junior-committee benefits. At each event, they made sure that Larkin was photographed draped around celebrities like **Leo DiCaprio** or **Kate Moss** or **Serena Altschul**; the next day, from their sunny twelfth-floor office in the garment district, they leaked "nice" items about Larkin to the people they call their "favorite friends"—*W*'s **Kevin West**, *Vogue*'s **Alexandra Kotur**, *Quest*'s **Kristina Stewart**, and **Richard Johnson** of "Page Six."

Photograph by Stephanie Pfriender

Up until then, Shriftman had focused her considerable energies on promoting mostly inanimate objects like cell phones and $1,000 pumps. Now she was curious to see whether she could work her magic on an actual person. As it turned out, she could. Within six months, Larkin had become the toast of the town—standing alongside Cohen and **Alexandra Von Furstenberg** as a bridesmaid at heiress **Ginny Bond**'s much-publicized wedding, taking her turn as a *Manhattan File* cover girl, providing pithy quotes for the *Cosmo* story "How I Fell in Love With My Workout." Last month's *Vogue* featured an article on where she gets her highlights done.

Alas for would-be Emma Woodhouses, the similarities to Jane Austen ended there: Larkin soon set the publicists' nifty experiment on its head. On the weekend of Bond's marriage at the Hotel Bel-Air, Larkin began an affair with the husband of one of the inner circle, **Samantha Kluge Cahan**, the 27-year-old daughter of billionaire **John Kluge**. "I'd go to my job, and that filthy illegal British whore would take my husband to a suite in the SoHo Grand," complains Kluge.

Six months later, this bit of gossip made all the tabloids when Kluge filed for divorce against Cahan. "The day I threw that jerk out, he was crying and protesting and saying things like 'But my heart found a home with you!' " says Kluge, fiddling nervously with the clasp on her Fendi bag. "Well, hon, your dick found a home somewhere else."



The Young and the Breathless: Lauren London and Shari Misher at Lot 61.

The aggrieved heiress was not to be underestimated: Within days, Larkin found herself a virtual leper on the young-socialite scene. When she showed up at Shriftman and Cohen's next party, she was brusquely expelled—"You're so ugly you look like a man," sneered Cohen from the other side of the velvet rope. Larkin ran sobbing out of Life's VIP room. "I loved Liz so much—she was my best friend," she says now. "But I guess they cared about Samantha more than me."

CALL THE ALICE LARKIN EXPERIMENT A lark, a little promo spot for potential clients. But for Shriftman and her coterie of fellow publicists, it was also a raw display of power, proof of their social coming-of-age. And if their tactics seem more appropriate to high school than to high society, maybe you haven't gotten out much lately.

Now that the city's established society has fled the flashbulbs for the relative privacy of their Mongiardino-designed dining rooms, New York's nocturnal Scene has been colonized by a youthful new breed: a traveling circus of twentysomething socialites, bankers, novelists, models, actors, and starstruck journalists who scribble down their every sneeze. A brand-new group of hostesses has emerged to satisfy the fickle longings of this swell set: seven very young, very ambitious women who are taking their turn as the latest divas of the demimonde. And as befits this increasingly commercial age, they're all publicists.

Meet the Seven Sisters: In addition to Shriftman and her partner, **Elizabeth Harrison**, who rep fashion and luxury lifestyle products like Motorola and Gucci, there's **Lizzie Grubman**, the 27-year-old who is the reigning queen of New York nightlife: Her clients include Moomba, Sony Music, and Shine. Then there's 28-year-old **Ally b.** and 24-year-old **Jennifer Posner**, whose company, PB&J, does P.R. for hip-hoppish clients like Loud Records and Tommy Hilfiger Jeans. Rounding out the clique are 27-year-olds **Shari Misher** and **Lauren London**, who rep trendy restaurants like Lot 61 and upscale charity events.

Over the past year, the girls have formed a distinct social unit in the nightlife of the city, traveling in packs from party to party, presiding over tablefuls of celebrities like **Dennis Hopper** and **Minnie Driver**, club-hopping all night with **Puffy** and **Mase**. In New York, scarcely a week goes by without one of them throwing an event. Their carefully groomed guest lists are a supersensitive barometer of the city's junior social hierarchy: who's hot, who's not, who's in and who's out, who's, "like, totally washed up."

"No one our age likes stuffy cocktail parties," says **Dylan Lauren**, the 23-year-old daughter of **Ralph** and a budding event planner herself. "We like to socialize with people our age—most of us have as much power as older guys in suits, and soon enough, we'll have more than them."

This year, sources claim, both Grubman and Harrison & Shriftman billed nearly $1 million; their MTV-paced flurry of girl-talking, air-kissing, name-dropping, and gift-giving has helped coat a diverse range of products—from Motorola to Method Man, A.O.L. to Nine West—with a dusting of youthful cachet. "These girls live the life," says **Peggy Siegal**, the prickly P.R. powerhouse whom many of the girls cite as a role model. "Personal life, public image—it's all so intertwined that there's hardly a way to tell the difference anymore. But that's how you make the bucks."

"Let's say you're like me," explains Jen Posner on a recent night at Moomba, over an intimate dinner with client **Tommy Hilfiger** and her partner, Ally b. "You're 24, you were brought up in a certain way, you like to be social, you *love* to talk on the phone, but you don't know what to do with your life." She giggles. "There's really only one thing to be: a publicist."

"My girls are my conduit to the underground," pipes in Hilfiger, putting his arms around the women. "I need to be connected to the right young people, and everybody loves these two." Pecking him on either cheek, the two girls giggle in unison. "We love you *so* much," trills Ally b., bouncing up and down in her Prada stilettos.

"See, this whole business thing is like a recipe," she continues. "Lara and Elizabeth are the flour, Lizzie's the eggs, Jen and I are the spices, Lauren is the milk, and Shari is

Photographs: This page by Patrick McMullan. Preceding page, hair by Carmel Bianco for Marek; shoes by Jimmy Choo (Ally and Lizzie) and Sergio Rossi (Lara). Cellular phones by Motorola. Photographed at Moomba.

"the icing." She claps her well-manicured hands in glee. "And that's the best cake ever!" Move over, Spice Girls.

ONE BALMY EVENING IN LATE SEPTEMBER, a few days after SoHo's newest hot spot, the Mercer Kitchen, opened its doors to the public, Lizzie Grubman threw a party there to launch America Online's new 4.0 software. AOL's **Steve Case** and **Bob Pittman** gave her the names of five guests they wanted to invite; she supplied the other 1,000 from her database of 10,000 VIPs, color-coded under categories like Model, Celebrity, Fashion, Junior, Older Social, Editor-in-Chief, and Clubbers. "Honey, this is a Lizzie party," she said proudly. "This is *my* crowd."

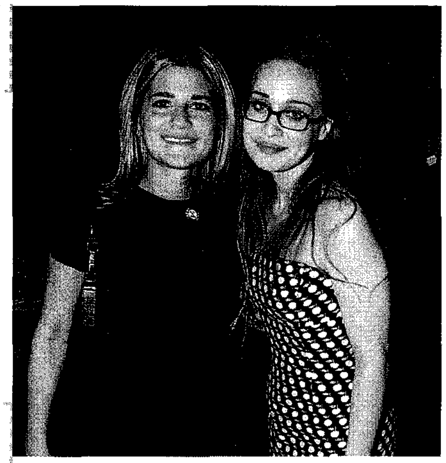
To the hip-hop beats of celebrity D.J. **Mark Ronson**, guests like **Tony Shafrazi**, **Mark Green**, and **André Balazs** sipped "the AOL drink" (a blue kamikaze) while chatting up **Kylie Bax** and the whole Lauren brood. Models like **Frederique** and **James King** clustered with ultra-buff club impresarios **Mark Baker** and **Jeffrey Jah** in a royal-blue anteroom to chat with well-wishers online; when it was over, local it-boys **Stephen Dorff**, **Duncan Sheik**, and **Chris Cuomo** went off into the night swinging metallic goodie bags.

> "Grubman prunes her guest list from a database of 10,000 VIPs—color-coded under categories like Model, Celebrity, Fashion, Editor-in-Chief, Junior Clubbers, and Social."

A bottle blonde with a tough New York accent that belies her Upper East Side roots, Grubman counts the trendiest of trendy nightspots as clients—Moomba, the Independent, Cafeteria, Shine, the Kit Kat Klub, all the Jet Clubs, and Spy Bar ("Okay, it's in stage two of a nightclub," she admits. "But it still makes buttloads of money"). Earnest and efficient, with the hyper-confident air that comes with growing up rich and well-born in New York, Grubman regularly fields calls from the likes of **Cindy Adams** and **Liz Smith**; the latter recently took her out for margaritas to get the scoop on the "young whippersnappers." "God, that was the biggest compliment of my life," says Grubman, who dreamed of becoming a gossip columnist as a child.

That she grew up bouncing on the knees of people like Tommy Mottola, **John Sykes**, **Kool and the Gang**, and **Madonna**—all friends and clients of her father, the powerful music attorney **Allen Grubman**—didn't hurt business, either, though she says her privileged background has sometimes been a bit embarrassing to her. When her father sent limos to pick her up from school, she'd insist that they stop a few blocks away. "I never wanted to have more than other kids had," she says. Her own friends include **Ingrid Casares**, **Tommy Mottola**, and model **Jamie Rishar**—of course, they're all also clients.

Like many of the other Seven Sisters, Grubman attended exclusive city prep schools—unlike most, she was asked to leave three (Horace Mann, Lenox, and Dwight) before graduating from the Tutoring School. The most popular girl in a fast crowd, Grubman spent afternoons in the Meadow and nights at Nell's, the Tunnel, or Club U.S.A., stuffing her bed with pillows before sneaking out of her parents' Park Avenue penthouse. Once at Northeastern University, she found herself more interested in promoting clubs than in studying, and dropped out after two years. "I was never a good student," she shrugs, digging into a blini at Cafeteria. "No one thought I'd ever amount to anything."



Tommy Mottola and Lizzie Grubman on a recent night at Studio 54, left; and Grubman with Fiona Apple at the Grammys.

In 1997, after a brief, ill-fated apprenticeship to the publicist **Nadine Johnson**, Grubman started her agency from her living-room couch. She now employs a staff of fifteen. Last year, she opened an office in Miami, where she reps the Delano and Liquid, and will soon open one in Los Angeles as well.

"It makes me feel really good that I'm working with Bob Pittman," she says. Pittman became close to Allen Grubman in the early eighties, while he was president of MTV. "Now he's all, 'I remember you when you were this big!' And I'm all, 'You used to dunk me in the pool!' And here I am, doing something with my life. A success. His equal."

Watching Grubman expertly push **De Niro** next to **The Artist** for a photo op during Grubman's birthday bash for **Ingrid Casares**, even Madonna is impressed. "I don't know much about Lizzie's biz," she admits, pushing up her cowboy hat. "But she's had balls ever since she was a little kid. And if she's anything like her dad, she's a fucking bulldog."

FOR SHRIFTMAN AND HER ILK, THE WORLD can be divided into three classes: friends, best friends, and sisters. "Friends" are the editors, TV producers, and writers who promote her clients: For them, there are bouquets of tulips and free designer shoes and thank-you notes that she writes in curlicues in thick metallic marker. "Kevin West? I *made* him," Shriftman has boasted about the "friend" who happens to edit *W*'s influential "Eye" column. ("I didn't know I had made it quite so soon," retorts West.) Friends are invited to come stay at her Southampton beach house—last summer, a bunch of *Harper's Bazaar* editors almost drowned while frolicking with water weights in the pool.

A rung higher are "best friends": celebrities like **Vivica Fox**, for whom she just threw a birthday party in L.A.; **Dennis Rodman**'s brief bride, **Carmen Electra**, who was Shriftman's "date" on Halloween; and **Courtney Love**, whom her partner Harrison "personally persuaded" to wear that white Versace gown at the Oscars. (Stylefile, a company Harrison and Shriftman started with 28-year-old **Greg Link**, acts as a middleman between designers and celebrity mannequins like **Renee Zellweger**.)

The people Shriftman calls B.F.F.'s—best friends forever—are daughters of the superrich: **Serena Boardman**, **Lulu de Kwiatkowski**, **Patricia Herrera**, **Rachel Peters**, **Tiffany Dubin**, **Aerin Lauder**. "Sisters," however, are a bit

Photographs by Patrick McMullan.

harder to define. There are some celebs in this category too, like **Bijou Phillips** ("my little sister"), for whom Shriftman bought a little white poodle, and author **Candace "Candy" Bushnell** ("my big sister"), who says that she used a composite of the girls as an aching-to-make-it character in *Sex and the City.* But mostly, sisters are publicists just like her. After all, it wasn't so long ago that these women were members of real sisterhoods—nearly all held leadership positions in their college sororities.

But, like all sisters, they suffer from occasional bouts of sibling rivalry. When a crush of Shriftman's, **Scott Lerner**, brought "sister" Lauren London to a wintertime gala for Esteé Lauder, Shriftman was livid. "You can't bring her as your plus-one!" she squealed, banishing her competitor. "Nasty pig!" hissed London behind her back. Grubman and Shriftman have also locked horns, in this case over a professional matter: Months after Grubman started dating **Andrew Sasson**, the owner of the Jet Clubs, Shriftman lost the account to Grubman. The two didn't speak for a year. "I don't care if they call me a bitch for freezing her out," Shriftman complained at the time. "You don't just take someone else's account. That's, like, a total rule." Grubman insisted that everything was misunderstood. "*Whatev*," said Shriftman. "I have better accounts than Guido East."

"I *worship* Audrey Hepburn," says Ally. "And now I have the fur-lined coats and big glasses and glamorous life."

In any case, the two made up quickly when they found out that this article was in the works. To demonstrate their newfound fellowship, they co-hosted a party at the Independent in honor of *Vanity Fair*'s **George Wayne**. "Lara is just a terrific girl," said Lizzie, giving her a hug. "I love Lizzie," beamed Lara. "She's a sister to me."

IT'S A HUMID LATE-AUGUST DAY AT BRIDGEhampton Polo, and thin-waisted women in big straw hats are huddled under a white tent hiding from the sun. "Honey, isn't this party the greatest?" trills Shriftman, floating by arm-in-arm with Ally b., who stops to administer quick hugs to the event's organizers, Lauren London and Shari Misher.

A graduate of Dalton and the University of Pennsylvania, London, along with Misher—a smiley Syracuse grad from Woodmere who grew up in a kosher home—have amassed a roster of clients that includes Caroline's Comedy Club, tony charity events, and the superhot Lot 61. "These chicks are part of this unbelievable female mafia," marvels **Amy Sacco**, the 30-year-old former Jean Georges manager who owns the cavernous restaurant. "On my opening day, there were 600 of the most beautiful, chic, cool, powerful people in New York in my restaurant," says Sacco. "I knew not one of them; they were all Lauren and Shari's friends."

Today, London holds court in a group of young women and her dad, financier and club owner Stanley London. Standing perfectly straight in a lilac Prada dress-and-sweater set that complements her strawberry-blonde locks, London starts kvetching. "You have no idea about the number of crashers here today," she complains in a hoarse monotone, fanning herself with a program listing the jockeys' names. "I'm gonna catch myself a crasher." "This is her favorite part of the day," giggles Misher. London turns to me expectantly: "Wanna have some fun?"

We weave through the sweaty crowd, stopping here and there to air-kiss the sons and daughters of the rich: **Rob Speyer**, **Jamie Patricof**, **David Lauren**, **Patricia Herrera**—all the faces that grin up from party pages and fashion spreads in magazines. Finally, we find what she's been looking for: a 65-year-old woman with wiry gray hair poking out of her upside-down-pineapple hat, an ill-fitting purple leather coat draped over her polka-dotted blouse. Noticing London, she jumps to her feet with enough time to escape—but stops to look back longingly at the meal of seared tuna left on her plastic plate.

"What are you doing here?" demands London, color spreading from her throat to her cheekbones. She grabs her prey by the elbow and we begin a long trek to the door, with the woman protesting every step of the way that she's a TV reporter. "Now, don't let me ever, ever, ever lay eyes on you again!" London sputters as we near the edge of the tent. "Fine," says the woman, her eyes filling with tears. "You won't see me anymore because I don't have much longer to live! I have cancer!" She puffs up her chest and takes off through the lush green field.

Within moments, London has anecdotized the moment, recounting the incident to a ring of socialites in bright bonnets and their Polo-shirted dates: "And *then* listen to what she said . . ."

Left, Tommy Hilfiger, Ally b. and Jennifer Posner of PB&J, with China Chow at Lot 61. Below, Ally b., Sean "Puffy" Combs, and Lara Shriftman at Bridgehampton Polo.

LIKE MOST OF THEIR COUNTERPARTS, LONdon and Misher got their start working with already established publicists, in their case **Bobby Zarem**, to whom they still express loyalty and respect. He doesn't return the favor—"All these kids know how to do is make dinner reservations and shop at Prada," he sneers. "They're just in it to get laid."

Other publicists are more diplomatic. "Most of these girls are terrific, but I would be very careful who you put in this story," Siegal warned me. "Any 23-year-old can hook up a phone and buy a laptop and call themselves a publicist." "There's life after 'Page Six,' " adds the formidable Nadine Johnson, who should know: "A good publicist has to create real value for their clients, think about long-term strategy. It's more than throwing a party or placing an item." "Not everyone starts out with a trust fund," says **Norah Lawlor**. "I've had to work hard to build my business."

"These girls are kicking ass," says **Jason Weinberg**, the early-nineties P.R. wun-

Photographs by Patrick McMullan.

derkind who has since moved on to managing artists, "because they know something the fogies don't—you have to be nice to everyone. Today's assistant is tomorrow's editor." Shriftman has taken the advice to heart. She reportedly chants, "I will not be Peggy Siegal, I will not be Peggy Siegal," whenever she feels herself "getting the meanies."

After all, being nice to editors and journalists is the easiest path to coverage, as all the girls have learned. "The press are our buddies," says Misher. "We take care of them." Lifestyle writers and editors routinely receive steep discounts on clothes and accessories—everything from Gucci watches to Hilfiger clothes.

When Motorola hired Harrison & Shriftman in September, it gave the firm strict directives: "I told the girls, 'I want to read about my phone in the fashion section of *Vogue,*' " says Motorola P.R. director **David Pinsky**. " 'I want a beauty story in *Harper's Bazaar* and a 'Styles' story in the New York *Times.*' " To this end, they dutifully dispensed free phones to dozens of journalists across the city and invited them to a luxe lunch at the Mercer Kitchen, where journalists slurped tomato bisque and chatted with the likes of **Liv Tyler** while listening to Motorola's sales pitch.

"Any 23-year-old can hook up a phone, plug in a laptop, and call herself a publicist," growls the fearsome Peggy Siegal.

"It was like magic!" says Pinksy.

"They seduce you," sighs one magazine editor who is frequently on the receiving end of the publicists' largesse. "Every day, they send you this endless stream of free stuff, cell phones and facials and a month with a Mercedes, and all they want back is a tiny little item. Eventually, your whole social life starts to revolve around them. Let's face it: Most journalists are neither rich nor cool, and to sit at a table with an heiress on one side and a movie star on another—it's hard not to fall for that."

Even Harrison admits that the line between press and publicists has become a bit blurry. "Journalists are no longer covering the scene—they're part of the scene," she says. "But it's not our responsibility to maintain their integrity. It's theirs. We don't force anyone to accept a free phone."

A MONTH AFTER THE KLUGE-CAHAN DIVORCE, Shriftman and Kluge are buzzing up the West Side Highway in a 1999 red Mercedes convertible, drinking copious amounts of Evian and singing along to Sade. Squinting in bright noontime sun, Shriftman sets the cruise control to 90 mph in hopes of catching up with the 30 identical Mercedeses that are a half-hour ahead on the highway, racing to a holistic spa on the Hudson. The convoy is part of a promotional event to introduce the "fashion and lifestyle" press to the new Mercedes CLK Cabriolet, and she of all people can't be late.

Speeding into a sandy parking lot filled with new cars, the convertible jerks to the curb and Shriftman leaps out in a plume of dust. "Sammy Sam Sam is our No. 1 favorite best VIP today," she announces to the gathered crowd, leaning her head on Kluge's Ralph Lauren–clad shoulder.

A buxom debutante with thick blonde hair that she has straightened three times a week, Shriftman grew up "just, like, totally normal" in Jacksonville, Florida, the daughter of a natural-food-company CEO; she kept a horse at the country club, served as secretary of her pre-debutante society, and usually ended up the designated driver in her Mercedes 190E. As an NYU sophomore, she made a name for herself throwing parties for young socialites at the Merc Bar, Park Avalon, and Tatou with her well-connected friend Liz Cohen. The **Miller** sisters, **Tracee Ross**, the **de Kwiatkowskis** would mix it up with **Bruce Willis** and **Kate Moss**, and *W* would cover.

Grabbing a Dooney & Burke satchel out of the backseat, her eyes perpetually flicking to her Gucci watch, Shriftman takes quick, short steps in her Sergio Rossi pumps—a walking billboard for her clients. "These are my favey-fave designers!" she shrugs. "So what if I represent all of them?"

Joining the magazine editors and other "important friends" for a lunch of lobster and champagne under a big white tent, Shriftman coos over the six-months-pregnant belly bulging out of the tight black halter top worn by her petite, raven-haired partner. Harrison, a lifetime Upper West Sider whose grandfather founded Anne Klein, has already been at the spa for three hours, meticulously setting up the event. "My baby only drinks champagne," she jokes. "She's going to be a party girl." At 32, Harrison is the oldest of the clique, a savvy, slightly stiff businesswoman who fled to flackdom after a stint at *Elle.* While Shriftman is the public face of the company, Harrison is the behind-the-scenes coordinator, the deal-maker, the balance to Shriftman's bouncy id. She prefers it that way. "I'm getting too old for all the parties," she says with a smile. "I let Lara do that."

After lunch, the invited guests take meditation classes, are Thai- and Swedish- and deep-lymphatically massaged, get rowed around in gondolas by men with beards, and paint watercolors under a pretty maplewood gazebo. Everything is taken care of—ten golf carts even whisk attendees around to their various activities, since organizers knew that most of the girls would be wearing fall's "in" stiletto heels.

Lounging on Mercedes-Benz towels under a cloudless sky, some editors nibble blackberries with one hand. Others call the office on their tiny StarTacs, thoughtfully supplied by Shriftman at the Motorola luncheon a week earlier.

"God, this is just so fun," sighs Shriftman, setting her Gucci sunglasses on top of her head. She looks out at the still lake. "I'm with all my best friends in the world."

Girls' night out: Twenty-seven-year-old publicists Shari Misher and Lauren London with Donald Trump and a friend, celebrating the publication of writer Coerte Felske's new book at Joe's Pub.

"I AM SO GIFTED BY EVERYONE IN THIS room," says Ally b., clinking champagne glasses with Tommy Hilfiger, **Mark Eisen**, **Carmen D'Alessio**, and **Joan Osborne**. "God, the energy is unbelievable tonight! It's like we're all part of a river, flowing the same way." Ally and her partner, Jennifer Posner, have just arrived at the Central Park Boathouse for a disco-dance party to benefit AMFAR; earlier in the evening, they had a "killer brainstorming session" at Asia de Cuba with their client Hilfiger and his brother **Andy**, then the whole group grabbed a limo over to the West Side's Hit Factory to check out the new track from **Wyclef Jean**, which features Osborne on vocals. "Everyone's just been giving out such an intense amount of love tonight," Ally declares. She hugs an uncharacteristically chipper Os-

Photograph by Patrick McMullan.

borne, who plants a smacker on her cheek. Suddenly, Shriftman appears. "Joan, have you met my little sister?" she says, pushing Dylan Lauren toward Osborne.

Life in the big city is still thrilling to Ally b., a perpetually tanned Floridian and University of Arizona graduate who says she always felt a connection with Manhattan. Her real last name is Bernstein, but after moving to the city three years ago she shortened it and lowercased the *B*, k. d. lang–style. "As a teenager, I'd watch *Breakfast at Tiffany's* over and over and I knew, *totally knew,* that I would get there someday," she declares, sitting down at a picnic table next to Cynthia Rowley. "I worshiped Audrey Hepburn. And now I'm just like her—I have the fur-lined coats and the big glasses and the glamorous life."

After short stints in fashion P.R. at Jill Stuart and Showroom Seven, Ally met Loud music mogul **Steve Rifkind** over dinner with friends. He signed PB&J even though they had no experience with musicians; a month later, the pair were waterskiing with the **Wu-Tang Clan** in Hawaii. Sweet-natured and excitable, Ally is considered the "party girl" of the clique, the one who goes out dancing all night with rap stars and D.J.'s and ends up cuddling with rappers like Method Man and **RZA**. "She's totally down with her clients like **Funkmaster Flex**," says Cohen, impressed. "Whereas I'm like, 'Yo, Soundmaster Flex, whassup!' "

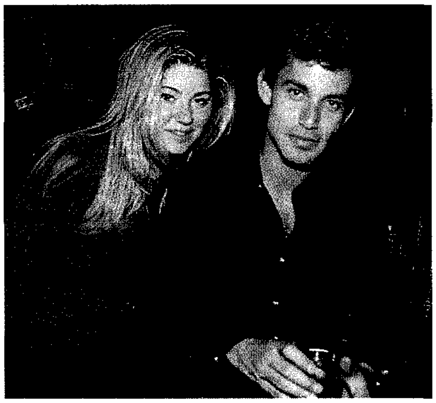
"All my dreams have come true," says Ally, peering over a half-full Cosmopolitan. "I feel like a real princess. Now I just need to find my prince, 'cause I've sure kissed a lot of frogs. I can definitely see myself as part of a media power couple." She smiles toothily at this, then claps her hand over her mouth. "People say I smile too much," she whispers. "Do I smile too much?"

Her partner, Posner, runs by in hot pursuit of a pouting Wyclef Jean, who wants to go home, pulling on his arm with one hand and gabbing intently on her butterfly-decorated StarTac with the other. Finally, he gives her a peace sign, says "Stay sexy, baby," and is out the door. She flips up the phone and takes my hand. "It's so hard to control these artists," she says mournfully, making her blue eyes even bigger than usual. "They used to have a black publicist doing this," she jokes. "But they needed two bigmouthed Jewish girls to tell it to these guys straight—'Shut up, sit down, and do what I say!' "

A pretty blonde who dreamed of movie stardom but got no further than an extra's role on *Central Park West,* Posner grew up in the Upper East Side universe of kids of the rich and famous. One night at Moomba, ex–Seinfeld squeeze **Shoshanna Lonstein**, **Quincy Jones**'s daughter **Kidada Jones**, and **China Chow**—the latter two are PB&J clients—sat down with me in a secluded banquette to explain how much they care about her.

"If I have a best friend in the world, I would consider it to be Jen," said Chow in a soft, sweet voice. "But we're more like sisters than anything else." The three became animated as they described Posner's 10th birthday, where they videotaped themselves moonwalking to Michael Jackson's "Beat It" in rhinestone sweatshirts and wigs supplied by another childhood pal, **Lulu Johnson**.

"I don't want to sound intellectual, like Jen and I talk about all these deep things," said Chow evenly. "But we talk about very real feelings, and where we are in our lives." She cocks her head. "Like, it was funny—tonight we were in a taxi, and I said, 'Jen, we're young ladies now. I feel like somehow we're little kids playing dress-up in fancy clothes, but we're not. We're at that age where we're real people.' And she said, 'I know! I know! How did that happen?' "



Lara Shriftman nuzzles up to Andrew Lauren; former Tocca fashion director Marie-Anne Oudejans, Lulu de Kwiatkowski, and Elizabeth Harrison at their junior-committee party for the American Ballet Theater held at Louis Vuitton's SoHo store.

"This thing with Ally and Jen is not a bogus P.R. situation," says Jones solemnly. "This is a family situation. When I see my girls, I feel instant love."

IT'S 10:30 IN THE MORNING AT LIZZIE Grubman's seventh-floor office on Spring Street. Standing behind a massive maple desk, Grubman snaps her fingers loudly to speed up her dozen employees, who chatter and compliment one another's outfits as they slowly drag black foldout chairs into a messy semi-circle around her desk. In an effort to ward off the sunlight streaming into the room, they have left their sunglasses on; what with the shades, Vamp lipstick, kitten-heeled Manolos, and black BCBG cocktail dresses, they look like L.A. club-hoppers on their way to the Viper Room.

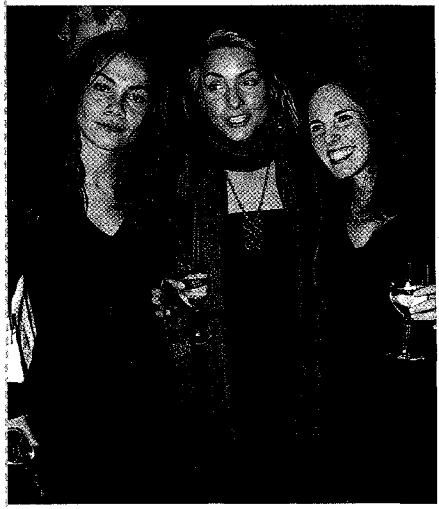
"C'mon, people, let's do this," says Grubman, snapping her fingers again. Wincing collectively, the group quiets down, noisily slurping on iced coffees from Starbucks.

"Jesus, I'm hung—um, tired," says Grubman, shooting a glance my way. "So, who went out last night?" A few hands go up. "I can tell Brenda went out, 'cause I can see it in her eyes." Brenda rolls them.

"I hooked up with T.M. [Tommy Mottola] at Veruka," reports an assistant with close-cropped hair, crossing long legs. "Just checked out what was up. He seemed psyched. It was a cool vibe, everyone was hanging out, it was totally legit. No one bothered him."

"Good!" says Grubman.

The door opens, and sandy-haired Bad Boy vice-president **Josh Taekman** comes in. He's here for a meeting about an event for Puffy's charity, Daddy's House. Grubman takes a gulp of coffee. "Listen, honey, there's a lot of work here. Is Puffy psyched about this?" she asks.



"He's extremely stoked," says Taekman.

"Good," says Grubman energetically. "Skyy will sponsor it. **Will** [Smith] and **Jada** [Pinkett] are down. I'm gonna get AOL involved, I'll get Mark Ronson to D.J., and I told **David Blaine** last night that I want him to do a magic show. Also, my client **JFax** will get involved."

"J who?" asks Taekman.

"He's this rich German guy who's like 24," declares Grubman.

"Twenty-*seven,*" corrects an assistant.

"Who knows how old he is—whatever age he picks for the day," says Grubman.

"Anyway, JFax just moved to the city, and his deal is that he wants to go out. He'll get involved financially, but he wants to hang with Puffy. And if Puffy charms him to death," she says, snapping again, "he might underwrite the whole thing."

"Right on, dude," says Taekman, chewing on the end of his pencil.

"What about Trump?" Taekman asks.

"Nah, he's wack, forget about him, we don't need him," growls Grubman. "He'll hog all the press." ■

Photographs by Patrick McMullan.

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Tony Ricco sleeps very well, thank you.

DEFENDING LOWLIFES HASN'T MADE HIM MR. POPULARITY. BUT HE KNOWS FIRSTHAND WHAT HIS CLIENTS ARE UP AGAINST—AND WHERE THEY'VE COME FROM.

BY CHRIS SMITH

AS THE READING OF THE VERDICT ENDS, THE sobbing begins. Corey Arthur's girlfriend cries: Arthur is guilty of felony murder in the second degree. Jonathan Levin's mother weeps: Arthur, acquitted of first-degree murder in the death of her beloved son, has dodged a life sentence.

One man heads straight for Anthony Ricco. He is a friend of Levin's, and during the trial he endured a withering cross-examination by Ricco, the defense lawyer, who hammered at the friend's estimates of how often Levin smoked marijuana. The friends and family of the murdered Levin, a high-school teacher who went out of his way to help students, including Arthur, are furious, believing that Ricco's defense tried to tarnish Levin's saintly image for the benefit of his accused killer.

"How," the man demands of Ricco, "can you sleep at night?"

One week after the verdict, the defense lawyer is still seething over the confrontation. "I was getting ready to punch him in his mouth," Ricco says, his large brown eyes taking on a nasty glint. "I told him, 'You don't back up, I'm gonna put *you* to sleep.' "

TONY RICCO SLEEPS VERY WELL, THANK YOU. BUT NOT BEcause he lacks a conscience. In fact, the Levin case troubles Ricco deeply, and for reasons that might surprise Levin's loved ones.

In 1966, a runty 9-year-old boy from a destitute block in Harlem, taking advantage of New York's first experiment in open public-school enrollment, was bused from his home on the corner of West 122nd Street to an elementary school on East 57th Street. He was fascinated and bewildered. Not only was he surrounded by white faces, but most of his new classmates at P.S. 59 were wealthy beyond his comprehension. Fortunately, the boy's fifth-grade teacher, a white Jewish woman from the West Side, went out of her way to help him and to introduce him to a world he'd never known.

That child, named Anthony Ricco, grew to be a lean six-foot-tall man. "I'm thankful to this day," Ricco says, "that I had a person like Mrs. Pierce as a teacher. When I'm representing Corey, and I'm learning about his relationship with Mr. Levin, I know what that's about, because of her."

Deborah Plotz-Pierce has kept in touch with Ricco, attending his wedding and proudly watching his career. "Believe me—I'm a teacher, a mother, a Jew," she says. "You don't think my heart goes out to the Levin family? But someone has to do the job Tony is doing, and I respect him for that. I don't think he's attracted to lost

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN VELENCHENKO

causes. I think he goes after lost people, because in his family, he was surrounded by lost people. He couldn't help them, but he can help others now."

THE COREY ARTHUR TRIAL TURNED RICCO into a tabloid villain. Review some of the other clients Ricco has vigorously defended—a co-conspirator in the Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman terrorism case, the man who shouted "Let's get a Jew!" to an angry Crown Heights mob minutes before Yankel Rosenbaum was stabbed, assorted murderous drug dealers and child abusers—and you could easily caricature him as a sleaze.

In court, Ricco is a dramatic presence. He is a gifted storyteller, and his summations and cross-examinations mix legal erudition with street slang worthy of a Fila-wearing homeboy. Ricco can also be so cutting that it verges on cruel.

"Tony can try a case just as well as Johnnie Cochran," says his friend Greg Meeks, a Democratic congressman from Queens. "I say Johnnie not because he's black but because Cochran has the same reputation that F. Lee Bailey had twenty years ago: *the* defense lawyer to handle unpopular cases. That's the level Tony is reaching."

Ricco has few illusions about some of the people he's involved with. "If anything, being Muslim made it more difficult for me in the [Sheik] case, because other people's concept of what religious principles mean sometimes are in conflict with your own," Ricco says. "Those kinds of crimes have nothing to do with any religious belief. I think some of those men that were convicted in that case were entrapped by the government. Some of those men, our country needed to convict them and send a message. And they were convicted. A couple of people in that room were the real deal. If I saw them getting on a flight overseas, I'd get off."

Some notorious cases come to Ricco because he's part of New York's capital-defender system, which provides lawyers to clients facing the death penalty; he handles plenty of mundane transactions as well. Ricco welcomes defendants facing long odds, as a classic political statement—that the justice system has to work for everyone. "We don't believe in a system that says, 'Yeah, sure—wink, wink—everybody gets a fair trial, and everybody's entitled to a lawyer—but they're not supposed to be *good* lawyers,' " Ricco says. "Corey Arthur is entitled to the same fact-finding process as anyone else, and that is difficult for people to accept. If he didn't have people involved to make sure that happened, it would not have happened. I guarantee it. After the way in which I grew up uptown, I feel I'm strong enough to do it."

ONE LIFE TAKEN: Corey Arthur (below right) was charged with torturing and killing Jonathan Levin, his former teacher . . .

"THIS BUILDING RIGHT HERE, IN THAT BASEMENT, IS WHERE T
OVERDOSED ON HEROIN. RIGHT

Levin's friends certainly don't believe Ricco was concerned only with due process. "How could he try to taint the reputation of somebody who was trying to do good?" says Georgia Williams, who taught with Levin at Taft High School and testified in the trial. "I don't understand how Mr. Ricco can pray to Allah when what he's doing is ungodly."

ON A RAINY FRIDAY NIGHT, Tony Ricco steers his prodigious navy-blue Chevy Tahoe through Harlem while narrating a tour that veers, block by block, from sweetly nostalgic ("During the summer, this block would have so many kids playing, you couldn't see from Seventh Avenue to Eighth Avenue") to hauntingly raw. Normally loquacious, Ricco suddenly goes silent as he turns west off Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Boulevard onto 123rd Street. "This block I've learned to tolerate," he says quietly, slowing the truck. "This building right here, in that basement, is where they found my sister dead. In a tub. Fifteen years old. Overdosed on heroin. Right in this building right here. Right down in that apartment."

Marcia died in 1970. Tony is one of six children, and the drug blight that devastated Harlem in the early seventies struck exactly half of the Ricco siblings. "Like most African-American families," Ricco says, "you have sort of two tracks going at the same time." One sister, Andrea, is recovering from a 25-year smack habit; a brother, John, "had some troubles with the law" as a teen, but now works with the homeless.

Then there's Amanda, who found refuge in numbers and is now a CPA; Suzanne, who earned a master's degree in education and is now a Boston school administrator; and the straightest of the straight, Tony. When Marcia died, 12-year-old Tony went into the street with a baseball bat, looking to hurt the people who'd fed his sister poison.

Today the 41-year-old lawyer oozes rectitude. His posture is flagpole-straight at all times, whether he is standing or sitting, walking or driving. From his gleaming shaved scalp to his ever-present bow tie and crisply starched shirt, down to his glossy black loafers, Ricco is immaculate.

When he climbs down to greet some friends outside the Tribe of Shabazz barber shop on 116th Street, Ricco is met with cheers. He smiles but doesn't waste time. His tone makes it clear he isn't interested in small talk. He looks one former client directly in the eyes and asks solemnly, "So how are you doing?" Of the dozen people Ricco talks to in an hour, nearly everyone has a "situation" in which he could use some legal help. Ricco patiently dispenses advice, along with his home and office phone numbers.

In part, Ricco is showing off his man-of-the-people realness for my benefit. He claims he doesn't want to run for office, though friends say he dreams of a judgeship. But regardless of his ambitions, these neighbors aren't slapping him on the back to make him look good for a reporter. Their testimonials—and their respect for a black man who's succeeded in the larger world while staying true to his roots—come from the heart.

Photographs: left, ©Fox News/Gamma Liaison; right, New York *Daily News*; opposite, Susan May Tell/New York *Post*/Corbis.

OUND MY SISTER DEAD. IN A TUB. FIFTEEN YEARS OLD. HIS BUILDING RIGHT HERE. RIGHT DOWN IN THAT APARTMENT.”

Ricco has spent most of his life within a half-dozen blocks of where his sister died. His mother, Dolores, has worked for the Postal Service for 35 years. Ricco's late father had a rockier path. John Ricco saw combat during World War II, then came home to find few open doors. “My father was a very frustrated black man,” Ricco says. “Tremendous ability, but he was a street-tough, no-nonsense person; every other word that came out of his mouth was a curse word. I remember that he had a letter from NBC that he showed me, where he applied for a job as a radio announcer in 1949. The letter said it was the policy not to hire colored announcers. My father became very bitter. Like a lot of black men, he withdrew; I'm lucky and blessed that he didn't do it before I came of age.”

Ricco, who uses prison slang to joke that he was in “general population” at Charles Evans Hughes High School, nevertheless earned a Malcolm X scholarship to Adelphi University. There he met Greg Meeks, president of the Black Student Union, who pushed him to go to law school. Ricco got his J.D. from Northeastern University, in Boston, then clerked for civil court judge Bruce Wright. In 1982, after an unhappy stint with the state assembly banking committee, Ricco set up a solo practice.

Eight years ago, Ricco moved into a building overlooking Morningside Park and helped organize his fellow tenants to buy the place from the city; with his wife, Ayana, a nurse in Mount Sinai's intensive-care unit, and their 8-year-old-son and 12-year-old daughter, Ricco is slowly renovating his apartment. “Tony has a real sense of conscience, a real racial identity,” says his longtime friend Keith Wright, the state assemblyman and son of Judge Bruce Wright. “Growing up, Tony always had a mission, a purpose. He still does. It means a lot that he's stayed in the community to be an example.”

. . . ONE LIFE SPARED: Attorney Tony Ricco last month after Arthur was convicted of only second-degree felony murder.

YEARS OF PROXIMITY TO THE EVIL, THE STUPID, and the violent turns many defense attorneys cynical. The effect on Ricco appears to be just the opposite. The more he defends people facing decades behind prison bars, the more he's driven to save souls. “Tony's biggest fault,” says Roger Stavis, a co-counsel in the terrorism case, “is that he can never do enough for people.”

No Ricco client escapes without a small sermon, often about the black people who sacrificed themselves so this generation could have opportunities. “One of the things I tell a lot of my clients is, they have a lifetime of making wrong choices,” Ricco says. It is all the wrong choices he can't prevent—and a country that often fails to live up to its ideals—that feeds the rage that's just below Ricco's manicured surface.

In the evening darkness, Ricco slows his truck and peers into the gloom outside a bodega. He sees a kid he's been looking for: Sean, a 16-year-old just back from a juvenile-justice facility upstate. Ricco beckons. “Wassup, Sean, how you feelin', brother?”

“Ah-ight, Mr. Ricco, ah-ight,” Sean says sheepishly.

“Tomorrow, two o'clock, can you come by my house?” Ricco is trying to hook the kid up with a tutorial program. “And if you see DaShawn, make sure he shows up, too.”

“Ah-ight.”

“You been okay? How's your grandmother?”

“She fine.”

Ricco isn't penetrating the teenage cool. He pauses, then goes in another direction. “You know your uncle's locked up? Uncle Rudy?”

Now he's got Sean's attention.

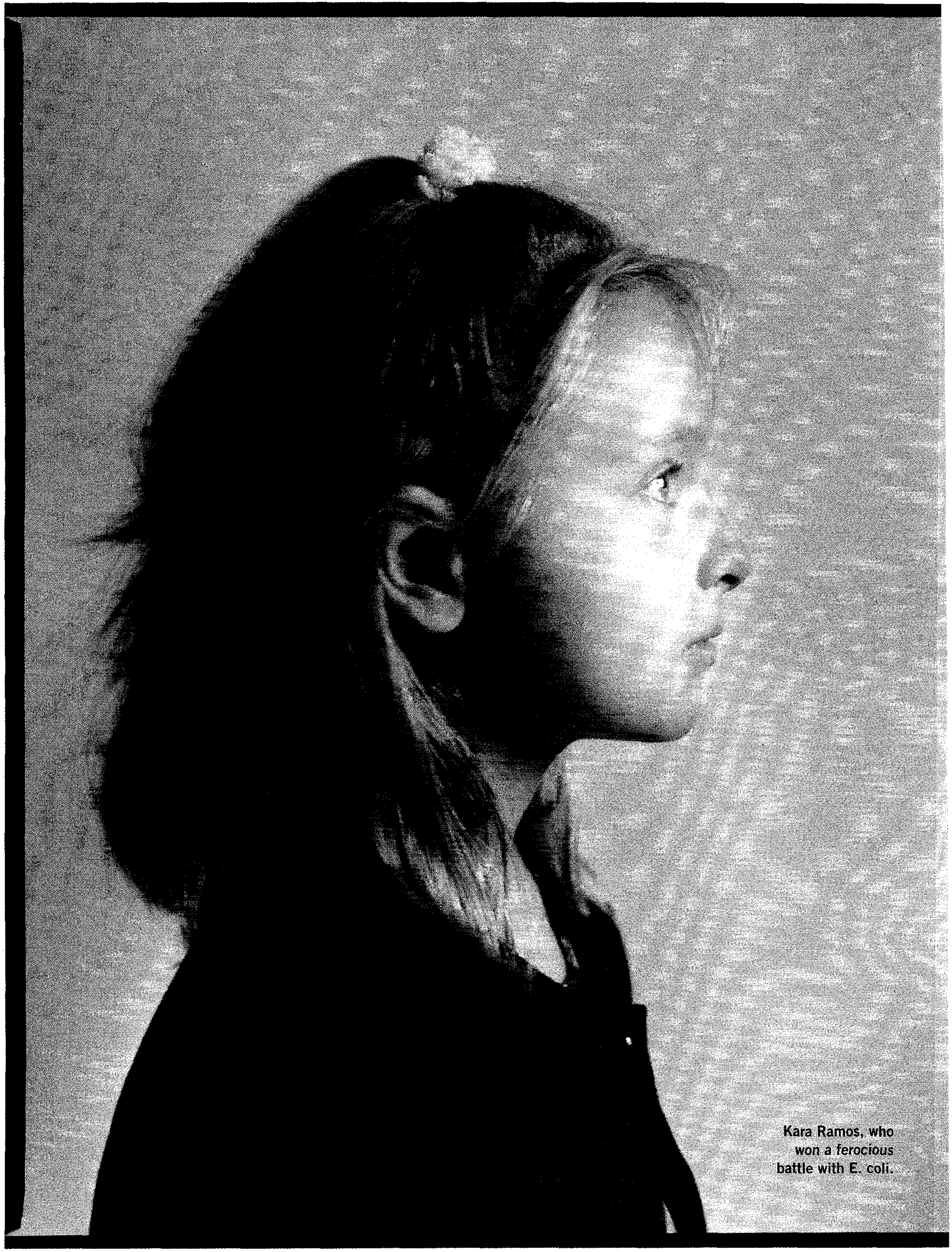
“He wrote me a letter,” Ricco says. “He's on the Island.”

“Word?” Sean says, sounding slightly rattled. “Dag.” He promises to visit Ricco, then ambles back to the rainy corner.

Ricco pulls away and spots another pair of idling kids. He tries to cajole them into dropping by tomorrow, too, but gets shrugs in response. For the first time, the upbeat Ricco seems depressed. “These kids here, we been tryin' to do stuff with them since they been 8 and 9. And we're losing. We are losing,” he says. “They growing up, hat on sideways, standing on the corner. We done took 'em on canoe trips, rafting trips, this, that. It's good to do it, but they need more than somebody who's occasionally saying let's go do something. They need fathers. That's why, when we got involved in the thing with Corey, it was so clear, man, what Corey was missing. And the irony of it is, the guy was trying to help the kid. You can't help but respect and admire what Mr. Levin was trying to do for young people. And the tragedy of the loss of his life is, to some people, it will sort of be like, ‘See, this is what happens—don't help these people.’ ”

He doesn't dispute that what Corey Arthur did was wrong. Yet Ricco believes Levin crossed a dangerous line: Treating Arthur as an equal. For all the years Levin spent teaching poor kids at Taft, Ricco says, he was naïve; he could never really know what it meant for Arthur to live in the ghetto. Levin reached out in trust, but he didn't fully understand what and whom he was grabbing hold of.

Tony Ricco believes he understands the two disparate worlds, the streets and the mainstream, but even he's not sure how to reconcile them. “You have children, I have children, they're gonna inherit this world,” he says. “Hopefully our kids will be like us. But there's a lot of people who are not like us, and our kids are gonna come into contact with them. And we need to know more about what it is we're coming in contact with. Maybe some of that will come out of this tragedy. Maybe not. I don't know.” He sighs. “I'm not a predictor of the future. I'm just a lawyer.” ■



Kara Ramos, who won a *ferocious* battle with E. coli.

One spring evening, 7-year-old Kara Ramos ate a rare hamburger at a family party. Days later she was lying in the hospital, trembling with pain as E. coli toxins coursed through her body. She screamed at her mother's touch. That's when Kara's doctor gave her parents a choice: Would they allow her to become the 28th child in America to take an experimental drug? It was the toughest decision they'd ever had to make. And they had to make it right away.

Painful Choices

BY SUSAN BRENNA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ETHAN HILL

ELAINE RAMOS HAS TWO children fourteen years apart. There's Brandon, who's 22, and 8-year-old Kara, a lithe, outdoorsy girl who likes to collect rock and plant specimens as if she were Dorothy Ann on *The Magic School Bus.* Elaine, a clinical-social-work supervisor married to a professor of fine arts, is usually as diligent a food cop as any parent. But on the night in May when the family went out to celebrate Brandon's graduation from Bard College, she got caught up in the toasting and celebration. Not until Kara pushed her burger to the edge of her plate, two thirds uneaten, did her mother anxiously note that the center was bright pink.

Five days later, Kara developed stomach cramps that made her howl with pain. Every day she spent in a community hospital near her New Paltz home grew more harrowing for the family as her E. coli infection kept fulfilling worst-case scenarios. The Ramoses were stunned to learn that there is no medicine to combat the brutal bacteria. Kara was being hospitalized for as long as it would take the toxins to march through her body, largely so doctors could pounce if her kidneys shut down or her blood cells became so damaged she would need transfusions. The pain intensified. Normally a hugger, Kara began to scream at her mother's touch.

On her fourth day of hospitalization, she was diagnosed with a life-threatening condition, hemolytic-uremic syndrome (HUS), and transferred by ambulance to Westchester Medical Center. No sooner had Dr. Robert Weiss, a pediatric nephrologist, examined Kara in the emergency room than he asked her parents to make a critical decision: Would they let her become the twenty-eighth American child to take an investigational anti-HUS drug? Weiss assured the Ramoses that this compound of sugar and synthetic sand, designed to prevent toxins from being absorbed into the bloodstream, had no known systemic side effects. But, as with any trial drug, the long-term implications were unknown. On the other hand, it was all he had to offer. And the likelihood loomed that if Kara continued deteriorating, she could face long-term dialysis, or worse.

Elaine had had one full night's sleep in the previous five; at this point her daughter was rasping from thirst and looking, in her mother's words, "dreadful—horribly white." Kara's crisis had struck just as Joe was beginning his first week as chairman of the fine-arts department at SUNY New Paltz, and he'd been ricocheting between hospital and job.

"This decision is thrust at us—they want us to decide then and there," Joe recalls, a lingering resentment still edging his voice. "I feel like I don't have the training; I don't have the facts. I'm in a situation where I'm physically and emotionally drained, and I have to make a decision that's medical."

On the other side of this conversation was Weiss, struggling to convey empathy yet eager to enroll a perfect candidate in a study that, he believes, holds great promise. "As much as we're giving them written material, and we're talking very gently and very slowly, it's difficult to make people think about a study when they just want their kid to get better," Weiss says later. "They don't want to listen to this stuff, and it's scaring the pants off them. You can see it in their faces."

The Ramoses took the five-page consent form. They were afraid to say yes and afraid to say no. Weiss would wait "twelve nail-biting hours," by his description, to hear their answer.

"All these professionals and we couldn't get two of them to agree on anythin

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A child's falling into serious medical peril that seems almost anachronistic in this age of bicycle helmets and antibacterial soap, of the well-fed, vitamin-fortified, fully inoculated kid. So those parents who have come to understand the burdens of life-and-death decision-making in an era of technological explosion form an isolated and disoriented club, one whose members meet at night in the lounges by the pediatric ICUs. With the armamentarium of cure growing more sophisticated by the day—especially in New York, a hive of research scientist–physicians and teaching hospitals—few crises arise that don't present parents with treatment choices. The rarer and deadlier a child's situation, the more energetically doctors urge parents to shop for additional opinions; the more specialists parents consult, the more the uncertainties pile up.

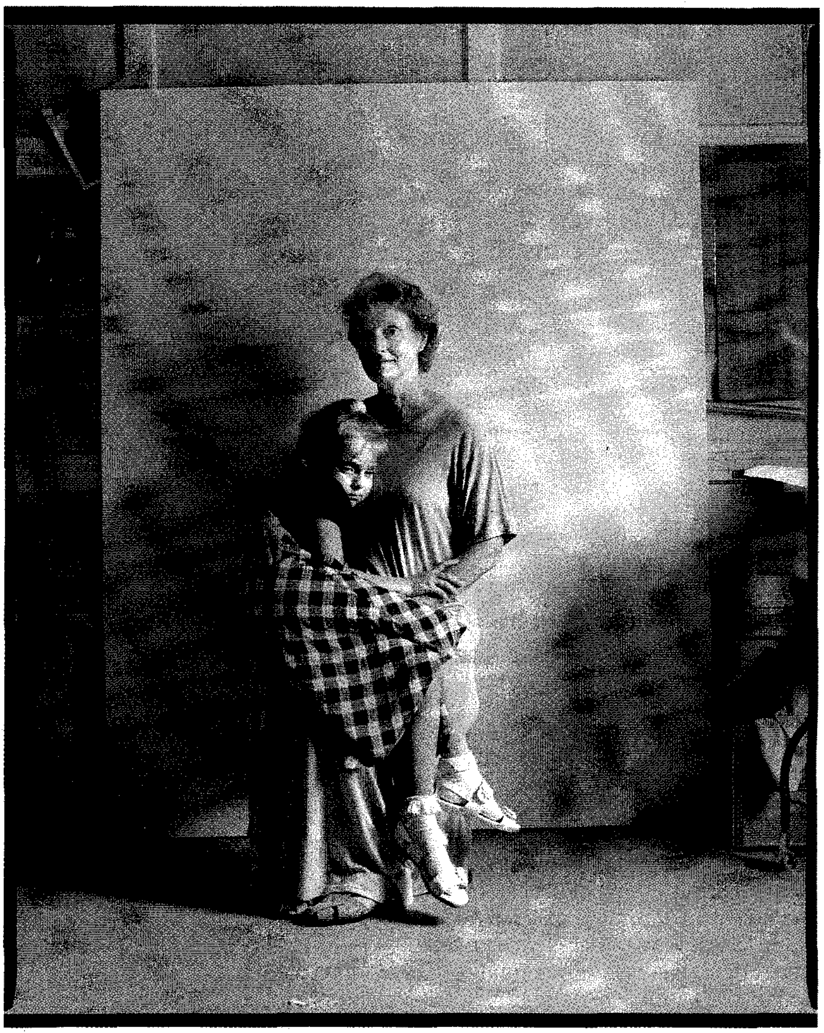
Complicating matters are the tools of modern imaging, which can detect potential defects that, just years ago, would have gone undiscovered. Doctors often can't predict whether these conditions will mend on their own or cause irreversible damage, leaving parents to decided how aggressively to intervene. On the evidence of a dimple on their newborn Danielle's backside, Judi and David Salvatore, both of them teachers in the Jersey Turnpike town of Carteret, had to have their apparently healthy daughter's spine MRI'd within weeks of birth—and were then offered elective surgery to prevent a paralysis that might or might not develop. But at what risk to Danielle from the surgery itself?

"These are choices parents didn't have to face ten years ago," notes the family's pediatric neurosurgeon, Neil Feldstein. "They are tough calls." After Danielle's MRI, the Salvatores were stalled in frustration as they sought not only Feldstein's but two—and, eventually, three—more opinions. "We had all these professionals working for us," David Salvatore recalled, "and we couldn't get two of them to agree on anything. So how the hell were *we* supposed to know what to do?"

Or consider the case of Carmen and Craig Schoenfeld, an executive secretary and a meat distributor living in Rockland County. They're the parents of Aaron, whose rare rhabdomyosarcoma was detected following a well-baby visit when he was five months old. One of more than a dozen parents who described to *New York* their struggles in reaching treatment decisions, Schoenfeld says she could hardly endure listening to her pediatric oncologists and radiologists as they presented the choices: Submit Aaron either to radical surgery or to chemotherapy backed by potentially bone-stunting radiation. Carmen initially refused to consider either surgery or radiation. She says, "*They* didn't know what the story would be with Aaron's outcome, so why should *I* take a chance on my son?"

Another family, with parents who themselves are doctors, had both the advantage and the curse of understanding the limits of medicine with respect to their daughter's leukemia. For all their professional preparation, Manhattan psychiatrists Philip and Elena Lister found themselves shocked again and again by the knotty weave of personal and scientific considerations behind every turn in the care of their daughter. Liza, a forcefully determined and analytical 4-year-old, was diagnosed six weeks into her first full year of preschool.

"We knew we were on some kind of hellish journey," says Philip, who, like Elena, teaches in the medical schools at Columbia and Cornell, and speaks with a quiet precision. Yet the Listers were un-



Gut decision: Elaine Ramos and daughter Kara.

o how the hell were *we* supposed to know what to do?” DAVID SALVATORE

prepared, Philip says, to be swarmed by a team of attendings, residents, and accompanying eminent strangers bearing treatment calendars and stacks of study materials and armed with the expectation that these parents would consent within hours to start Liza on aggressive experimental chemotherapy. From that moment, the Listers became alert to every direct and indirect message—beginning, as Philip describes what he was sensing, with “a pressure that’s more or less subtle: If you don’t agree to participate in their experimental care, can they really have the same investment of concern for you?”

“How is it that parents make a complicated decision for which they’re completely unprepared and would not be prepared for with five years of training? I spend a lot of time worrying about that,” says Dr. James Lock, a pioneering pediatric cardiologist at Boston Children’s Hospital.

Lock does most of his work in the realm of rare and life-threatening pediatric heart conditions. On a recent Monday, he had nine FedEx’d pathology reports on his desk (from California; Ohio; Auckland, New Zealand . . .), all from families seeking second opinions. Many of their children would be waiting in line for a transplant unless they could benefit from a high-risk surgical rescue. Lock feels so strongly about the stress involved in these dilemmas that his policy is not to recommend an alternative to the treating physician’s advice, “if two therapies are largely equal.

“It creates anxiety and unhappiness, and the parents are not going to have a mechanism for choosing.”

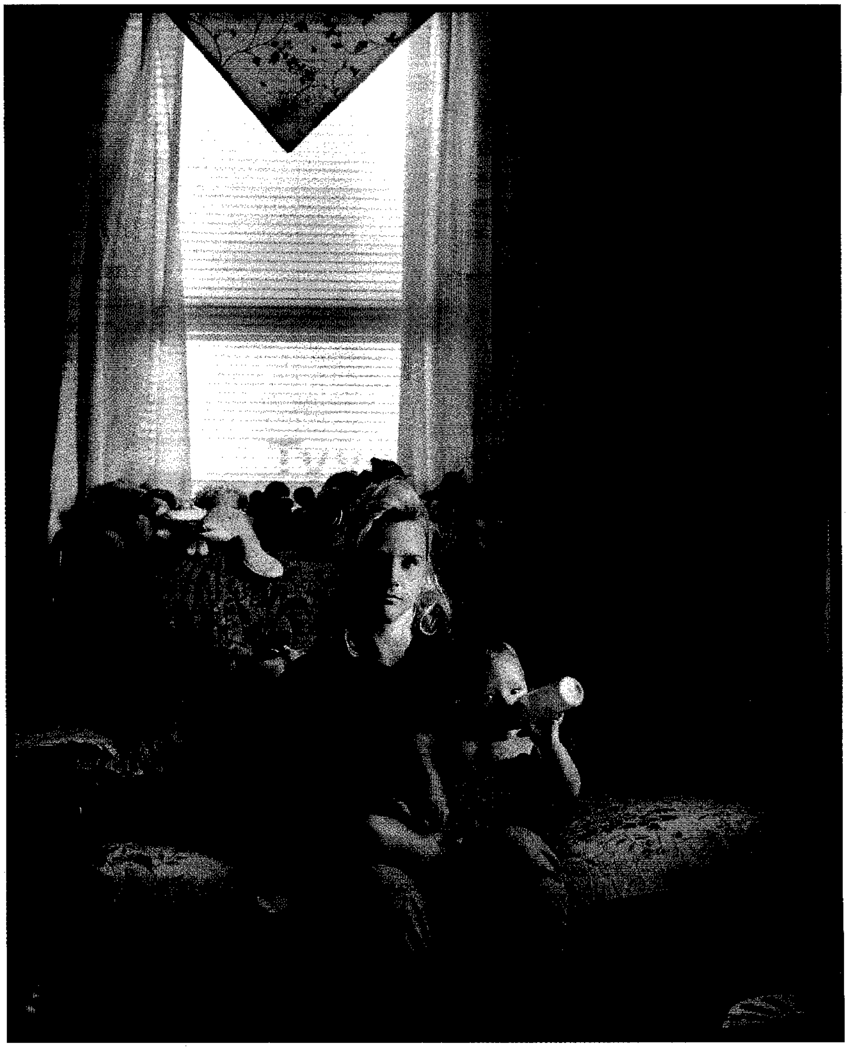
Research confirms what parents experience firsthand: that it’s far more stressful to make medical decisions for another person than for oneself. That usually applies in the other direction generationally, as adults make medical decisions for their parents. But it’s almost impossible to project what measure of pain or disability a child might be willing to carry into his future. “With an older parent, even though it’s hard and wrenching and sad,” says Nancy Neveloff Dubler, director of the division of bioethics at Montefiore Medical Center, “there’s a natural path [to decisions] that doesn’t exist in pediatrics.”

Once parents are past the shock of what one father called the “Day Zero” diagnosis, many find themselves questioning the subtexts of doctors’ messages. How much is honest difference and how much professional rivalry when two marquee-name medical teams dispense conflicting advice?

And what does it mean when a physician proposes progressively more aggressive treatments while the floor nurse seems to be using code to suggest palliative care? “This little guy is really hurting; he didn’t have such a good day,” a former New York University Medical Center neonatal nurse recalls hinting to the mother of a severely compromised infant, when she sensed the mother wanted to withdraw life support but feared rejecting the doctor’s proposals. These are not thoughts families regularly express to their doctors. More typically, they’re talked out in the webs of advice and comfort parents weave as their children become hospital neighbors.

JOE AND ELAINE RAMOS HAD NO PARENTS’ support group to fall back on when they confronted the choice of giving Kara the trial drug. All they had were their internal voices, and those were questioning whether Dr. Weiss’s advice might be driven by his research interests. The principal investigator of the drug Kara was offered, pediatric nephrologist Howard Trachtman of Long Island Jewish Medical Center, says, “When I wrote this grant, our hope was that families would consent and the drug would be started within six hours.” Out of 56 who were offered the therapy, he says, “we’ve had 9 families refuse us.”

Memorial Sloan-Kettering pediatric oncologist Paul Meyers has found that parents are often swayed more by the fluctuating weather in their hospital environment than by their doctors’ presentations. “You hear, ‘The last time my child was here, the child in the next room was having a bone-marrow transplant and I watched that child die, and I watched those parents suffer. I can’t go through



Ties that bind: Judi Salvatore and daughter Danielle.

that with my child.' I've had that reaction from parents," Meyers says. "Or it could be, 'I was in clinic last week, and I met the Smiths. They told me their child had a bone-marrow transplant three years ago, and I couldn't believe how good that kid looked.' Those things weigh on us more than we'd like to believe."

Joe and Elaine Ramos wanted to be persuaded to try the experimental drug; by the time it was offered, Kara had become too weak to sit up. For the Ramoses, it was the five hours spent in what Joe described as "a circus" of an emergency room that gave them pause. "Our daughter was just begging for ice chips," Elaine recalls. "A whole bunch of doctors we didn't know would pop in and ask us questions and leave. We kept asking them about ice chips and they didn't know anything about ice chips. So to think about being part of a study in this place . . ."

After Kara was moved finally from the ER to the pediatric floor at 11 P.M., they agreed to sleep on the decision. In the morning, with a clear head, Elaine Ramos consented. Even Weiss does not know if Kara got a placebo (as do one third of the children in the study) or the compound, but a day later her descent reversed. She eventually needed to be transfused but was spared dialysis. A month after leaving the hospital with anemia, Kara was well enough to start attending day camp on a modified schedule. Today, she's back to claiming playground rights for herself and her basketball-playing buddies, though her mother says she's retained a kind of "body memory. When she gets sick she really panics, and she's afraid she'll have to go back to the hospital."

"I didn't want to decide. I was afraid he would be stunted. I rememb

Ultimately, the Ramoses did not make "an intellectual decision" to give Kara the treatment, Elaine says. "You go from the gut." And you pray that you won't spend your life second-guessing.

CARMEN SCHOENFELD CAN HARDLY rationalize, in retrospect, why she so angrily and militantly resisted the radiation treatments being urged on Aaron by his medical team, led by Columbia-Presbyterian Babies Hospital pediatric oncologist Leonard H. Wexler. Maybe it comes down to what Wexler saw on Schoenfeld's face—"extreme fear"—as he explained to her that Aaron's tumor-removal surgery had left behind microscopic traces of cancer. The Schoenfelds had been blindsided, and would not quickly recover their poise. Aaron had gone into surgery for what they had been told was a hernia—only to have the urologist emerge from the operation to tell the Schoenfelds he'd discovered a tumor. After bringing their baby to a team of specialists at Columbia-Presbyterian, the Schoenfelds descended into another level of disbelief on learning that Aaron was one of just four in a million children to develop this particular cancer.

Wexler told the parents that a colleague's surgery to remove the tumor had been less than "soul-satisfying," and he was betting on recurrence. He presented two choices: another surgery to remove the testicle, or a less radical radiation therapy, which nonetheless carried a developmental risk because of Aaron's tender age.

"I didn't like my choice. It was a sick choice. I didn't want to decide," Carmen Schoenfeld says. "I was afraid he would be stunted, that his legs wouldn't grow, that his pelvis would be damaged. . . . I remember my mother-in-law turning to us and saying, 'But he'll be alive.' "

Having felt the blast of Carmen's anger, Wexler decided to retreat temporarily from urging radiation: "I felt there was enough for this family to deal with in having a little baby going through chemotherapy," he said. "And I felt it was more important for me to have a therapeutic relationship with this family, for them to get to know me better." Hard choices come easier, he adds, "when you know this is not some nut who is experimenting with your kid."

The issue was forced when Aaron's cancer recurred within six weeks. At that point Wexler urged the Schoenfelds to take advantage of the inevitable third surgery to allow implantation of tiny radiation seeds, which could target the affected tissue more narrowly than conventional radiation. That is what they did. Aaron finished chemotherapy on his first birthday. Now 2 years old, Aaron has been cancer-free long enough to put six-month intervals between his bone scans. "And I honestly have to think that maybe the reason he did so well," his mother says, "is because he didn't know any better—because he didn't feel all those feelings that older kids must feel."

THE EVENTS OF THE DAY OF Danielle Salvatore's birth were a preview of a shock-inducing epic to come. Judi Salvatore remembers the pediatrician on rounds coming into her room and telling her, "You have a healthy six-pound, seven-ounce girl." A few minutes later, to Judi's astonishment, a nurse brought her a pamphlet on the registry of children with special needs. "You must have the wrong room," Judi said. "Oh, she's fine," the nurse answered, "but she just has this little dimple."

The dimple on the rear of brown-haired, green-eyed Danielle was the first signal that she might have a tethered spinal cord, a condition that can prevent proper spinal growth. Uncorrected, it can cause permanent incontinence, even paralysis. Only since it's become easily detectable through magnetic-resonance imaging have many parents faced the possibility of corrective surgery almost at birth, as the Salvatores would.

y mother-in-law saying, 'But he'll be alive.' " CARMEN SCHOENFELD

But it quickly became evident that Danielle had a more urgent problem. She'd been discovered to have several defects in her heart, most prominently a hole between her left and right ventricles.

When it came to Danielle's heart problems—unlike the situation with her spinal cord—the Salvatores say they sought no backup opinions simply because they trusted Danielle's cardiologists from the first time they met. Even in the worst moments—as when Danielle was taken from Judi's arms for open-heart surgery—they never second-guessed her treatment. "We must seem like the stupidest parents going, seeing all these doctors for her spine—and with her heart, of all things, never questioning anybody," says Judi, who cuts her skepticism with humor. "A lot of it has to do with a gut feeling about the doctors," David says.

On this day that the Salvatores sat at their kitchen table, remembering, the buzzing sounds of their neighbors' yard work droned over the noise of *Blue's Clues,* which 4-year-old Jake Salvatore was watching in the den. His parents are not in awe of New York doctors, nor do they necessarily believe the city's teaching hospitals offer care superior to centers closer to home (though Danielle did have her cardiac surgery done at Columbia-Presbyterian on the advice of their New Jersey cardiologists).

It was those same doctors who recommended that Danielle's spine be looked at by pediatric neurosurgeon Neil Feldstein, who practices both in New Jersey and at Columbia-Presbyterian. Feldstein recommended surgery to cut what he saw as fibrous strands tethering Danielle's spinal cord in its canal, but he wasn't surprised when the Salvatores wanted a second opinion. Danielle was a constant worry to them; eating little, sleeping less, crying day and night. Considering her cardiac weakness, they wanted to be absolutely certain surgery was necessary.

When they walked into Dr. Fred Epstein's office to see a wall full of framed magazine articles, Judi and David wondered—who was this guy? They were unaware that Beth Israel had essentially built him a pediatric-neurosurgery institute.

"There was just no rapport with him from the start," David recalls. Epstein told the Salvatores not only that he would not recommend spinal surgery, but also that he would not have ordered the MRI. "We looked at each other, dumbfounded," David remembers. "How could it be that everything he was telling us was the opposite of Feldstein?"

A short while later, as they sat outside Epstein's office waiting to retrieve Danielle's records, the Salvatores say they heard him make a disparaging remark about Feldstein. Judi flared up. "As an educator, I would never talk about another teacher in front of parents," she says now. "We were getting the feeling that there was some history there," David says, and indeed, they would later learn that Feldstein had trained with Epstein.

That afternoon, the Salvatores canceled the surgery with Feldstein.

"Now it starts—what a mess," David says. They sent Danielle's MRIs to a leader in the field of pediatric neurosurgery, Jerry Oakes at Children's Hospital in Alabama. He seconded Feldstein's diagnosis and recommended the surgery (assuming Danielle's general health was acceptable). Judi, though, had grown skeptical. "Because Feldstein recommended him, now I'm wondering if this is a game where they send you to their friends who will agree with them." Meanwhile, she said, "we're living on the edge with Danielle. We can't get her to keep down her [cardiac] meds, and every day is another fiasco."

Feldstein would not comment on the particulars of his relationship with Epstein, but he did say, "I feel for these families because it's an awkward situation to be in, and it's scary. Dr. X says something can wait a year; Dr. Y says do it right away. Dr. X says it's a simple operation; Dr. Y says it's very complicated."

Epstein says he made no dismissive remark about Feldstein: "I don't feel that way about him at all. Maybe somebody says something in jest, an in-joke, and it doesn't mean anything at all, but somebody on the outside misinterprets it." But he adds that the Salvatores correctly interpreted his recommendation not to operate. "This child had no neurological problem," he maintains, and at the time he felt she was unlikely to develop one. "I think the world might have been a happier place before it had MRIs," Epstein says. "I see three or four people a week who are advised to have surgery based on scans that should never have been done in the first place." He adds, "It's much harder to advise someone not to do surgery than to do it, because then you're done with it—it has an automatic end point."

Epstein suggested that if they were still unsure they should consult the eminent neurosurgeon he considers his best friend, Luis Schut at Children's Hospital in Philadelphia. But then a crisis intervened: The cardiac team decided they had to move quickly to surgically patch the hole. The surgery at Columbia-Presbyterian's Babies Hospital went well, and Judi bonded with the director of the pediatric intensive-care unit, Howard Zucker. "There was a day when a child in the bed across from Danielle died. Dr. Zucker came up to me and said, 'I know this was a bad day, but Danielle is going to be fine.' And he asked me about my job, and my husband, and did I have any other children. He was talking to me like I was Judi Salvatore and not the parent of the child in bed eleven. It made such a difference."

Danielle could not withstand another surgery for at least three months. During that time, David and Judi made a list of all their lingering questions—there were twenty—about tethered spinal cords, and went to see Schut. "He said to us, 'Before you ask anything, let me tell you what I know and how I would handle this,' " David recalls. "By the time he gets done drawing us all these diagrams and talking, he's nailed every question on our list.

"And he also did it so none of his friends and associates would have any problem with him. He defended Epstein in that he said he wouldn't have MRI'd her." Schut said he believed Danielle could develop neurological damage, and that if the Salvatores decided against the surgery they'd have to stay hyperalert for symptoms. " 'Now that you have this information about the spine,' " David recalls him saying, " 'I would support you 100 percent if you go ahead and operate.' "

"We walked out of there knowing we would have the surgery," David says. And it would be with Feldstein at Babies Hospital, where Danielle could move to Zucker's ICU after surgery.

In the months since, Danielle has continued to be in delicate health, but the spinal surgery was, by all indications, a success. "I'm sure we feel as good about it as we do because everything turned out so well," David says, as he watches a pink-cheeked Danielle do a fast toddle across the kitchen to inspect Jake's piece of candy. "I guarantee if it hadn't, the two of us would be sitting here saying to each other, 'Why didn't we find the right doctors?' "

"How is it that parents make a complicated decision for which they're completely unprepared? I spend a lot of time worrying about that." DR. JAMES LOCK

WITHIN THE FAMILY OF LIZA Lister, there was no question but that they'd go for broke, exhausting every hope for cure. And that determination began with Liza, "who made it clear that she would endure any treatment, any pain, for another minute of life," her mother, Elena, says.

Dr. Nancy Kernan, a specialist in pediatric bone-marrow transplant at Sloan-Kettering, describes Liza as "off-the-charts intelligent." ("When she had a pain, she could give you ten adjectives for it," says Elena.) Kernan says, "I think this child was so bright you couldn't withhold any information from her. I usually have a policy of answering only the questions a child asks," instead of volunteering complicated information to young children. "It's very rare that a 5-year-old will say, 'Does pneumonia kill me?' But she would ask pointed questions on a daily basis."

On the advice of their pediatrician, the Listers initially put Liza under the care of pediatric hematologists and oncologists at Mount Sinai Medical Center. They agreed to start her on what was intended to be a two-year chemotherapy protocol. But soon after Liza's grueling start-up round of chemo, things began to go badly. She developed a fungal infection and then two rounds of pancreatitis that forced an end to the chemotherapy for 50 days, rendering it immediately less effective.

"So we faced a big decision at that point," Philip recalls. "Could we resume the two-year plan, or should we start all over again? We were stunned to hear that it was so nebulous, and so close a call, that our doctor called the [physician-researcher] who runs the protocol for advice." They decided to resume chemotherapy where Liza had left off, and there followed a precious six months at home. Liza, who kept asking if she could go back to school, was too fragile to play with other children, but she had joyous times with her parents and her 7-year-old sister, Molly. She visited the Statue of Liberty, added more stuffed cows to her collection. Eventually she was strong enough to go to the playground.

And then, seven months into her therapy, Liza relapsed. The odds she faced were terribly reduced; her only hope became bone-marrow transplant (if she could be brought back into remission), a procedure so traumatic, so freighted with potential complications, that the treatment itself can cause death.

But there was no question of the Listers' rejecting transplant. Apart from what her parents wanted, Liza had made it clear she would take any risk to survive. No donor match could be found for her among the flocks of relatives tested, which left the family with two less-promising options: for Liza to be implanted with her own bone marrow, extracted and cleansed, or to accept a transplant from a healthy, unrelated donor.

The head of the pediatric hematology-oncology team at Mount Sinai, Jeffrey Lipton, argued for the first option, the autologous transplant, a protocol the hospital and several others organized into the national Pediatric Oncology Group had been testing. "So we went to Sloan-Kettering," which is affiliated with a second hospital-based research collective, the Childrens Cancer Group, "and they were utterly skeptical of autologous transplants for leukemia," Philip recalls. "They did them all the time for other cancers, but in leukemia, where the cancer is in the bone marrow, they didn't think they could cleanse the cells." The Sloan-Kettering team shared with the Listers its history of successes and failures with unrelated-donor transplants, and made its case for the procedure. Philip was left to conclude "that everybody's stake was distorted by what their research was."

Elena says, "I don't feel that as strongly. It's more that there are unknowns. They don't really know yet which is safer or better or worse, and given what they don't know, they are therefore more inclined to support their research."

"People who have a blind faith in what they're told are disturbing, in some ways, to their physicians," says Lipton. "We're never sure if they're willing to understand all the implications of what it is we're telling them, and that puts an enormous burden on us. The other way around is the family who learns everything they can and understands all the arguments, and then the burden is very much on them.

"I think this family was almost handicapped by their extreme sophistication, in the sense that they were so smart and so savvy, they did so much work, that they knew they were making their decision based on incomplete scientific data. Having so much knowledge led them to the same place we were, which was that nobody knew the right answer."

In August 1995, the Listers made the painful decision to transfer Liza into the care of Nancy Kernan and the Sloan-Kettering team. Though they felt Kernan had made the stronger case for the science, Elena says, it was helpful that in a personal way, "Nancy really *got* us. And she got Lizie. . . . I felt that she was Liza's advocate as well as ours, and she answered *her* questions and helped her to make decisions with us." Kernan understood that the Listers had come to feel that protecting Liza meant consulting on the daily procedures—questioning the necessity of every test, for example. "There is that issue of parental vigilance," Philip says. "For an adult, it's no big deal to get sticked, but for our child, who had no [visible] veins at the time, it was a very big deal."

Then came the day of Liza's bone-marrow harvest, and a biopsy. It revealed another, if minor, relapse. "Liza was never in full remission," Kernan says. "We tell families a child is in borderline remission, but that's like being a little bit pregnant."

The Listers had been hanging on the hope of the transplant. Kernan has more

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Signs of hope: Carmen Schoenfeld with cancer-free son Aaron.

experience today and probably would not recommend the procedure. At the time, though, "we were willing to go all the way for the chance that she'd walk away cured."

Liza spent three months inside a sterile glass cubicle in the transplant unit, listening to tapes of Molly reading her stories. She developed complications relating to rejection of the donor marrow, but they were sufficiently mild that she was able to go home. But there were more complications, then a move back into the hospital. And then devastating news: The transplant had failed. The leukemia had returned.

The Listers had gotten the terrible news on a Friday. Over the weekend, they slowly tried to explain to Liza that she had no hope for a cure. Even through what Philip describes as "her pleading effort to grasp—'Well, isn't there *something* we can do?' "—she was beginning to accept that there was not.

Then the family met with the oncologist who'd be charting Liza's chemotherapy, and he did not share Kernan's directness in answering this 5-year-old's pointed questions. Philip remembers from that meeting that as Liza struggled to understand what her future was, the oncologist "was somewhat vague about what lay ahead. He was not able to say to her, 'This is palliative care; this is not going to cure you.' "

Over the course of the next week or so, there developed a terrible tension as Liza's parents understood that she'd interpreted the doctor's tactful aversions to mean there was still hope. "She started saying things like, 'Well, when I get my farm,' and Phil and I were saying, '*Aaahhhhhh*,' " Elena recalls.

"All along we'd been on the same page, but suddenly she doesn't understand what we understand," Philip says. He and Elena made the decision to challenge the doctor to meet Liza on her own direct terms. "We told him what we felt we needed," Philip recalls. There followed a remarkable session, Elena remembers, in which Liza confronted the oncologist, first by asking him—as she already had her parents—if she would live to be a teenager; she was then three months short of her 6th birthday. "He said something like, 'I don't have a crystal ball,' before he came around to *No*," Elena recalls. "And she took him on and said, 'But will I live to my 7th birthday?' And he kind of blanched, and he said, 'No, I don't think so.' And then, 'Will I live to my 6th birthday?' He said, 'I hope so.' And then she understood."

"In a way, a burden was lifted," Elena says. "Now we could all mobilize for whatever time was left."

They elected to care for Liza at home—no more hospitalization—and to accept only the chemotherapy that would ease pain and prolong her life. Liza had goals to reach; she wanted to be with Molly to celebrate her sister's birthday. "And she really desperately wanted to learn to read," Elena says. "She was never able to go back to school, but she was very, very intellectual" and had endured in part by hearing her mother read *Chronicles of Narnia*, and her father the entire Oz series.

The Listers got a home tutor, and Liza went to work on letter combinations. Her parents videotaped her sounding out words. She turned 6, and ten days later, with great difficulty, she got up to see Molly off to school on her birthday. "She began to die that day," slowly fading over the next 48 hours, her mother recalls. "Some of the last coherent words she said were to her sister. She was able to tell her that she loved her."

Characteristically, Liza had told her mother how she wanted these moments to go. "She wanted to be on my lap," Elena recalls. The two were together in a big double bed. "She wanted to watch some *I Love Lucy*." As the tape played, "she even chuckled," Elena says with a sad smile. There was one other thing: "She wanted to hear her lullaby tape." It played through Liza's last moments.

By the time she reaches the end of this story, Elena has been wet-eyed for some time. Through her tears she looks down at her new son, Solomon Lister, who's been napping at her feet in a portable seat. By the poster-size mounted collage of pictures of Liza and Molly is a table piled with congratulatory mail, and some baby gifts.

"I know the way we handled things wouldn't be right for every child," Elena says. "But Liza was able to do the things that were most important to her." And her parents were left to draw comfort from the fact that they had done all they were able, having asked every question they could. "Knowledge is power," Elena says. "We're like that. She was like that." ■

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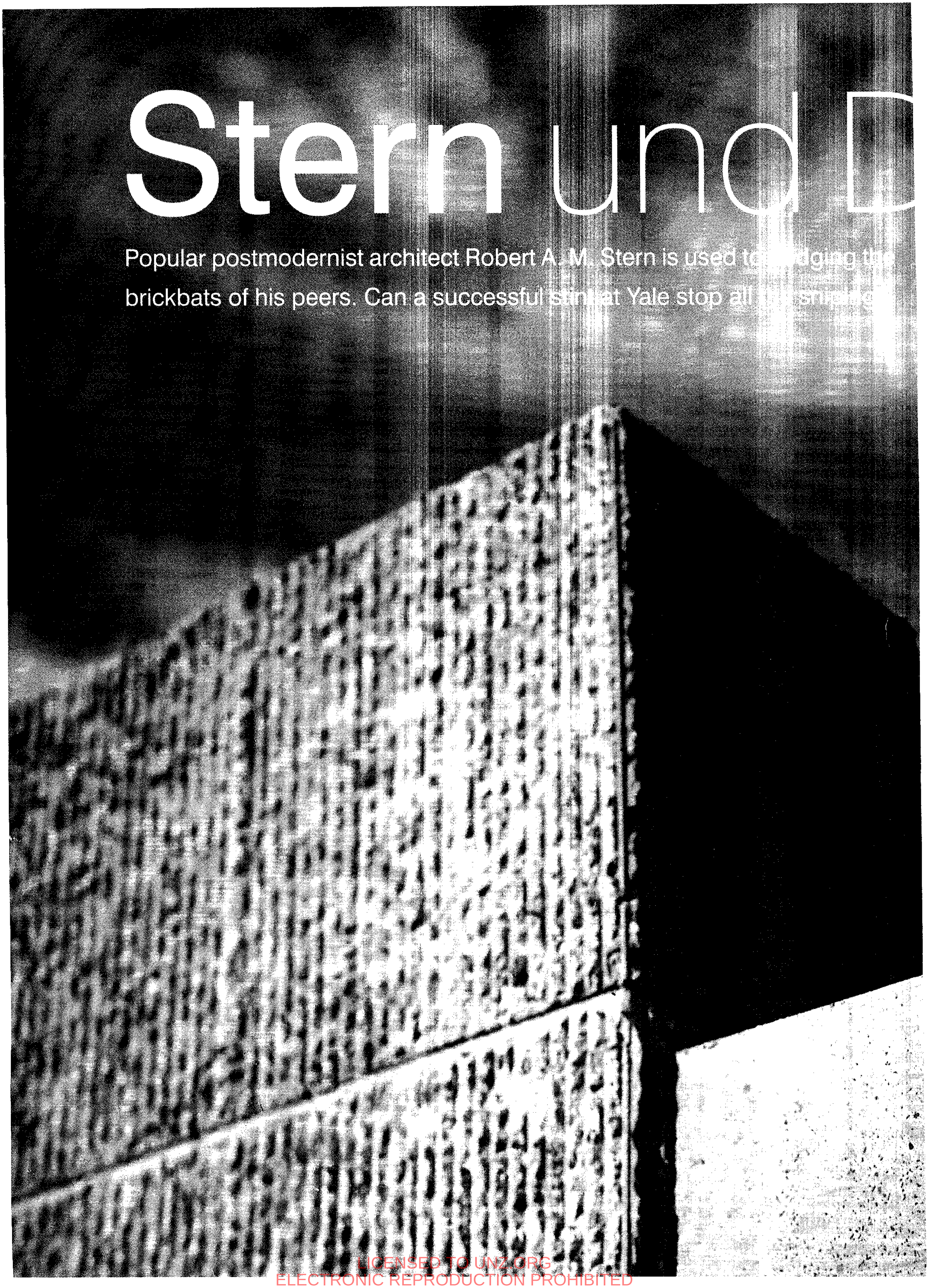
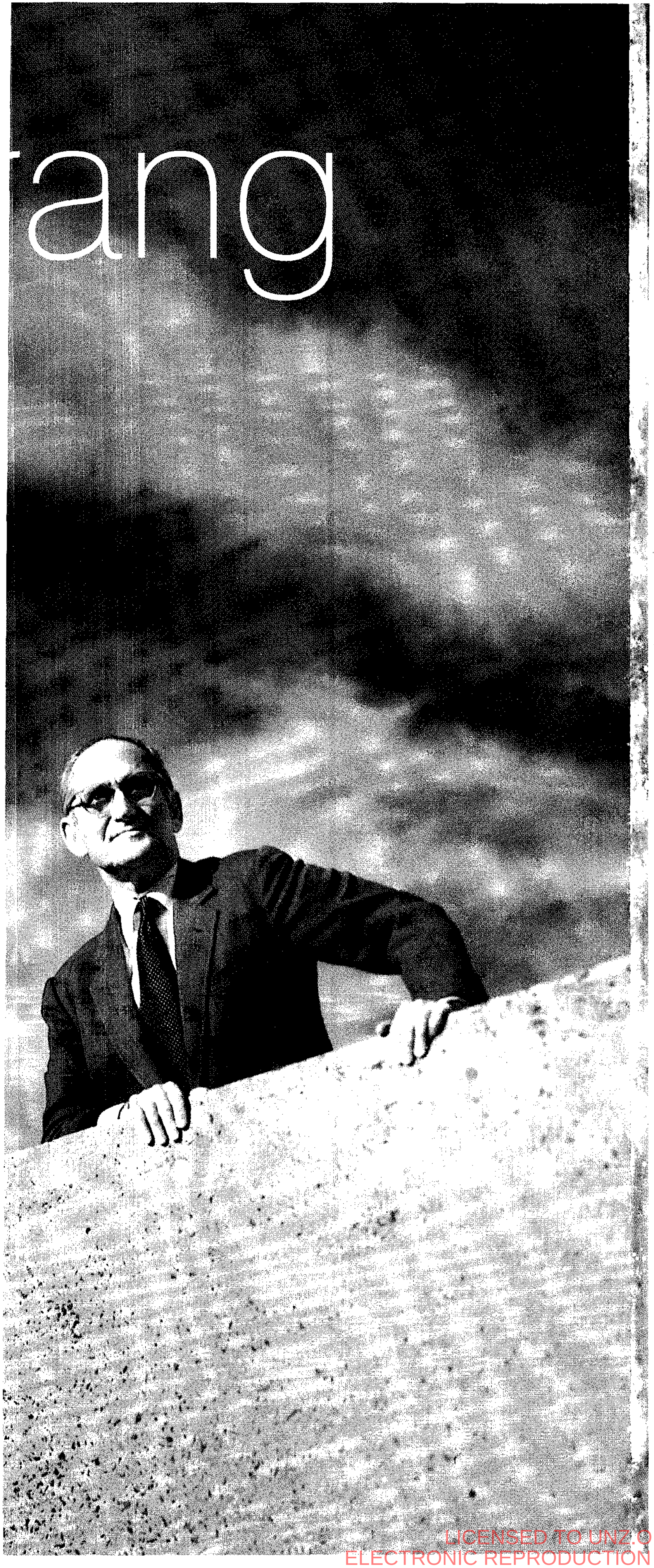
Stern und D

Popular postmodernist architect Robert A. M. Stern is used to dodging the brickbats of his peers. Can a successful stint at Yale stop all the sniping?





By Alexandra Lange

'OH NO. *NO!*" EXCLAIMS Robert A. M. Stern, walking out of the apartment without a backward glance. Was it the exposed brick wall? The clunky staircase? "I don't like a ceiling I feel that I can touch—and I'm not a tall man," the five-foot-five architect says to the Yale properties manager dancing in attendance. "Next?"

Stern, who's lived in the same modest Upper East Side one-bedroom for twenty years, probably never imagined he'd be dabbling in rentals again. But here he is, striding down Chapel Street in New Haven, looking at the best housing Yale University has to offer. It's not a pretty sight, not for the architect behind Disney chairman Michael Eisner's Aspen "cabin"; the stolid, sand-colored William Gates Computer Science building at Stanford University; and Celebration, the Stepford community that Disney built in Florida following oldfangled specifications dictated by Stern and fellow Yalie Jaquelin Robertson.

"I'd like to see the lighting bill for that place," he says, marching out of a newly renovated one-bedroom rental in the storied Taft Hotel apartment building that even at noon would require the services of several halogen lamps. "I'm too *old,*" he says, dismissing a four-story walkup across the street. In fact, he's 59 and reasonably energetic—in August, he joined Eisner and ten other friends for five days of cycling through the San Juan

Homecoming king: Robert Stern, on the roof of Yale's Art & Architecture building.

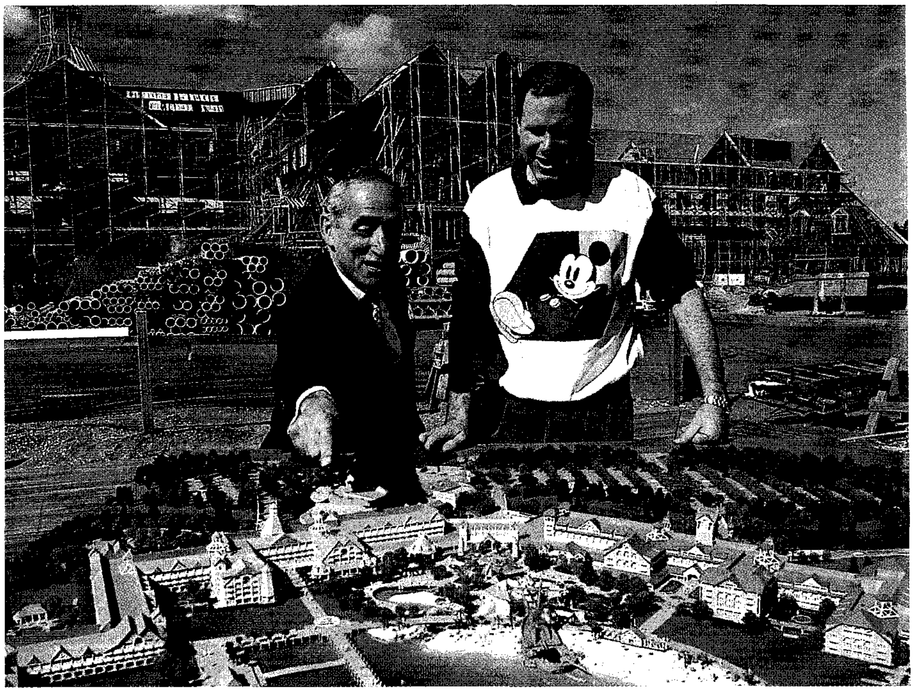
Photograph by Brian Velenchenko

Islands. But he knows what he can handle, and that extends to the view in front of him. “Not even airline stewardesses should have to live there,” he says, gesturing at the concrete University Towers with disdain. “I saw those being built. I hated them then and I hate them now.”

This is a homecoming of sorts for Stern. He graduated from Yale's architecture school in 1965, and 33 years later, he's come back as its dean and, perhaps, its savior. Always regarded as one of the country's top three schools, Yale Architecture slipped to fifth in 1997's *U.S. News & World Report* rankings. Indeed, most observers think it would have slipped further if it weren't Yale, with its scroll of successful alumni and their now-sacred monuments—Eero Saarinen (Kennedy Airport's TWA Terminal), Richard Rogers (the Pompidou Center), Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk and Andres Duany (Seaside, Florida), and Maya Lin (the Vietnam Veterans' Memorial).

In 1994, Yale admitted approximately 70 students, but only 20 decided to come. The rest of the class of 40 drifted in from the wait list. Last year, the school received approximately 350 applications (the high, in the eighties, was 800). *Perspecta,* the groundbreaking journal Stern was picked to edit in 1965—it was he who published Robert Venturi's first radical pitch for postmodernism—had been missing in action since 1992 before resuming publication last year. *Retrospecta,* the magazine of student work, “looks like the annual report from a Swiss pharmaceuticals company,” Stern says with a wince. Yale's visiting chairs used to be occupied by skyscrapers of the business like Venturi, Frank Gehry, James Stirling. But in recent years, even as the school has been able to attract intellectuals like structural engineer and Rem Koolhaas collaborator Cecil Balmond and Cooper Union guru Raimund Abraham as chairs, the lecture series was so poor that most of the faculty chose not to attend. Only a large-scale renovation could save the school's crumbling reputation.

It's a small world, after all: Stern in Florida with his No. 1 client, Michael Eisner.



“I almost feel like **Martha Stewart** would be a better choic

architecture student of Stern's new deanship. “He's kind of a **watered-dow**

A 5,000-SQUARE-FOOT wood-paneled apartment above New Haven's finest restaurant, the Union League Cafe, turns out to be the only space with possibilities. The square footage pleases Stern; a fourteen-by-fourteen-foot windowless room even inspires a joke. “That's where I'll put my colleagues,” he quips. Then, polishing the joke for public consumption: “That's where I'd *like* to put some of my colleagues.”

He might need a larger room. When the New York *Times* broke the news of his appointment in September, faculty, students, alumni, and interested observers responded with a collective *“I beg your pardon?”*

While students and faculty were away last summer, Yale University president Richard Levin went around his own search committee, consulting alums like Charles Gwathmey, Paul Goldberger, and—yes—Stern about higher-wattage possibilities than the existing shortlist. Several students quietly walked out of the room when Levin announced Stern's appointment.

The man who would lead Yale's School of Architecture into the twenty-first century is, in fact, more inspired by the nineteenth. With his theatrical use of weathered shingles and classical columns—many of his peers privately call his work “appalling”—Stern has been famously compared to Ralph Lauren. You're buying not merely a Robert Stern house but a lifestyle, a reasonable facsimile of blue-blooded reserve. “People on the water tell us, ‘Gee, I just happened to notice your house. Has it always been there?’ ” says Carol Biondi, wife of recently deposed Universal Studios chairman Frank Biondi, of her new 7,000-square-foot Martha's Vineyard home. “He pulled it back and angled it, so from the water it doesn't look like a big house.”

“If you look at Frank Gehry's work or Rem Koolhaas's work, you see things happening that do not replicate the past. They are the people who are teaching what's possible within the realm of architecture; I don't look to Bob Stern to do that,” says New York *Times* architecture critic Herbert Muschamp. “There's always going to be a market for big suburban houses that look like they've been there for a long time. That's a niche for Bob.”

Stern's connection with Disney is what has earned him the most criticism—and the most work. Eleven years ago, Stern signed on to design the Yacht and Beach Club Resorts at Walt Disney World, and he has been employed by the Walt Disney Company ever since. On Disney's board of directors since 1992, Stern most recently helped Michael Eisner tap into 42nd Street's potential, trundling him by the dilapidated New Amsterdam Theatre; *The Lion King* is now sold out there through June 1999. A cartoon sending up Stern's Yale appointment was circulated among a group of friendly alumni: Paul Rudolph's corrugated concrete Art & Architecture building, a work Stern called “obdurate” in

Photographs by JB Diederich/Contact Press Images

his investiture speech in September, is topped by a pair of insouciant mouse ears.

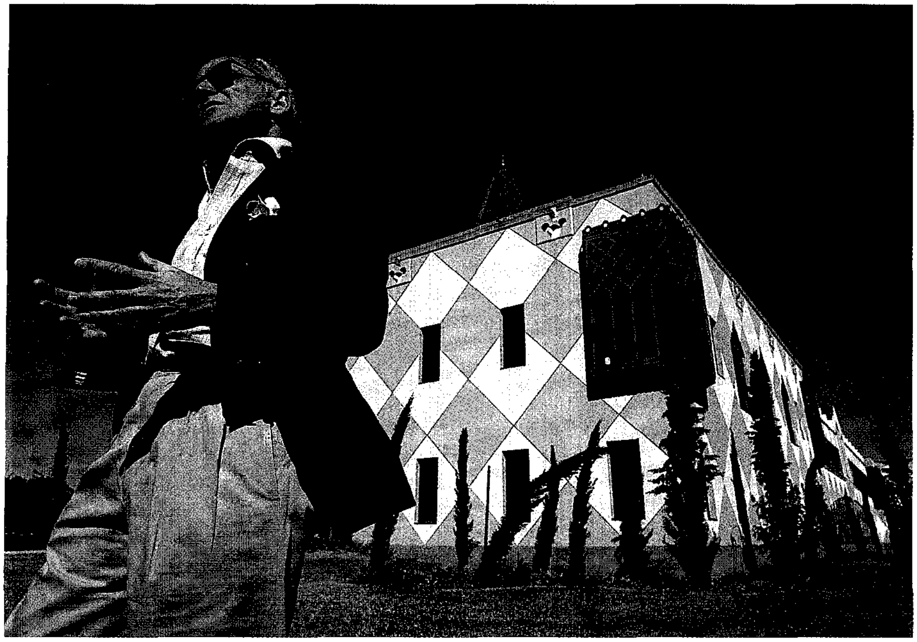
Stern has also made a name for himself speaking out on behalf of some of New York's quirkier buildings, such as the now-mostly-demolished Cottages at 77th Street and Third Avenue (his apartment overlooks them) and the Venetian-palazzo-inspired Huntington Hartford building on Columbus Circle. "I almost feel like Martha Stewart would be a better choice," says one dejected student. "He's kind of a watered-down Prince Charles."

But even as other architects of his generation still pine for a prominent project in New York—Peter Eisenman just got his Staten Island ferry terminal, Richard Meier is still waiting—Stern has four: a new dormitory at Columbia University; a cast-iron-inspired rental building for Battery Park City North called Tribeca Park; the Seville, a tony apartment tower he's designing at 77th and Second; and the Chatham, an even more luxurious high-rise condo on the site where Sign of the Dove once stood. Ads touting the Chatham as "designed by America's most acclaimed residential architect" have already run in the *Times*. Stern says he's moving there, too. "I think I do know how people live," he says modestly. "And what fun to live in a building you've designed yourself!" Stern is also designing a new office building for the Gap in San Francisco. But he omits mention of what may be his next controversial assignment: another planned community, a Celebration-as-country-village that the Related Companies is seeding in Tuxedo, New York. Stern was carted in after the town rejected Related's first scheme, claiming, among other things, that it was too dense. He has since helped modify the plans, reducing by 40 percent the number of house plots, and is now in the process of presenting it again to the town supervisors. He's charmed community boards before.

ays one **dejected** Yale
ince Charles."

Stern is no Gehry or Koolhaas; he does not offer the new, non-orthogonal, brightly clad forms that are architecture's look of the moment. He's more "a very astute student of history," says his friend Peter Eisenman, the unrepentantly modern architect. "He understands his practice is not where it should be in the eyes of a lot of people; it's more suited to certain commercial interests. He wants to make a historical name for himself, and he'll do that as a great dean at Yale. He's going to do it, I promise you that. I've already told two other deans the same thing—*Yale's back in the race.*"

THE IMPORTANT THING about Bob is he never should have left academia," says architect Philip Johnson, who met Stern while he was a student at Yale in the sixties. Once big on columns and cornices himself (see the AT&T Building), Johnson has been experimenting with freer forms in recent years, à la Frank Gehry. Indeed, the 92-year-old architect seems a little miffed that postmodernist protégés Venturi and Stern haven't followed his lead. "He went in for more preservation and what's called, stupidly, postmodernism," says Johnson. "I did, too, for a while. But he's much more serious about it than I was. I'm not interested in his Shingle Style houses—we're on other tracks."



Harlequin romance: Outside Disney World's Casting Center in Orlando.

In his work, Stern hews closely to one of Johnson's epigrams, which appeared one semester on the blackboard of a New Haven classroom: YOU CANNOT *NOT* KNOW HISTORY. "Vincent Scully [Yale's famous architectural historian] and I wanted him to be a historian, but when he found out he had to learn German, Stern said no," says Johnson, cackling at his student's hubris.

"Stern has a large following in the imagination of the public, which a lot of other architects don't," says MOMA architecture and design curator Terence Riley. Oprah Winfrey considered hiring Stern to build her a house in Telluride; right now, Stern is designing an Italianate villa for director Ivan Reitman. In 1986, Stern starred in an eight-part PBS series called *Pride of Place*, skipping nimbly from the Galleria mall in Houston to the Village Green in Stony Brook, New York, to Jefferson's Grecian front porch at Monticello. He's also co-written three popular history-of-architecture books: *New York 1900*, *New York 1930*, and *New York 1960*. *New York 1880* will be published next spring.

"Bob himself is more intellectually ambitious than some of his work would suggest," says *New Yorker* architecture critic Paul Goldberger. And while colleagues mock Stern's designs, Stern counters that "real people don't have the same problems architects have with what I do."

"He has work that's not derivative," says Michael Eisner. "The Animation Building and the Casting building are clearly not derivative. If my Aspen house was done by Peter Eisenman, maybe it would have been an *underground* log home."

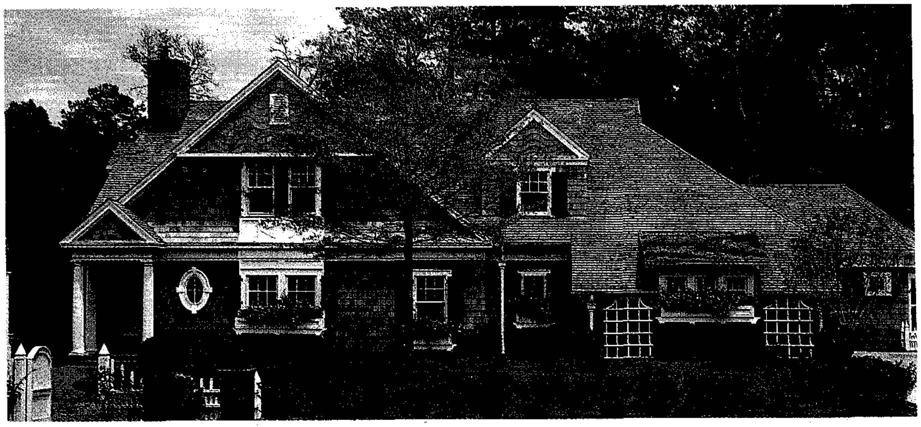
Eisner doesn't care if his enormous log cabin is more Adirondacks than Rockies. But the critics are less tolerant of Stern's kitschy malapropisms. "This is a papier-maché mask of architecture," wrote Boston *Globe* architecture critic Robert Campbell of Stern's 222 Berkeley Street, a redbrick office building that he went on to call "a mirage of the iconic redbrick Boston . . . paper-thin fake." Or Herbert Muschamp on Stern's Brooklyn Law School building: "The building can scarcely breathe. Mr. Stern has stifled the design with an excess of literal period detail . . . not even the Parthenon could survive this suffocating blanket of well-bred detail."

The enormous Shingle Style hotels Stern built in Florida can easily be dismissed as inflated caricatures of East Egg mansions. But the whimsy of Disney's Casting Center, with its argyle walls, and the Feature Animation Building, which has a *Sorcerer's Apprentice* entrance and Mickey Mouse–shaped chairs, illustrates some of his work’s best qualities. “When [postmodernists] let themselves clown around, they tap something deeper, and invite comparison to Disney himself,” Muschamp wrote of the latter building.

Stern, in any event, is unapologetic. “Celebration is one of my greatest projects,” he says, cutting off a question about the township’s strict zoning codes. Employees at Disney’s highly regimented theme parks have called the company “Mauschwitz”—and isn’t there something vaguely totalitarian about Celebration? “Celebration is a new community in the same tradition as virtually every other successful planned suburban community that’s been built in this country for 50 years, starting with Llewellyn Park or Riverside,” says Stern defensively. Frederick Law Olmsted’s widely admired Riverside in Illinois had as many restrictions, he insists. “Rules there included how far you had to set back, how much you had to spend on your house, even how big your house had to be.”

Stern puts down the paper clip he’s been mangling and tensely leans forward in his Otto Wagner bentwood chair: “People are totally naïve—great things do not happen *automatically.* Automatically will not get you the spontaneity of the Vegas strip or the wonderful charms of TriBeCa. TriBeCa and SoHo wouldn’t be here at all without a huge number of rules.”

Hooked on classics: Plans for this “dream house” were sold through *Life* magazine.



Stern is “a very astute **student of history**,” says his friend Peter Eisenma
historical name for himself as a **great dean** at Yale. He’s going

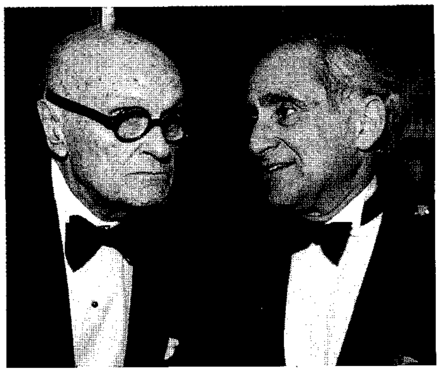
And Stern, it turns out, is as willing to criticize the work of his peers as they are to poke at him: “Peter Eisenman is just desperately trying to revive the idea of the avant-garde, and then he has to be more avant than his last avant. Maybe some of us need to concentrate on *building.*”

Stern knows what they’re all saying about him. “Architecture is a big house, but you talk to people around town, and they only seem to be able to see out their own window,” he says, from behind his neoclassical desk, gazing fiercely at New Jersey through his 30-foot expanse of window. “And the view is often of themselves.”

YALE’S PLIGHT ALSO PIQUES STERN’S COMPETITIVE spirit. There are many works-in-progress back at the firm, but he promises to pay close attention to New Haven. The school has been damaged by architects who took the dean’s job as their practices back home were expanding. The title boosted their own name recognition, almost always to the detriment of Yale. But Stern’s an old hand at juggling academia with business; he’s been a professor at Columbia since 1973.

And he expects everyone else to juggle, too: At his first faculty meeting, he informed everybody that he expected their presence at lectures and reviews. He said he would be there, too. “I think everyone sat up a little straighter,” says one professor who was present.

That Stern has an unrivaled Rolodex and knows how to work a room doesn’t hurt. “Money is a big issue, though you wouldn’t have thought that with Yale’s endowment,” says Yale professor George Ranalli. Paul Rudolph’s brilliant, brutalist Art & Architecture building, the school’s home since 1964, is badly in need of an overhaul—a perfect metaphor for the school’s decline. But there is confidence that Stern will raise lots of money along with the school’s profile. “Bob has access to a world that few have access to,” says Ranalli.



Postmodern times: Stern has drafted Philip Johnson, left, to help out at Yale.

HE DIDN’T ALWAYS. STERN grew up on East 2nd Street in Brooklyn, on the border of Flatbush and Borough Park. His younger brother, Elliot, a Sanskrit scholar, remembers Stern planning family trips to architectural landmarks from the age of 15: “We traveled by car on family vacations and made a lot of architectural stops—old houses, then modernist houses and office buildings. Bob devised the itinerary.”

“It was like a Woody Allen movie about growing up in the forties,” says a friend. “The kids were brought up to be fairly intellectual; both had high goals. I don’t think the parents went to college, but they had a feeling about enjoying New York.” Stern’s father, Sidney, first a struggling insurance agent, then a cab driver, would take him to Broadway shows. (Arthur Miller is a distant cousin.) His mother, Sonya, was born in Russia and would take the boys to the Brooklyn Museum and the public library. Stern’s high-school interests were English and drama; he’d wanted to go to Harvard, but was rejected.

“I spent two years at Columbia moping around, and then I realized I was getting an unbelievable education. I would be sitting in class with Lionel Trilling or Quentin Anderson and the class was 25 people,” he says. “I was going to show Harvard I was not such a fool as they thought. So I decided I would go to Harvard architecture school, because in the late fifties, Harvard was the place where Walter Gropius had been.” A friend who was an undergraduate at Yale suggested he come to New Haven and see what a young American architect named Paul Rudolph was doing there. After that, Stern never gave Cambridge another thought. “My only sorrow is that Paul Rudolph, with whom I maintained a

Photographs: top, Peter Aaron/ESTO.; bottom, Dorothy Alexander.; left, Peter Aaron/ESTO ©Walt Disney Imagineering.

standoffish friendship because I don't think he ever really liked what I did in architecture, has just died," Stern says. "I would love to sit across the table and say, 'Paul, I'm going to be the dean at Yale,' and watch what his reaction would be. And then see what he would tell ten other people outside my earshot."

Stern's first projects were for the families of classmates and friends of his then-wife, Lynn (née Solinger), of the Gimbel's-department-store family. "I think he was helped, frankly, by my family and people we knew," she says. "He did our apartment and house in East Hampton. A friend from college, Sam Wiseman, commissioned him to do a house that got a fair amount of attention," mostly for its huge shingled pediment, which crowned the entrance. "He's always been a very good self-promoter, very, very good about publicizing whatever work he did get," she says. "He photographed everything he did and contacted editors at Progressive Architecture and the shelter magazines. Even fairly minor jobs that might not have gotten published would."

Stern had one son with Lynn, Nick, now 30, who says he was taken to a Broadway show before he received his first lecture on a building—though that didn't come long afterward. "I've been in more churches than the pope," he says, laughing. The younger Stern now scouts talent for Disney.

e wants to make a
it, I **promise you** that."

Mr. Stern's neighborhood: Celebration, the planned community designed for Disney with fellow Yalie Jaquelin Robertson, is viewed with scorn by some colleagues.

Divorced from Stern since 1977, Lynn married Jeremy Lang, an architect she met when they both worked in Stern's office. For most of the eighties and nineties, Stern dated architectural writer Suzanne Stephens; these days, he's unattached. "I'm too old to date," he sighs. "Besides which, architects make terrible companions. They are too self-involved. I'm not always thinking about my ego, but I'm always thinking about what I'm going to do at the office, and now, what I'm going to do in New Haven. Last night, I got up in the middle of the night to write notes, and I ran out of notepaper." He shuffles the papers on his desk, pretending to look for a clean sheet.

Stern has a theatrical bent: *Pride of Place* featured strange sequences in which Stern would impersonate Everyman—running through Grand Central in a fedora and trench coat to catch a train, driving his maroon Chrysler LeBaron convertible out to Jones Beach for an ice cream on the boardwalk. It's no wonder he and Eisner are simpatico, jetting around the world together to check out architecture and various entertainments. "He knows as much about everything as anyone I've ever met," Eisner says. "He's clearly a man for all seasons, whether it's architecture or art or design or business or bicycling." He doesn't mention Broadway, Stern's enduring love. "The only places I ever see him is at plays and concerts," says Tibor Kalman, who collaborated with Stern on the design guidelines for 42nd Street's redevelopment.

"Bob is so convincing," says Rebecca Robertson, former director of 42nd Street Now!, even to incredulous developers and architects whose plans he reviews to make sure they conform to 42nd Street's jazzy agenda, "because he really understands history and why it can work *again.* Who's the twenty-first-century answer to the Ziegfeld Follies? Mr. Disney."

STERN SEEMS A BIT OVERDRESSED FOR THE Art & Architecture building the Monday after his induction. Back at the firm, his starched white shirts, bow ties, and knife-crease slacks are mimicked by the young architects who toil under him. But here, the students are in jeans, and so are half the professors. Stern prowls the studios, entering each group's discussion with a self-deprecating joke. At one point, he gets down on his hands and knees on the dirty industrial carpeting on the sixth floor to point something out on a map of Lower Manhattan; one fears for the knees of his wool pants, the toes of his suede Gucci loafers.

Pointing out the location of Eighth Avenue's now-destroyed Art Deco women's prison, Stern tells of tenants who "would lean out the windows and scream at their confederates—it was rather a gamy scene." He can't resist a jab: "Today it would have been converted into an André Balazs hotel."

"Even for those of us who don't necessarily like Bob's work, we still want him to succeed," says Deborah Berke, a Yale professor and architect-on-the-rise who reportedly declined the deanship because she didn't want to be torn among New Haven, her practice, and her family. "I don't agree with him architecturally, but that's no reason to wish for his failure. We all lose if he fails, and this is not a quick-fix situation."

"He talked with the junior design faculty and said, 'I rely on you to be the eyes and ears. I'm not up-to-date on what's happening in Europe,'" says junior faculty member Louise Harpman. Harpman and her colleagues were flattered that he asked; a few were glad he was planning to rely on the opinions of others.

So far, he's made conservative choices, asking Berke to return to teach in the spring paired with Gwathmey, and teaming Philip Johnson with Peter Eisenman to lead a studio. Johnson's appointment is rather unpopular: His Glass House may be part of the canon, but among students, Johnson is perceived as an Establishment figure. Other lecturers appointed for this spring include Riley, former Yale dean Thomas Beeby, and Stern's ex-boss, Columbia architecture dean Bernard Tschumi. The not-so-wild card: Rafael Viñoly, the successful corporate architect of Princeton's striking new stadium and Philadelphia's new concert hall.

Even before his choices were announced, students feared an onslaught of old boys. "What you seem to be suggesting is learning from older architects," says one student at Stern's first "schmooze" session.

"This may be a painful pill," Stern says, trying not to look too paternal, "but it will be a while before you discover your own voice. Architecture does require you to play scales. Architecture is an old person's art. No great architect figures out what he wants to do until he is about 40."

Stern, of course, might as well be defending his own curriculum vitae.

"In five years, when my term as dean is over," he said, as an aside after his investiture speech, "I want to be carried to the train station on the shoulders of students in victory, not in a coffin in defeat." As for those who can't see past the shingles? "I respond to them with a *smile,*" he says, smiling unhappily, shaking his head. *"Oh,* poor dears—they just don't understand." ■

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KRISTINE LARSEN

SHE'S

VALENTINO
145
William Doyle Galleries
BEENE
147

GOING, GOING: Clockwise from top left, Lynn Ban and Jett Kain; a seventies Valentino marabou-and-sequin coat that sold for $1,725; catalogue tags at the preview; busy telephones—"where the real action is."

GOTTA HAVE IT

WHEN A SMART YOUNG WOMAN NEEDS A SMART OLD DRESS, SHE RUNS—YES, RUNS—TO WILLIAM DOYLE. BY VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

FASHION WAITS FOR NO WOMAN. CASE IN POINT: ON A DRIZZLY November afternoon, Lynn Ban, a 26-year-old restaurateur, is sprinting in four-inch Prada tabi boots down East 87th Street to the William Doyle Galleries, a pink-and-red '63 Chanel bouclé coat flapping around her thin frame. With her boyfriend, Jett Kain, hot on her designer heels, she arrives in the nick of time for New York's best auction of vintage couture.

Grabbing a green paddle, Ban, a Singaporean with blue-black banged hair and a size-4 figure, elbows her way through the crowd of 300: women in fox-trimmed suits by Dior, sunglassed dealers in Paul Smith overcoats, models with worn wooden rulers (a must-have for checking shoulder widths on Schiaparelli gowns) poking out from Fendi baguette bags. James Galanos, the society designer who retired earlier this year, smiles widely as his one-shouldered rhinestone evening dress—remember Nancy Reagan's inaugural gown?—fetches $3,000 from a Hollywood stylist. The first few rows battle fiercely for fifteen Hermès "Kelly" bags, which will each draw several thousand dollars. *Vogue*'s Hamish Bowles walks off with a pom-pom suit marked as mid-fifties Dior—he's sure it's actually from the fall 1960 season, Saint Laurent's last collection for the classic French house.

Ban sails to victory on two Valentinos—a baby-doll chemise (hammer price $275) and a black fox-trimmed jacket ($375). "Just perfect for dinner with the Saudi prince," she squeals. A few rows back, John Galliano slinks an arm around his scrawnily angelic muse, Vanessa Bellanger, and looks on as a Norell mermaid ensemble goes over the phone for $7,475. "Demi Moore *again,*" wails Tatiana Sorokko, a model and gallery owner whose SoHo loft is packed with acid-free boxes of frocks by Ossie Clark and Madame Grès. "She ruins it for me every time!"

Although some of the items sold will end up pressed between sheets of glass in museums, the biannual bidding wars at the Doyle auctions (now in their fifteenth year) are as much about looking great as they are about looking at great things. Couture houses, stylists, and curators must bid against a growing bloc of shiny, affluent young women who buy to wear. It's a different crowd from the one that makes it to the city's only other couture sale, the three-year-old series at Sotheby's curated by heiress Tiffany Dubin, which is favored by Social Register types. Accessible and affordable, Doyle attracts fashion cultists of every stripe. Even Dubin herself has been known to bid for a vintage find over the phone at Doyle. Professional loyalty takes a backseat when a must-have gown is on the block.

And the only way to get that special dress is to study. Hard. Ban's introduction to the world of vintage couture—where the more you know, the better bargains you get—came by way of Kain. The couple met at Gianni Versace's New Year's party in 1995. "She was wearing a bright-yellow plastic dress," says Kain fondly. "It was love at first sight." The couple, who co-own Genki Sushi on 46th Street, pore over Kain's collection of 250-plus rare fashion books with their Saturday-morning coffee before hitting the pavement in search of quarry. They scour the 26th Street flea market at dawn and rummage through Upper East Side thrift shops with a determination bordering on obsession. They fly to Paris just to visit Didier Ludot, the pricey vintage boutique near the Louvre, and plan vacations around the auction schedule at Christie's South Kensington in London.

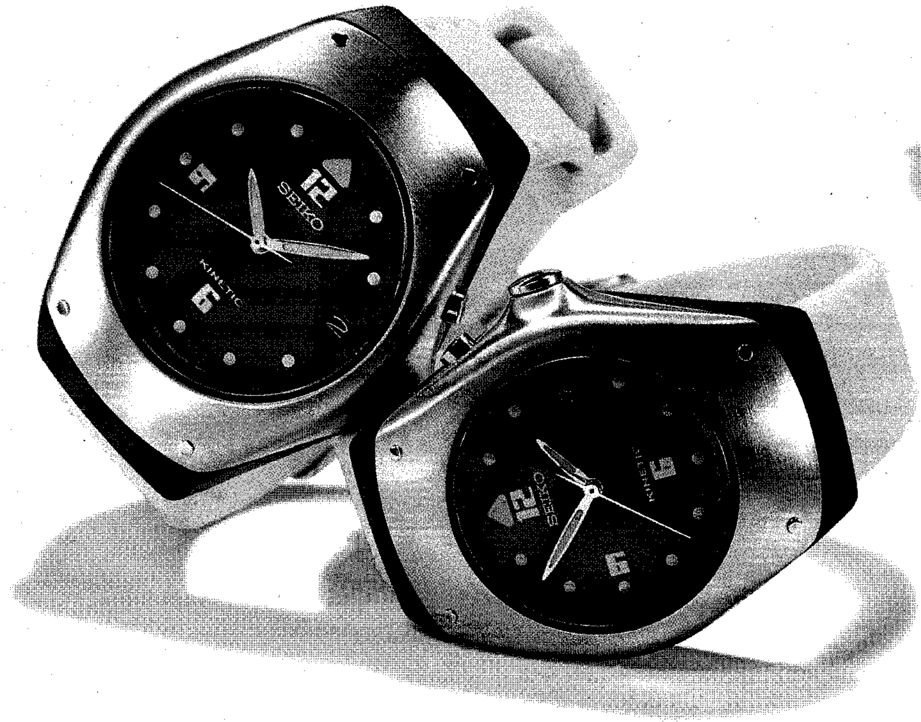
The seven closets in Ban's 1 Central Park West apartment now house a collection of couture valued in the six digits: Courrèges vinyl warm-up jackets from the 1972 Munich Olympics and a blue Ultrasuede '73 Halston evening gown that can be thrown in the washing machine. On her 25th birthday, Ban nearly had an accident in a full-length coral-colored Halston while doing the tango with a stripper—"Hey, that's life," she says with a shrug. Cigarette burns and wine stains are always a threat, to say nothing of "disco injuries." Other wardrobe essentials? A Courrèges coat for which she had to fight off Faye Dunaway at an Upper East Side boutique, a real cheetah topper by Henri Bendel, and enough shoes to rival Imelda's—though those are all new: "I draw the line at smelly shoes."

At a very young age, Ban has become a force to be reckoned with in the world of very old clothes. "The phone is always ringing with the blue-haired ladies at the auction houses," says Kain. "They know she's got the booty that they want." Ban shakes her head. "I'll never give any of it to them. These clothes are my life."

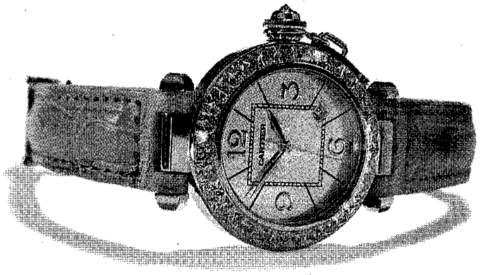
Today, it seems, her life is centered around an Yves Saint Laurent safari jacket from 1969. Balancing the auction's glossy catalogue on her lap, Ban flips to a page with MINE scrawled in ballpoint pen in the margin and three big arrows pointing to the piece. She already has two items from the all-important safari series; when Kain realized that this one, though it had a faded passage number, was featured in the Met Costume Institute's exhibition in 1983, Ban decided to make it her "first priority" at this auction. It's a controversial choice: In the back row, a dealer named Mark Walsh swears that the piece is a hoax—the product of a Vogue pattern.

The lot is announced. Ban raises her paddle and keeps it up. Cameron Silver, a stylist from L.A., wants it for Téa Leoni. Three hundred dollars, $400. Blonde assistants in plaid headbands grab at telephones, and the price keeps going up. "That's where the real action is," whispers Kain nervously, pulling a lapis good-luck crystal by Kazuko from the pocket of his Calvin Klein suit. Who's on the phones? Marina Rust or Anna Sui? Peter Brant, buying an anniversary gift for Stephanie Seymour? Ralph Lauren, looking for "inspiration"? Or is it Saint Laurent, buying it back for the house?

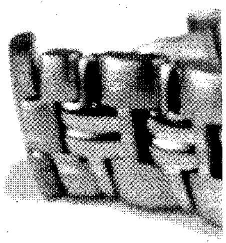
Then, miraculously, they all drop out. It's hers, a bargain at $500. "Now I can die a happy woman," she declares, drawing hearts and stars around the jacket's catalogue photo. "Not anytime soon, I hope," says Kain. ▬



Seiko Kinetic Actura Series stainless-steel self-activated quartz watch on a silicone strap is $225 at Tourneau Time Machine (12 East 57th Street; 758-7300).



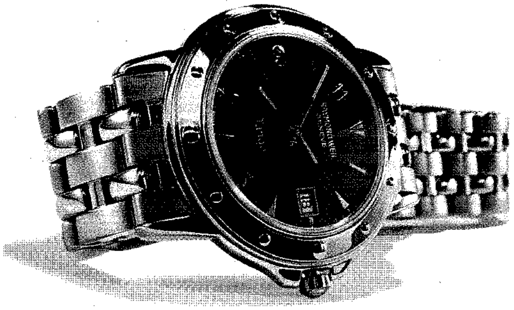
Cartier Pasha princess-cut diamond-bezel and eighteen-karat-gold automatic watch with date display and diamond-cabochon crown on an alligator strap is $55,800 at Cartier (653 Fifth Avenue, at 52nd Street; 753-0111).



BEST BETS

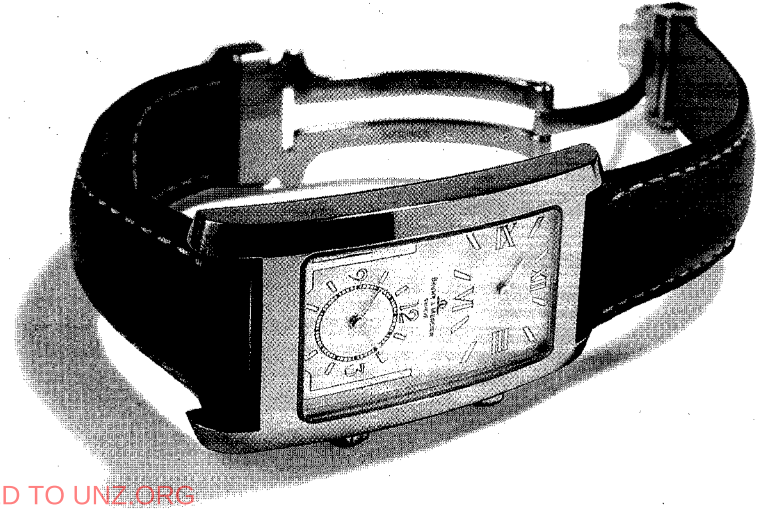
With watches, one is never enough. Herewith, additions for any collection—some grand, some funky.

BY CORKY POLLAN

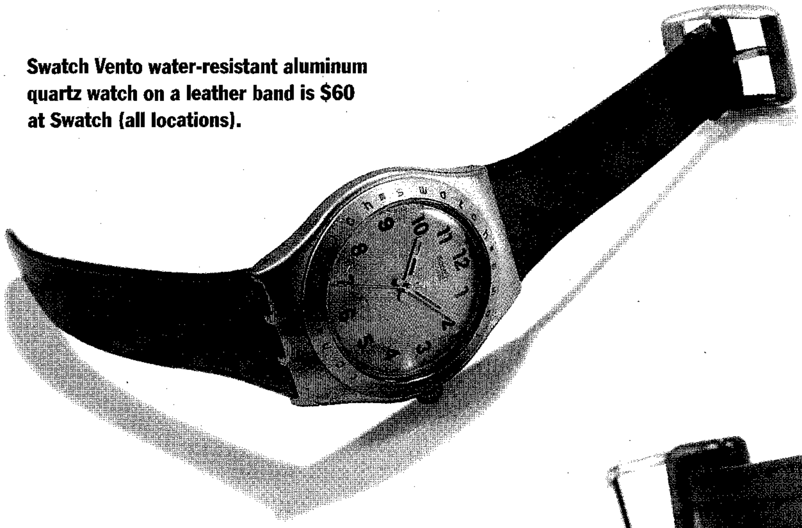


Raymond Weil Tango stainless-steel quartz watch with synthetic-sapphire face on a stainless-steel bracelet is $595 on Bloomingdale's main floor, at Fortunoff (681 Fifth Avenue, near 54th Street; 758-6660), and at Tourneau (all locations).

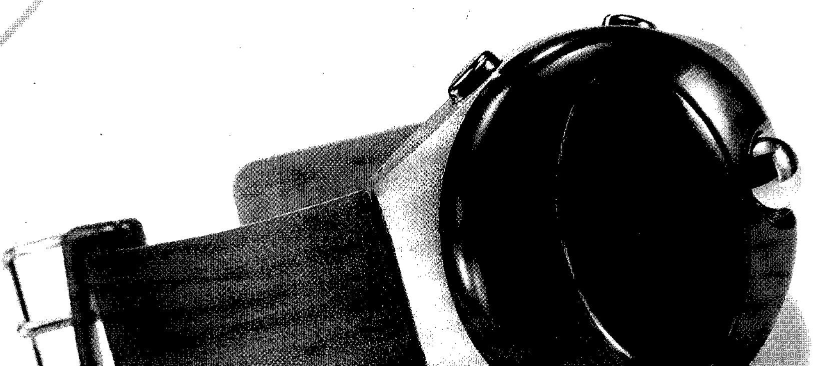
Baume & Mercier Hampton Retro stainless-steel two-quartz-movement watch on a calfskin strap with adjustable folding clasp is $1,390 at Tiffany & Co. (727 Fifth Avenue, at 57th Street; 755-8000) and Tourneau (all locations).



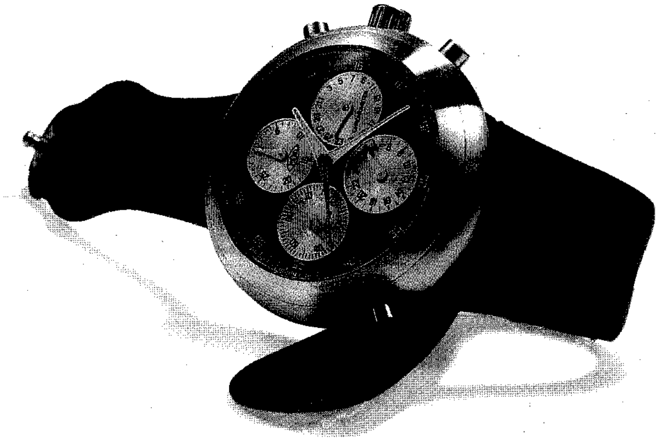
Swatch Vento water-resistant aluminum quartz watch on a leather band is $60 at Swatch (all locations).



Spoon Red Eye shock-and-water-resistant digital chronograph on a urethane band is $110 at Back in Time (471 West Broadway; 674-1188) and Blades Board & Skate (all locations).

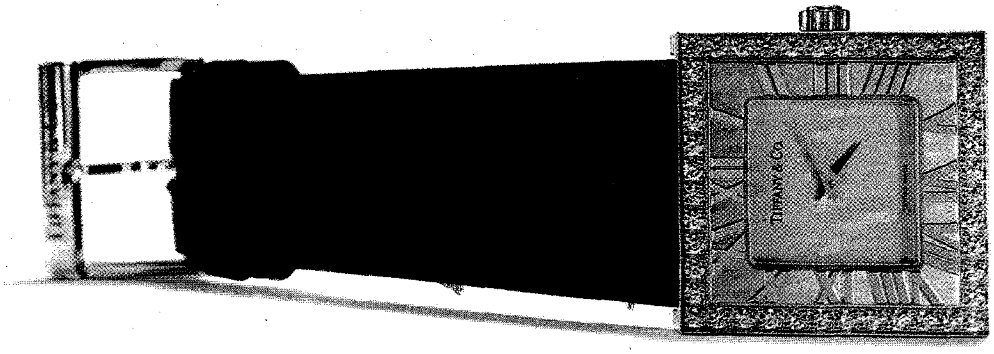


Marc Newson Hemipode monocoque stainless-steel automatic Swiss chronograph on a rubber strap is $3,950 at Moss (146 Greene Street; 226-2190).



Movado Olympian stainless-steel water-resistant quartz chronograph with date display on a stainless-steel bracelet is $1,390 on Lord & Taylor's main floor and at Movado: The Store (The Promenade at Rockefeller Center, 610 Fifth Avenue, at 49th Street; 218-7555).

Tiffany Atlas eighteen-karat white-gold-and-diamond quartz watch on a satin strap is $4,850 at Tiffany & Co.



Photographed by Nedjeljko Matura

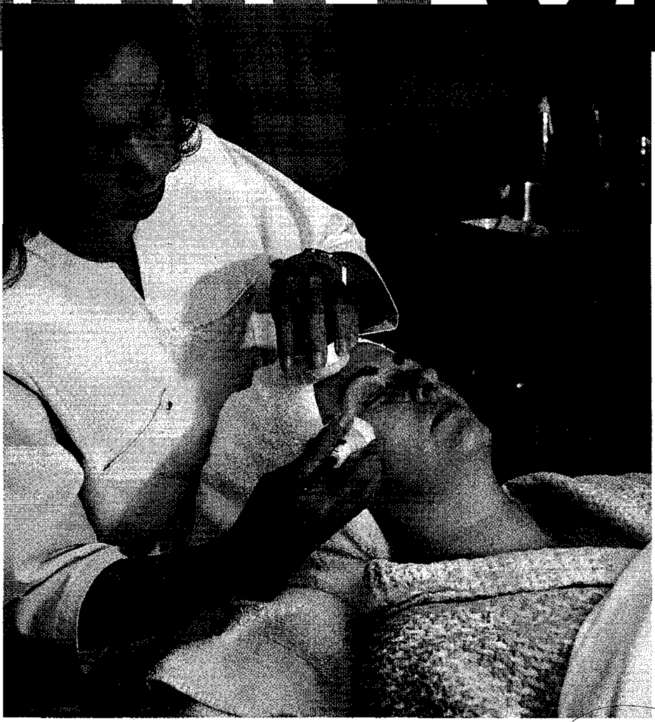
SMARTCITY

BEAUTY

Just Face It

A great facial may be the closest you'll ever get to the Fountain of Youth. So take some time and pamper yourself with the best treatments in town.

BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL



Full impulse: Electricity is used during treatments at Yasmine Djerradine.

‘YOU WOULD LIKE A facial?” asks a woman at Kozue International, the Japanese day spa on Madison Avenue. “Would you like one for removing the aging?” Sure, who wouldn't?

Facials, long a staple of urban grooming, have evolved from a simple cleansing ritual to a gamut of treatments intended to do everything from erasing dark circles and wrinkles to lifting sagging muscles. Last year's hot oxygen facial seems to have fizzled—turns out it won't do much unless you're in a hyperbaric chamber, explains Dr. Fred Brandt, a dermatologist who focuses on anti-aging techniques—but spas are crowded with newcomers like chromalift therapy, which uses colored lights to stimulate the face, and “crystal clearing,” basically a sophisticated sandblasting.

Every other nail salon in town is offering a “facial” for $40, while at upscale spas, beautifying sessions cost as much as $400. With that in mind, and party season fast approaching, we decided to explore the promised fountain of youth to see which might best induce a festive, stress-free glow.

SALON A.K.S.
694 Madison Avenue
(near 62nd Street)
888-0707

“I LIKE TO PAMPER PEOPLE,” says Jo Ann Garner of Salon A.K.S. as she rubs aromatherapy oils onto her hands and waves them in the air as if she were preparing an incantation. Even the most tightly wound client will likely be lulled to sleep during the gentle Decleor Aromaplastie Facial, which uses the French line of essential-oil-based products. It begins with a short back massage and includes “digitopressure,” a manipulation of acupressure points on the hands and face, as well as a thorough cleansing. You may wake up confused, thinking you're in a health-food-store bakery section, as your face is covered with a final mask of wheat germ, almond, sesame, and hazelnut. The deep relaxation alone should smooth even the most furrowed brow. (Decleor Aromaplastie Facial, $100.)

BLISS SPA
568 Broadway
(at Prince Street; second floor)
219-8970

“PAT YOUR FACE DRY; DON'T rub it,” mothers like to warn, concerned that anything more vigorous could damage delicate skin. Those words echo as the technician at Bliss Spa begins a therapy called crystal clearing that, despite its New Agey–sounding name, is anything but laid-back. The spacious room may be painted a heavenly shade of blue, and celestial aromas are wafting through the hallways, but *bliss* is not the word that comes to mind as a machine begins simultaneously shooting tiny bits of aluminum oxide into the pores and vacuuming them out again. “Hold your breath,” the therapist orders, applying acetone to the skin (think nail-polish remover) to take away all

(continued on page 64)

EXPERT TESTIMONY

Hottest Chocolate

We were going to ask Karen Finley where to find the best chocolate, but since we're looking for the best-*tasting* stuff, not the easiest to wash off, we turned instead to Serge Decrauzat, pastry chef at Vong, for whom chocolate's not just a prop but a primary weapon in a formidable dessert arsenal. Where does the man who brought us pineapple carpaccio with white chocolate and his famed Valrhona cake go for a busman's holiday? La Maison du Chocolat (1018 Madison Avenue, between 78th and 79th Streets, 744-7117) ranks No. 1 on his list. “It's the best chocolate in town and the most professional operation in the city,” says Decrauzat. For gift packages, he goes to Teuscher (25 East 61st Street, 751-8482; 620 Fifth Avenue, between 49th and 50th Streets, 246-4416). “I love their packaging,” he says, “and their champagne truffles.” **SAM GROBART**

Photograph by Amy Freeth.

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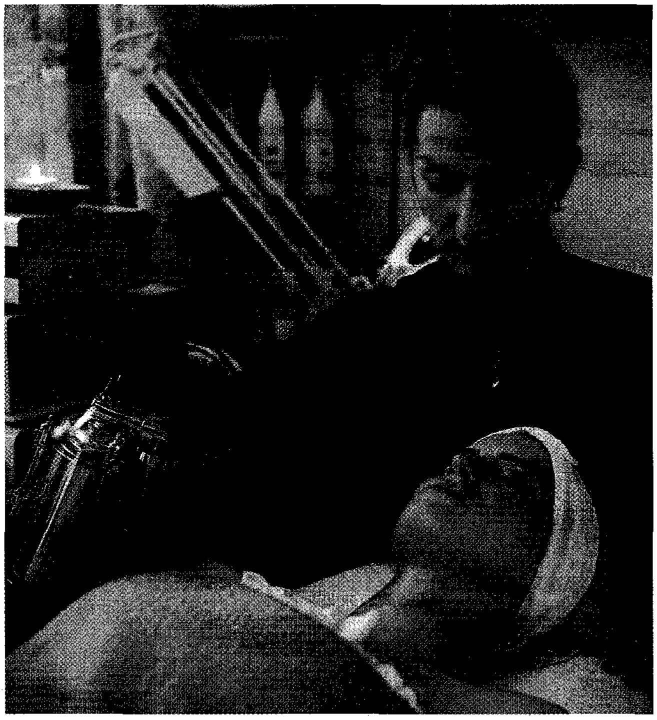
THE NAVIGATOR

Q: *One more honking taxi horn, and I'll snap. Where can I find some* ***peace and quiet*** *in this city?*

A: You need an urban oasis, and the city is full of them, all free and open to the public:

- **Conservatory Garden**, *Fifth Avenue and 105th Street.* Six acres of perfectly manicured hedges, flower beds, and sweeping trees—truly a sight to behold. Stand near the majestic wrought-iron Vanderbilt Gate and gaze at the central fountain, or sneak over to one of the hidden South Garden benches, where the sound of traffic is masked by singing birds.
- **Urban Center**, *457 Madison Avenue, between 50th and 51st Streets.* Tucked away on the left-hand side of the twinkling Villard Houses, the stripped-down, blissfully empty exhibit rooms next to the first-floor Urban Studies bookstore are amazingly quiet, despite the midtown traffic just steps away.
- **Erol Beker Chapel**, *in St. Peter's Church, 54th Street and Lexington Avenue, under the Citicorp Center.* Not St. Patrick's, but that's the point. Designed by Louise Nevelson, this all-white shoebox is spare and Zen-like. Your only company will most likely be the altar's single lit candle.
- *Other refuges:* The small garden by the Caspary Auditorium on the **Rockefeller University** campus, York Avenue and 64th Street; the splendid grounds of the **General Theological Seminary**, 175 Ninth Avenue, at 20th Street; and the achingly peaceful **Strawberry Fields**, Central Park West and 72nd Street. ANGIE MAXIMO



Face time: Sirene's Agata Dmowski starts clients off with a steam.

(continued from page 62)

traces of oil. "You can't go into the sun for at least three weeks—skin will be too sensitive," she advises. It feels as if sandpaper is being raked across your face. "People really don't enjoy this on the eyelids," she warns, veering the long conical instrument toward that area. Afterward, clients are packed off with a page of post-op style instructions. Of course, Bliss offers the usual array of pampering facials, but the results of the crystal clearing are unquestionably the most profound. Skin is, indeed, a bit red and sensitive for the first day or two, but it is also visibly toned and feels so smooth you'll keep touching it for days in disbelief. (Basic facial, $80; crystal clearing, $200.)

A half-hour ultrasound treatment not only improves your skin's appearance but is relaxing, too.

FOUR SEASONS

57 East 57th Street
350-6420

FACIALISTS HERE NOT ONLY HAVE the credentials required by most salons and day spas but must have a minimum of five years' experience elsewhere. Several of them are also licensed as massage therapists. "You can use the finest products in the world, but the key to a great facial is in the hands," explains one aesthetician. So the hour-and-a-half "shopper's revival package" begins with reflexology, moves on to a neck-and-shoulder rub, and ends with an aromatherapy facial, complete with massage, cleansing, and a customized mask blended with essential oils. All that kneading of muscles increases blood flow and brings a healthy color to the face. Luxurious touches like the heated bed make you feel incredibly indulged. (Shopper's revival package, $185.)

DIANA WARD

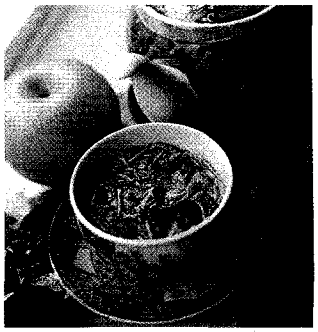
3 East 76th Street
439-1953

YOU MAY BE SKEPTICAL ABOUT the grade-school cheeriness of the "chromalift," or color therapy, but don't be deceived. This treatment is based on the ancient Chinese five-element theory that colors correspond to various organs in the body, so colored light beams are used to activate trigger points as a sort of needleless acupuncture. The Lymphatic Drainage Machine, a high-tech suction/repulsion contraption, is also supposed to tighten and tone muscles and to stimulate the lymphatic system, which drains waste products and excess fluids. This is a good treatment for post-celebration puffiness. (Chromalift therapy, $150; package of three treatments, $375.)

DORIT BAXTER DAY SPA

47 West 57th Street
(third floor)
371-4542

FOR THOSE IMPORTANT NIGHTS when you don't even have an hour to spare in the name of beauty, the half-hour ultrasound treatment at Dorit Baxter not only improves the appearance of skin but is relaxing, too. Unlike with electrical lifts, there is no jolt as the waves of sound help herbal and fruit extracts penetrate to tone the skin for a firm, dewy appearance. (European facial and collagen treatment, $95; ultrasound treatment, $75.)



Trade secret: Herbal tea is part of the regimen at Yasmine Djerradine.

STEVEN VICTOR, M.D.

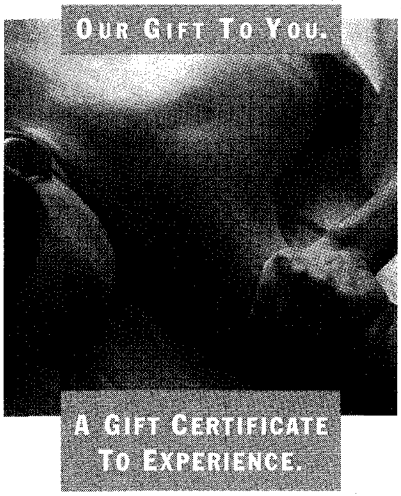
30 East 76th Street
249-3050

NO MOOD-ENHANCING CANDLES or flowery oils here; the goal is results rather than relaxation. After skin is cleaned with an astringent, you have half an hour to contemplate the ominous-looking laser machine—a box with an arm and

(continued on page 66)

Photographs by Amy Freeth.

THEIR GIFT TO YOU.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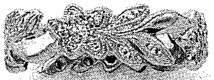

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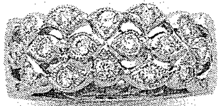

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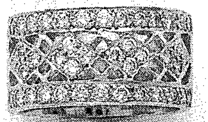

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SIGNED GUITARS & ALBUMS

(continued from page 64)

handpiece attached—as the numbing cream desensitizes your face. Then dark glasses are placed over your eyes to protect them from the rays, and suddenly you hear a popping sound accompanied by a mild stinging sensation as the laser begins to vaporize the top layers of your skin. Though it's a bit startling and you'll be decidedly rosy and a little flaky for a day or two, the laser is an extremely efficient exfoliator, reducing the appearance of fine lines and evening out skin tone. Dr. Victor's office advises, "Leave three days to look truly fabulous." (Laser facial, $200.)

YASMINE DJERRADINE

30 East 60th Street
588-1771

"CLIENTS SOMETIMES JUMP THE FIRST TIME they get a remodeling facial; they are not used to muscles moving without their control," says Yasmine Djerradine, in a honeyed, lilting French voice that belies her aggressive approach. The machine used to tighten and tone has three different levels of electrical current, which together deliver a decided (though not painful) jolt similar to that of the passive-stimulation machines used by physical therapists to strengthen muscles. The aesthetician uses sponge-covered electrodes to contract the muscles without stretching the skin. Traditional facial steamers, de rigueur at other salons, are verboten at this day spa, where instruments are surrounded by embroidered pillows and Moroccan-inspired décor. "Steam opens the pores and makes the skin loose," insists Djerradine, who prefers to simply use a combination of cleansers, scrubs, and toners. "I want exactly the opposite effect. When you leave here, skin will be tight and glowing." It is. (One-hour remodeling facial, $130; 90 minutes, $180.)

THE SPA AT EQUINOX

140 East 63rd Street
750-4671

TRANSEPIDERMAL THERAPY, OR TREATING the layers below the epidermis in order to stimulate collagen and elastin production, is the key to this 70-minute vitamin-C facial. After a thorough cleansing, a mask resembling a giant nicotine patch is placed over all but your nose and mouth. The gauze is soaked in pharmaceutical-grade vitamin C, which is said to fight the free-radical damage that causes the appearance of aging. "While acids like glycolic just strip skin, vitamin C exfoliates and nourishes to rebuild," explains the therapist. The full results of this facial aren't really apparent until the following day, when imperfections begin to fade and skin takes on a healthy glow. The look can be maintained in between treatments with Doctor's Dermatologic Formula vitamin-C patches. (Vitamin-C facial, $105.)

MIANO-VIEL SALON AND SPA

16 East 52nd Street
(second floor)
980-3222

SO YOU APPEAR TO BE A GOOD TEN YEARS younger after all the electrical stimulation and ultrasound waves, but what's this? A blemish! You don't want to look *that* young. For less than $50, Alla Katkov offers an emergency half-hour session. She first cleanses the skin; then, after exfoliation and a mask, she comes at you with a "high frequency" glowing neon wand that crackles with electricity. "This attacks bacteria deep in the pores; the blemish should fade in a day," she promises. (Emergency Zap-It facial, $45; basic facial, $75.)

LIA SCHORR SKIN CARE

686 Lexington Avenue
(at 57th Street)
486-9670

TRADITIONALISTS WILL BE RELIEVED TO find that the classic customized cleansing facial is not a thing of the past. Although this skin-care center offers seven different kinds of facials, Schorr maintains, "We don't believe in too many gimmicky things." Treatments begin with a face, neck, and shoulder massage, followed by steaming, a manual extraction of dirt and oil from the pores, and a mask. Options include liquid collagen covered with paraffin to soften and firm, and glycolic acid for extra exfoliation. (Basic facial, $55; collagen treatment, $30; glycolic acid, $50.)

SIRENE

1044 Madison Avenue
(between 79th and 80th Streets;
second floor)
737-3545

AGATA DMOWSKI, AN EASTERN EUROPEAN with years of training, has devised a wonderful 90-minute facial combining natural products with a battery of mechanical and electrical devices. She begins with traditional steaming and cleansing, then uses a high-frequency wand to disinfect the face, and finishes with the "supersonic machine," which uses ultrasound to help with fine lines, sun spots, even acne. Agata applies a mix of several plant extracts, and the theory is that the heat delivered by the ultrasound waves helps the mixture penetrate into the skin's deeper layers while increasing circulation in the face. (Ultrasonic facial, $120.) ▬

Sherry-Lehmann

SHERRY-LEHMANN
679 Madison Avenue (at 61st Street) 212-838-7500

"One of the finest wine shops in the world," and top-rated for quality in NYC, this "classy" establishment has been run by the Aaron family since shortly after Prohibition, providing "**exquisite old-world service**" to a clientele who claim "if you know more than they do, you own a vineyard in France:" known for "**extraordinary variety**," only a portion of its vast inventory is on display, so seekers page through the big book on the counter or use its lavish seasonal catalogs; free delivery in NYS on orders over $95.

Zagat New York City Marketplace Survey

SHERRY-LEHMANN
WINE AND SPIRITS MERCHANTS
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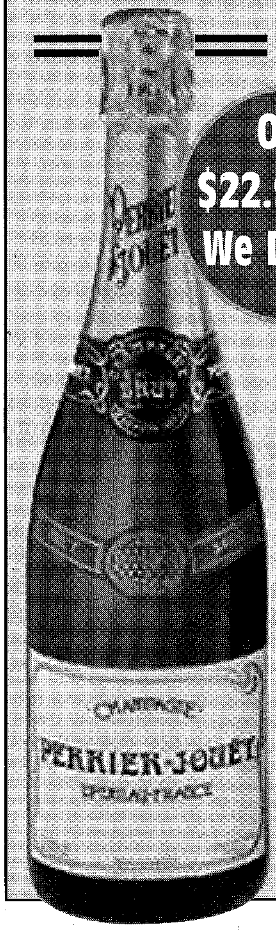
Perrier-Jouët Brut

On Sale



Only $22.95 and We Deliver

Perrier-Jouët Brut demonstrates that non-vintage Champagne can often be better than vintage Champagne. We quote **Stephen Tanzer's International Wine Cellar**: "Very complex, leesy aroma of biscuit, spice and lemon. Bright flavors of lemon, spice and orange sorbet; has an enticing creamy, mouthfilling quality and terrific depth of flavor. A medium-bodied, rather gently styled wine with moderate dosage and lovely richness... **Excellent food Champagne and a superb non-vintage bottling.**" RATED A HIGH OF 91!

Perrier-Jouët, a relatively small Champagne firm, produces most of its excellent Champagne from their own 250 acre vineyards located in the heart of the Champagne district. This means that every stage of winemaking is controlled by Perrier-Jouët. Due to strategic buying, we are able to offer this prestigious Champagne at only $22.95 the bottle. Send it this holiday season to all your Champagne-loving friends. *(94)*

$22.95 Bottle On Sale $275.40 Case

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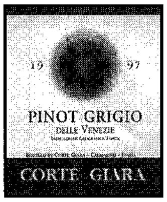
NEW FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Three Superb Italian Wine Discoveries



These superb Italian wines were discovered by Sherry-Lehmann's Michael Yurch during his annual visit to Vinitaly last April. He was delighted by the outstanding craftsmanship and the true varietal character that these wines displayed. At $8.95 the bottle they represent amazing value in Italian excellence.

CORTE GIARA SAMPLER
Twelve Bottles - Consists of four of each of the three wines shown here. Order this festive sampler to find your favorite Corte Giara. *(6866)*
$105.00

CORTE GIARA CHARDONNAY 1997
Bright, soft, buttery fruit with aristocratic hints of butterscotch, melon and pineapple give this modest Chardonnay exceptional flavor. Look for lingering flavors and good acidity. *(4303)*

CORTE GIARA PINOT GRIGIO 1997
A delicate and characteristic Pinot Grigio that outclasses ones costing twice as much! Straw-yellow in color with crisp, lively fruit, clean, herbaceous flavors and good acidity. *(4304)*

CORTE GIARA MERLOT 1997
A beautiful hue of garnet offers a very pleasing bouquet of ripe red berries. Supple and harmonious with medium-body, this Merlot is delicious. *(4305)*

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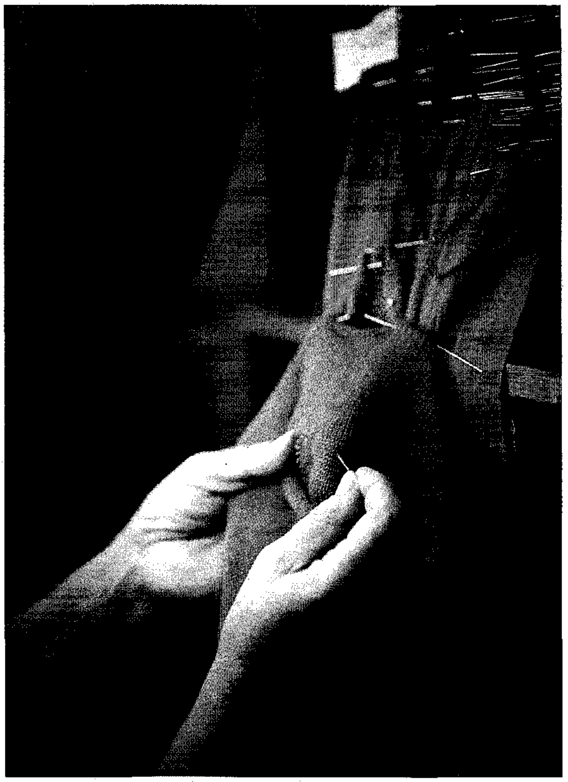


Weaving a tale: Rescuing a sweater, one thread at a time.

On a recent trip to Los Angeles, Sotheby's fashion expert Tiffany Dubin unearthed a rare Mainbocher Prince of Wales gabardine coatdress. The fit was perfect, but Dubin was worried by a quarter-size hole at the waist. "I just couldn't wear it out the way it was," she recalls. Suspecting it could be salvaged, she snagged the frock anyway and dropped it off for mending at the **Fashion Award Cleaners**. For $75, the hole was rewoven, thread by thread, and the dress "looked like it came straight from Bergdorf's."

Textile reweaving is a way to save one-of-a-kind garments. But moth-eaten cashmeres or pashminas singed by cocktail-party cigarettes can also be kept ticking with help from these magicians.

Hermès and Chanel sales staff swear by the **French American Reweaving Company**, which specializes in repairing damaged sweaters. Prices start at $35 for small holes; larger gashes in trousers or jackets run $125 and up.

If you've snagged your trousers exiting a taxi, head to **Alice Zotta**, who'll fix almost any pull or tear in natural or synthetic fabrics. Prices start at $15 for tiny holes; work takes two weeks or more.

For heirlooms like your great-grandmother's christening gown, however, it's best to enlist a conservationist. The **Textile Conservation Lab** will hand-clean and reweave fragile fabrics for $65 per hour.

Fashion Award Cleaners, 1462 Lexington Ave., near 94th St. (289-5623); French American Reweaving Company, 119 W. 57th St. (765-4670); Alice Zotta, 2 W. 45th St., Room 1701 (840-7657); The Textile Conservation Lab, Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, 1047 Amsterdam Ave., at 111th St. (316-7523; by appointment only).

Picks of the Week

DIANE by Diane Von Furstenberg reinvented wrap dresses are favorites of celebrities like Ashley Judd and Gwyneth Paltrow. In stores, they're about $200, but at the sample sale, a variety of dresses and tops in solids and prints are available at 60 percent off. *389 W. 12th St. (741-6607); cash only; Thurs.–Fri. 9–7; 12/3–12/4.*

Area luxury bed linens are usually available only at places like ABC Carpet & Home and Ad Hoc Softwares. But for real deals, pick up last year's stock at the showroom sale: reversible cotton-and-linen duvet covers in pale neutral colors were up to $400; here they're $40–$80. Sheet sets were up to $400; now they're $40–$90. The best deals are on discontinued styles, many of which are as much as 60 percent off. *Area, 180 Varick St., ninth floor (924-7084); checks accepted; Wed.–Thurs. 10–8, Fri. till 6; 12/2–12/4.*

Equipment, Philippe Adec, and Adec 2's must-have neutral basics include slim-fitting jackets, pleated skirts, and basic shirts. At the showroom sale, tons of samples and stock go for half what you'd pay elsewhere: a heather-gray three-quarter-length jacket is now $165, a plum tweed sheath dress is $80. Women's sizes 2–12. *Morelle, 209 W. 38th St., second floor (391-8070); cash only; Tues. 9–7, Wed.–Fri. 9–6:30, Sat. 11–5; 12/1–12/5.*

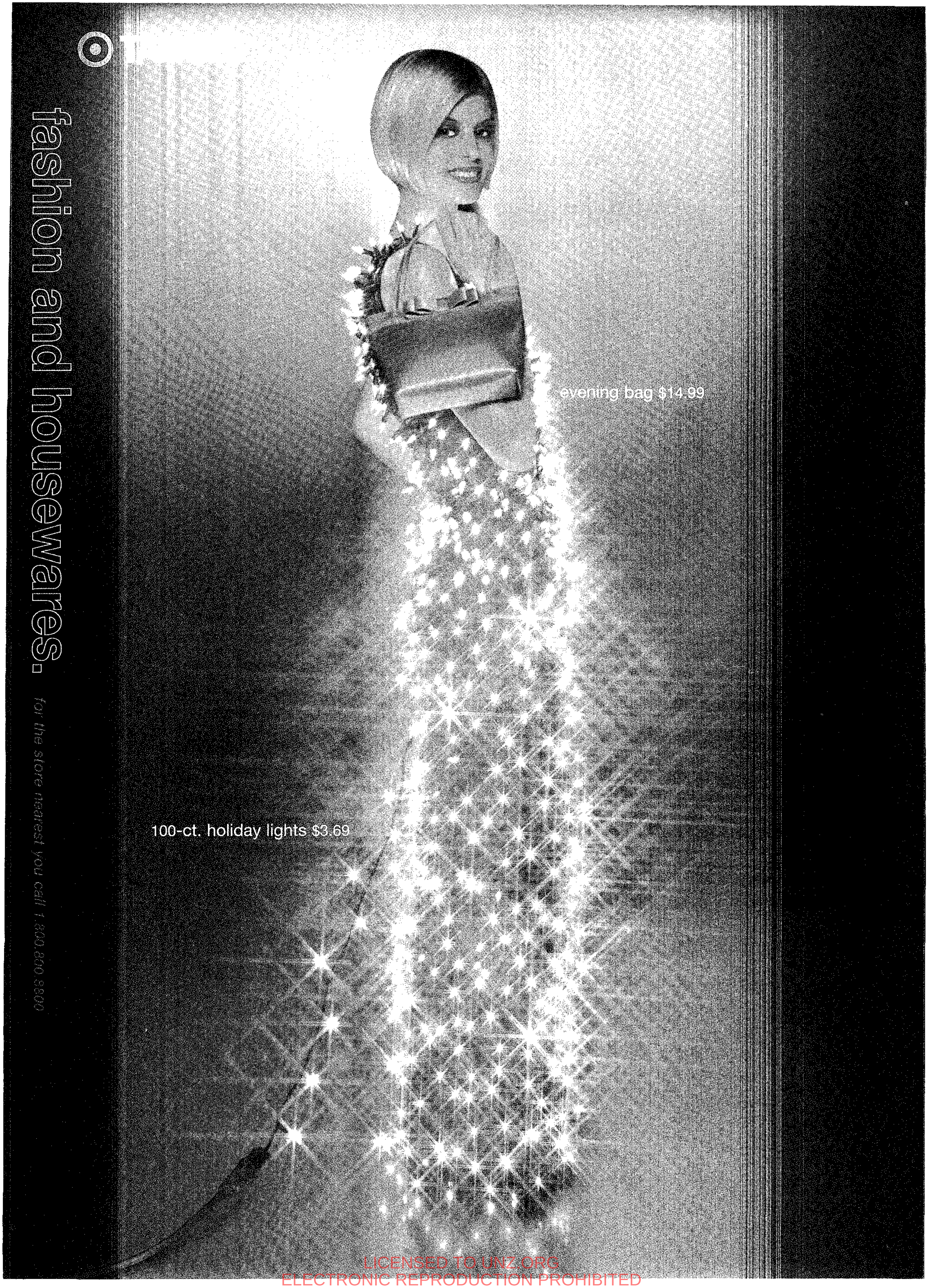
Meg Cohen designs the coziest cashmere scarves for men and women in six sizes and 150 color combinations. At her showroom sale, they're half what you'd pay at Bergdorf's or Paul Smith: from $85 for a "mini" scarf and $145 for her famous "double fringe" to $600 for an enormous U-shaped wrap. Throws and pillows in mod abstract patterns and traditional silk-wool-blend paisleys are also available, starting at $175. Unlike at most sample sales, the staff at this one will gift-wrap. *920 Broadway, near 21st St., suite 905 (473-4002); cash only; Thurs.–Fri. 11–7, Sat. noon–5; 12/3–12/5.*

Donna Karan New York and DKNY fall and winter clothes, accessories, and shoes are half the usual price at the company's immense semi-annual sale for men and women. DKNY men's suits are less than $400; women's coats are all below $600. Full range of sizes—but go early. *Parsons School of Design, 560 Seventh Ave., at 40th St.; A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Fri. 8–6:30, Sat. 9–5, Sun. 10–5; 12/1–12/6.*

Trussardi began as a leather supplier to the Italian Army in World War I. Now its sleek accessories and luggage go mostly to Bendel's, Saks, and Barneys.

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Photograph by Amy Freeth.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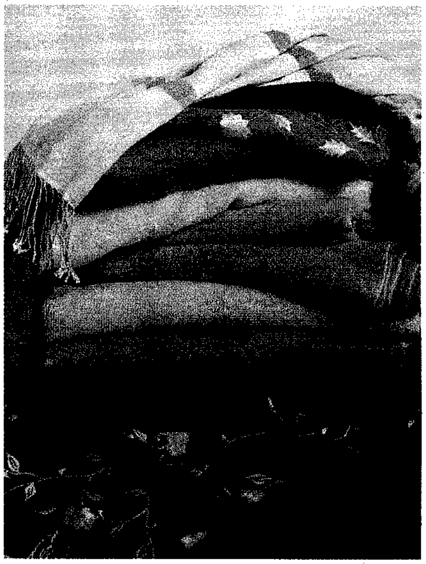

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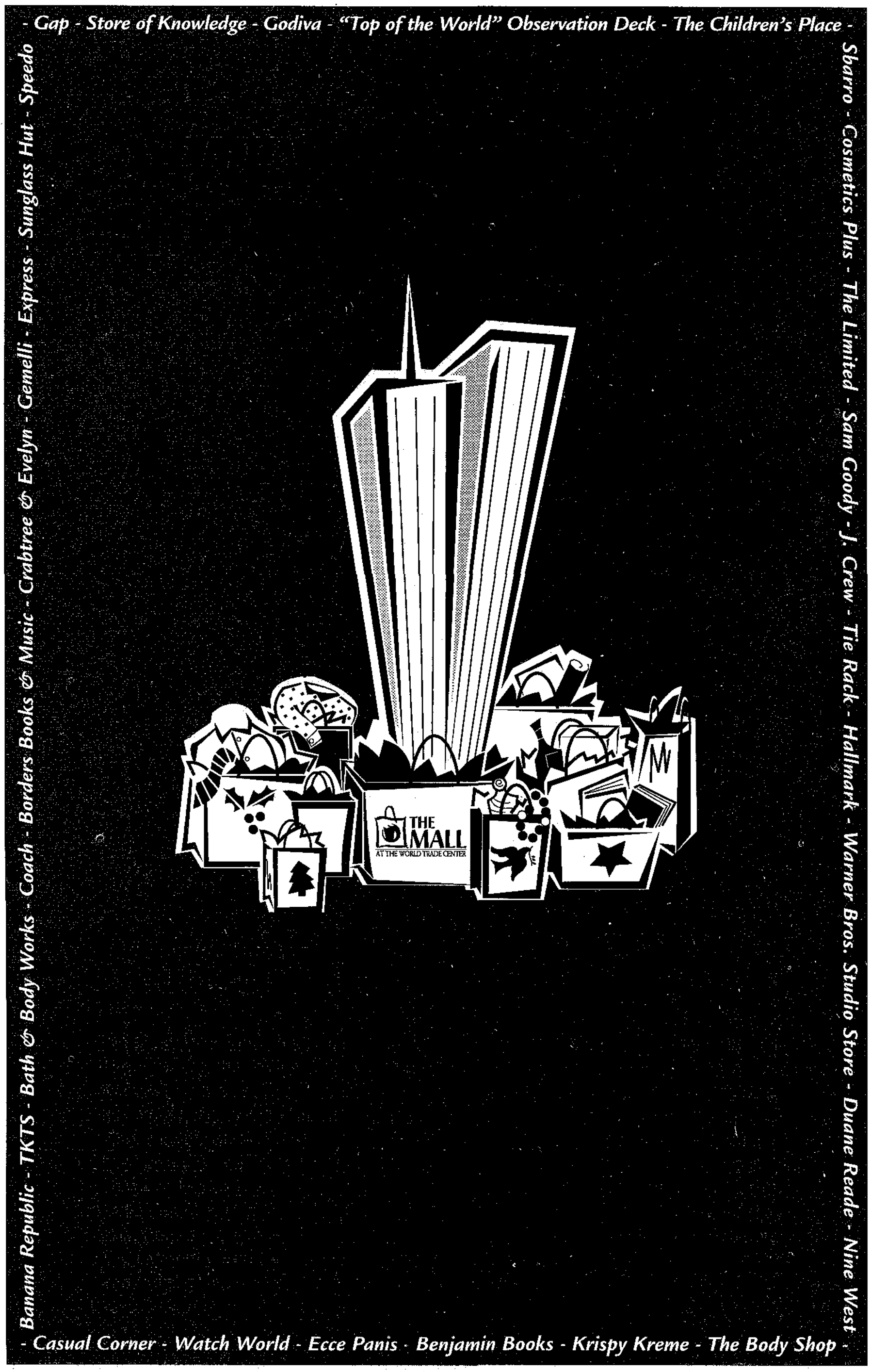
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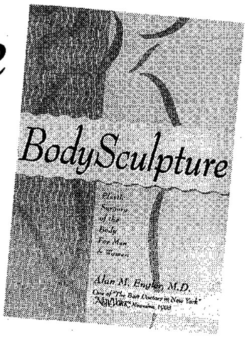
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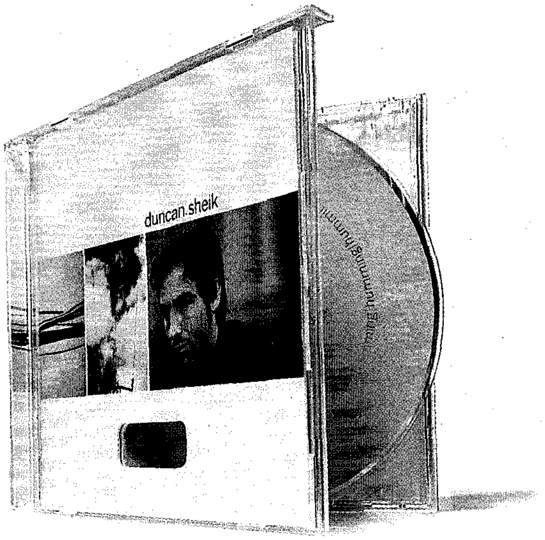

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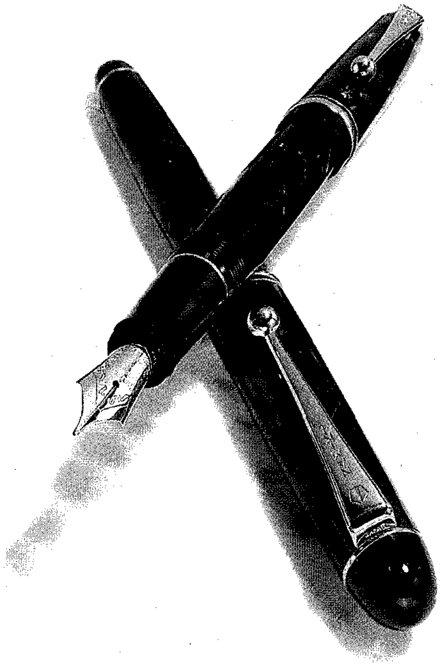

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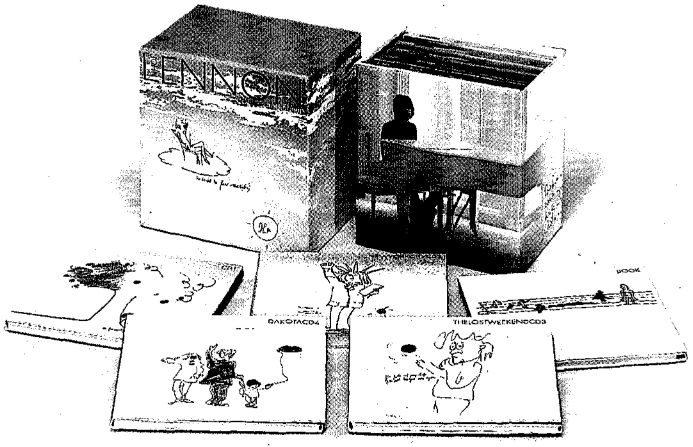

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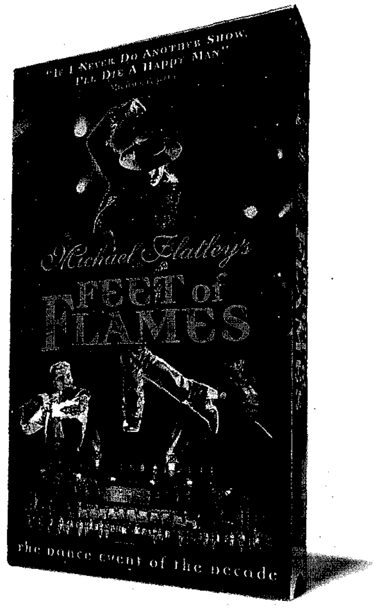
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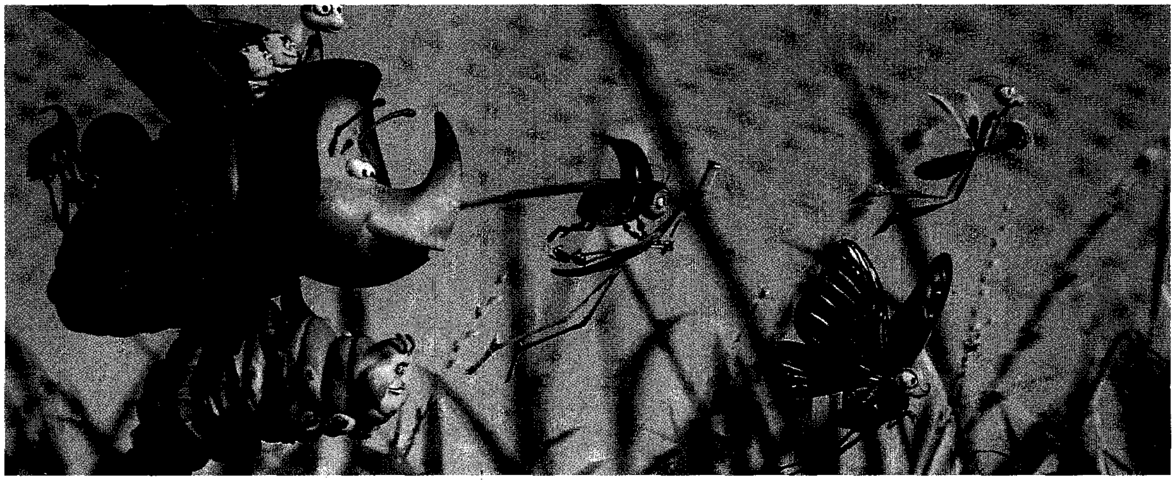
MOVIES **PETER RAINER**

Thoracic Park

Right on the tentacles of DreamWorks' 'Antz' comes Disney's 'A Bug's Life,' a hugely entertaining, color-saturated animated comedy with legs. Lots of legs.

THE BUGS'-EYE VIEW IN DISNEY'S **A Bug's Life** IS AN iridescent marvel. This is only the third fully computer-animated feature—after the 1995 *Toy Story* and DreamWorks' recent *Antz*—but the palette is richer than anything we've ever seen before. The opalescence of the visuals has a poured-plastic quality that's highly pleasing; there's a voluminous smoothness to the imagery that's reminiscent of Salvador Dalí's dreamscapes, but with an entirely different spirit. *A Bug's Life* is a storybook fantasia with the kick of a good carny act.

It's also buggy with tie-ins. According to *Business Week,* everyone from Mattel to McDonald's is churning out *Bug's Life* paraphernalia. All this should not get in the way of our enjoyment. In the corporate-conglomerate era—when films routinely resemble entire Sears catalogues of product placement—it's crucial to our sanity as pop-cult consumers to maintain some kind of distinction between a movie and its merchandising. Not an easy task. The commodification of movies has fuzzied our aesthetic sense: Are we responding to something new or just succumbing to another species of sell? A good rule of thumb here is that a movie shouldn't be blamed for its marketing unless the movie *is* the marketing. *E.T.* was no less a classic for all the gewgaws it spawned. And *A Bug's Life* is delightful even though we know its rhino bugs will be staring back at us from the toy-store shelves until the Apocalypse.



Ring leaders: A traveling flea circus makes its debut on Ant Isle, in *A Bug's Life*.

For all its visual enticements, *A Bug's Life* is powered primarily by its story and characters. The visual superfluidity that is possible with computer animation finds its counterpart in a lickety-split yarn—a wiseacre Aesop's fable. The ants on Ant Island have been terrorized by grasshoppers into harvesting food each fall as ritual offerings. When one of the ants, the perky, eccentric Flik, accidentally spills the grasshoppers' bounty, the colony is endangered. Exiled, he seeks help from the raggle-taggle bugs in a traveling flea circus. The troupe is more like a menagerie of knockabout vaudevillians.The bashful rhino bug takes his place beside Heimlich, the chubby green caterpillar who sounds like a cranky Katzenjammer Kid. Slim, the walking stick, is effetely studious; Francis, the ladybug, is no lady—he's a guy with a macho complex. A pair of Hungarian pill bugs natter away in a speeded-up smattering of incomprehensible dialects. (They're like pipsqueak Sid Caesars.)

Co-directors John Lasseter and Andrew Stanton position these bugs in ways that make witty use of the wide-screen frame. This is, after all, a bug *epic.* The flea-circus performers plaster their mugs across the Cinemascope expanse, and they have every right to show off. A few of them, especially Francis and Heimlich, are as cantankerously memorable as the best of Disney's pre-computer animated characters.

One reason the bugs come across so well here is that the sheen of the wings and exoskeletons, and the segmented way in which these critters move, are tailor-made for the technical requirements of computer animation. But there's another explanation for why bugs are naturals in this family-entertainment universe: They bring out the kid in everybody. *A Bug's Life* gets inside the way you used to feel when you hunkered down in the tall grass and got up close and personal with beetles and katydids. (Their creepy-crawly world seemed to exist for your delectation.) But the movie's bugs aren't "realistic." They're more like a smart kid's reimagining of what the ideal bug would be.

Regrettably, in order to soften the ick factor in this material, the filmmakers have gone in for some sanitizing: The ants, for example, have two sets of arms and legs instead of six, and there's no hair, or cilia, or whatever you call it, on any of the bugs. On the other hand, the film-

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makers gave the grasshoppers an extra set of appendages in order to make them scarier. They'd be pretty scary anyway. Their honcho, Hopper, is voiced by Kevin Spacey; issuing from a jut-jawed mandible, his feral unctuousness has never sounded more appropriate. Madeline Kahn, Phyllis Diller, Denis Leary, and others also sound off memorably. Some actors are positively liberated by this kind of exercise. Spacey doesn't need to be a grasshopper to be good, but you may have noticed that Woody Allen and Sylvester Stallone, voicing ants in *Antz,* were better than they've been for years in their live-action movies—where they've turned themselves into far less funny cartoons.

Everywhere you direct your eye in *A Bug's Life* there's something to look at. In the subterranean-ant-colony scenes, the mushrooms have a cool phosphorescence that soothes the screen like a night light. Aboveground, the Pixar Animation Studios wizards—the same crew, under Lasseter's direction, who made *Toy Story*—achieve a hyperrealistic clarity. This world of twigs and dewdrops is more than just our fantasy of what a bug's realm would be. It looks like a *bug's* fantasy, too. There's an enraptured nuttiness about the landscape: The oddments of civilization become props, totems. In the flea-circus scenes, a discarded ice-cube tray becomes the bleachers; a poodle collar is the circus ring.

There's also a refreshing lack of cant. Although I enjoyed *Antz* for most of the way, it wound itself into a paean to individuality—which is not what we go to see a movie called *Antz* for. *A Bug's Life* never makes that kind of high-minded mistake. The heartfelt epithets spouted by its characters are all along the lines of: *It's a bug-eat-bug world.* Say it isn't so. After seeing this film, you want only the best for the bugs. And from now on, watch what you're stepping on.

In brief: WHAT'S THE BLARNEY EQUIVALENT OF glucose shock? My candidate would be **Waking Ned Devine**. Compared to all the I.R.A.-themed movies we've been seeing lately, this swatch of stage-Irishness is a walk in the park. Two lifelong mates from Tully More—population 52—figure out that one of their neighbors has won the lottery. David Kelly and Ian Bannen are the dynamic duo who connive to get close to the money. There's a splendidly surreal comic moment when Kelly, who makes Ichabod Crane seem portly, bicycles buck-naked on a country road. Bannen and he have such an easygoing rapport that you can almost forgive the fact that this film seems to have been produced strictly for the tourist trade. It would make the perfect in-flight movie on AerLingus. ■

Peter Rainer's 1998 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

THEATER **JOHN SIMON**

Helluva *Town*

Somewhere between Central Park and Broadway, 'On the Town' got a lift. Plus, a predictably pleasing 'Peter Pan' and a 'Godot' not worth waiting for.

MARK TWAIN'S FAMOUS COMMUNIQUÉ "THE report of my death was an exaggeration" applies equally to advance rumors about George C. Wolfe's mounting of **On the Town**. Given a mixed reception two summers ago in Central Park, the Public Theater–Shakespeare Festival production, which by its opening on Broadway cost some $6 million, was gleefully reported as some sort of Wolfian death wish threatening to bankrupt Joe Papp's venerable institution. Actually, the show looks much improved at the Gershwin Theater, even though that big barn is a far less welcoming venue for this archetypal New York musical. Where now are the bucolic breezes, where the multiethnic mix of nonpaying New Yorkers raucously reveling in gift entertainment?

Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Leonard Bernstein's musical has a makeshift book. An elaboration of Jerome Robbins's short ballet *Fancy Free,* it is the story of three sailors on 24-hour shore leave in World War II–era New York. The sweetly innocent Gabey, who falls in love with a subway poster of Miss Turnstiles, Ivy Smith, sets out to find her with the help of his buddies, the droll Chip and the brash Ozzie. Their names might as well be Dopey, Goofy, and Goony, as each searches one of Ivy's alleged haunts. Chip falls into the lustful clutches of Hildy Esterhazy, a sex-starved cabbie. Ozzie is picked up at the Museum of Natural History by the zany (and affianced) anthropologist Claire DeLoone in front of the caveman exhibit, whose denizens Ozzie anthropometrically resembles.

Gabey, however, does find Ivy, at the Carnegie Hall studio of the formidable and dipsomaniacal vocal coach Madame Maude P. Dilly. Ivy and Gabey make a late-night date at Nedick's drugstore in Times Square, but Madame does not want Ivy to jeopardize her job as a Coney Island cooch dancer and stop her lessons. So she sabotages the lovers' tryst, and the seemingly jilted Gabey joins the two other couples pub-crawling through New York's nightclubs. (I dislike plot summaries as much as you do, but how else can I convey the many New York locations across which the show blithely rampages?)

What made this so poignant in 1944 was the war that could gobble up the gobs rather than let the couples someday be reunited. Wolfe has feelgoodishly erased all traces of this. Too bad also that he jettisoned Jerome Robbins's acclaimed original choreography. Elliot Feld's dances failed in the park, so now we have those of Keith Young, from the world of pop concerts, TV, and Twyla Tharp. With an uncredited assist from Joey McKneely, Young provides sanguine and spirited dances but flubs the big fantasy ballet, where Feld did better.

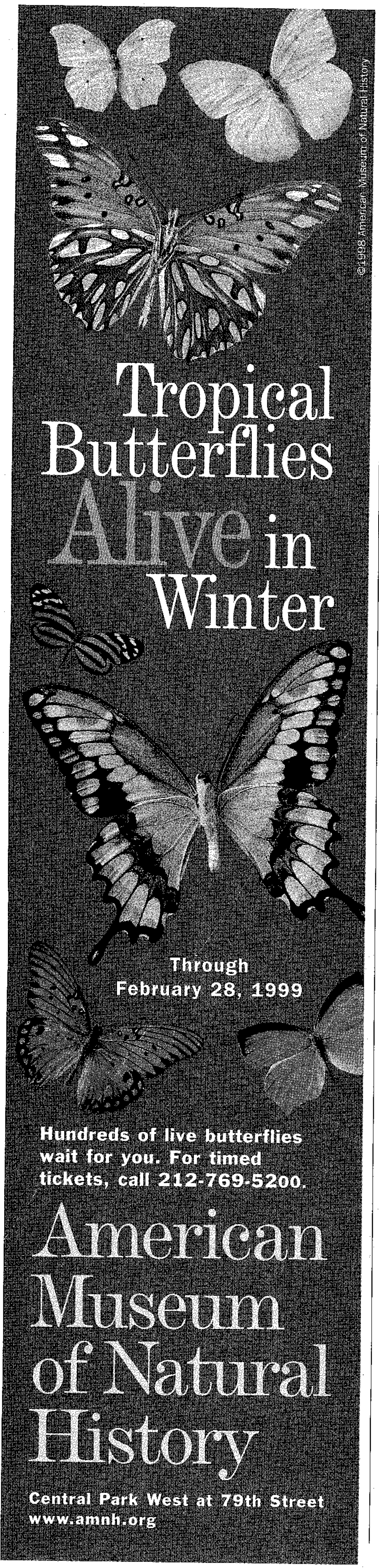
Adrianne Lobel's saucy scenery centers on a composite New York bridge spanning the stage, outlined by colored lights and housing the zesty orchestra in full view. Skyscrapers loom both above and below it, sunning themselves by day and emitting their own starlight after dark. Canopied by the bridge, the acting area resembles Cinemascope, except when the action bursts forward in waves lapping the audience. The choreography carries the story rather than just embroidering it, Paul Tazewell's cheeky costumes could stop traffic at the busiest intersection, and Paul Gallo's lighting uses wattage like poster paint.

The Comden-Green-Bernstein score is as fresh half a century later as butter in the churn, and words and music embrace each other as passionately as honeymooners. The great songs, rediscovered, should add a handful of renewed novas to our firmament; the new cast shines on just a shade less bright than a harvest moon.

The puppyish Gabey of Perry Layton Ojeda, as ingenuous as Candide, pre-

No-no: Tony Shalhoub, left, as Didi, and John Turturro as Gogo, in *Waiting for Godot.*

Photograph by Dixie Sheridan.



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vents innocence from becoming cloying. The Chip of Jesse Tyler Ferguson, as bubbly as bumbling, keeps his boyishness uncurdled. If Robert Montano's Ozzie and Sarah Knowlton's Claire are more competent than compelling, the Ivy of Tai Jimenez is, without effacing memories of Sono Osato, endearing enough. Lea DeLaria's Hildy is a small, round, humanoid dynamo, with a voice to shatter glass and a personality to fray nerves. Jonathan Freeman as Claire's cuckolded fiancé, Annie Golden as a late-blooming wallflower, and especially Mary Testa as the daffiest of Dillys could make a barrelful of monkeys seem as subdued as a fish tank. Kristine Bendul and Darren Gibson dance a delectable Central Park pas de deux.

I don't know what other (anonymous) doctors and donors contributed to this successful transplant; what matters, with musicals as with organs, is the patient's survival. *On the Town* lives.

PERHAPS THE HOARIEST PLATITUDE ABOUT **Peter Pan** is that it should delight children of all ages. It did so at its premiere in 1904, and will keep on doing so as long as children are children, and adults ditto. My quarrel with the 1954 musicalization is its being less enchanting than Barrie's original; even so, it pleases. Here, too, we have original choreography (also conception and staging) by Jerome Robbins; Comden & Green, once again, have contributed charming songs with music by Jule Styne to eke out those, no less charming, by Carolyn Leigh and Moose Charlap.

The present revival takes some further supererogatory liberties, but nothing can mar its patina. Peter Pan, the eternal boy who wants his female to be both mother and child but not lover, is perhaps a profounder creation than Barrie realized. His antagonist, Captain Hook, is adulthood trying to sink its claws into the high-flying freedom of adolescence, but itself scared silly by time, the clock ticking inside the croc.

Commendably, the production does not truckle to p.c. and keeps the "Ugg-a-wugg" number, although its savages may be a trifle too noble even for Rousseau. The funny "Mysterious Lady" number had to go because this Peter cannot sing coloratura. John Iacovelli's sets are aptly retrograde; the other production values, including the British accents, are mostly up to snuff. Cathy Rigby is a prodigy, seemingly as eternally young as Peter himself, her aerobatics (flying by ZFX, Inc.) as good as her acting. The choreography by Patti Colombo, direction by Glenn Casale, and cast too numerous to mention contribute handsomely. My one cavil is with the Hook of Paul Schoeffler; there is no obvious flaw in his looks and demeanor, speech and singing, but some fundamental grace is lacking: The essence of Hook walks the plank.

YOU WOULD THINK THAT ANY FOOL WOULD realize that **Waiting For Godot** requires seasoned actors showing wear and tear as the derelict Didi and Gogo, and that Beckett's tragifarce must be done vaudeville-style, its restless rat-a-tat punctuated by sporadic pauses. Well, apparently not *any* fool. The Romanian director Andrei Belgrader, a Robert Brustein protégé, doesn't. He drags out *Godot* to silly-putty lengths, with pauses that feel like labor strikes, and infuses the whole thing with slow-motion yearning to become stop-motion. Act One, all I could endure, lasts longer than most productions of the entire play, and turns a living masterpiece into a moldy museum piece.

The gifted Tony Shalhoub and John Turturro (Didi and Gogo) are either too actorish or too awed by their parts; Richard Spore could make a good Lucky were he not unlucky in his director, who even makes him deliver his long nonsense monologue as if it were "To be or not to be." But Belgrader cannot be blamed for the Pozzo of Christopher Lloyd (except for casting him), an actor of horrifying aspect whose mugging and mouthing are harder to bear than the rack. Lloyd does not need a director; he needs an animal trainer. Even the surefire part of the Boy (Sean Fredericks or Amedeo Turturro, we weren't apprised which) misfires through inaudibility and preposterous costuming by Elizabeth Hope Clancy.

Set design cannot be judged where the scenery consists of one rock and one withered tree, but that the admirable Michael Chybowski does little with the lighting I attribute to the Classic Stage Company's inhospitable premises. Do not hold the new artistic director, Barry Edelstein, responsible for this unpardonable production; it was supervised by his predecessor, David Esbjornson, whose departure could not have come soon enough.

IN THE WRETCHED **Trainspotting**, ADAPTED from Irvine Welsh's dismal novel and directed by Harry Gibson, four actors are deployed in twelve parts to further disastrous effect. We are confronted by impenetrable accents (don't blame the actors) and a mystifying Scottish street vocabulary, 61 of whose terms are translated in the program but cannot be memorized on short notice, what with twinned esoterica such as *moosy-faced* (sad) and *plukey-faced* (spotty). Both terms, however, apply equally to the production (again, no fault of the actors), which had me running for my sanity after half an hour. ■

John Simon's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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THURSDAY, DEC. 3, 1998

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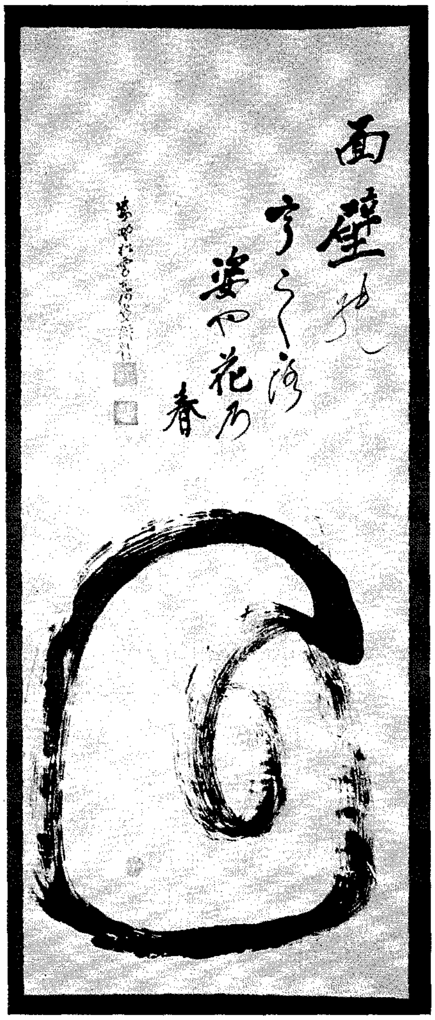
Two Hands Clapping

There are lessons to be learned from the Buddhist masters whose work makes up "The Art of 20th-Century Zen" at the Japan Society.

THE PLAYFUL, ICONOCLASTIC GLANCE OF ZEN often illuminates postwar culture. Anyone who knows something of Zen will enjoy the "living brush" of Franz Kline, for example, and smile at the mischief of John Cage and the street antics of Robert Rauschenberg. At the same time, the American approach to this Japanese sect is often superficial and amounts to a kind of sandbox Zen; the profound freedoms of the practice are claimed without much understanding of their foundation. That Zen Buddhism is actually a rigorous *religion* frequently strikes the contemporary mind as old-fashioned and irrelevant—a vestigial inconvenience. **"The Art of 20th-Century Zen"** at the Japan Society, a survey of the work of fourteen Zen masters of the modern era in Japan, offers a stimulating contrast to this sweat-free version of the religion—one with provocative implications for the life of Zen in American culture.



That old wall-gazer: Shoun's *One-Stroke Daruma.*

Organized by Audrey Yoshiko Seo and Stephen Addiss for the Marsh Art Gallery at the University of Richmond, the exhibit begins with the near-extinction of Zen in late-nineteenth-century Japan. The nationalist government of the period, eager to celebrate the homegrown Shinto religion, persecuted Buddhists. These difficult times helped strengthen Zen's resolve, however, and some remarkable leaders—notably Nakahara Nantenbo (1839–1925)—arose to rebuild the tattered order. The show's catalogue gives life to this struggle by telling the story of each of the masters. In addition to public burdens, for example, many suffered from serious personal difficulties. Some had painful childhoods. Some were probably alcoholics. A monk named Taneda Santoka (1882–1940) could not stay long in one place. He wandered the country, often displaying a wry sense of humor. A characteristic line of Santoka's is "Winter rain—I'm not dead yet."

It was the years of disciplined monastic practice that gave each beleaguered Zen master his idiosyncratic strength. Each depended upon an intense relationship with a living master, who encouraged fortitude in meditation and a laborious wrestling with the koans—the Zen riddles and paradoxes designed to help monks transcend their attachment to the illusions of logic. Each took inspiration from the historical example set by predecessors in an ancient tradition. For these monks, Zen was an experience, not a teaching—a way of living rather than an art. They were not trained artists, but began working with the brush late in life. They did not fear awkwardness or strive to make "good" or skillful art; their intention was simply to demonstrate, after years of struggle, the experience of an enlightened mind. This gives their work a different air from that found in most Zen-inspired art in the West.

One-Stroke Daruma, by a master named Shoun (1848–1922), could almost be the work of a radical follower of Franz Kline—until you look more closely. A monk celebrated for his concentration and determination, Daruma meditated for nine years staring at a wall. Shoun captures his essence with one long, curling sweep of an ink-laden brush; the use of this "one stroke" suggests both Daruma's unbroken concentration and the fleetingness of time. The crudeness of his form, seen from the back, evokes his still, mountainlike solidity; so do the heavy passages of ink at the bottom and top of his body. But the brush also skitters across the surface at certain points: This monk had a quick mind and a light heart. The line seems to coil inward, as meditation does, creating a circle—a Zen symbol of enlightenment—within a circle. On the top of the image, Shoun has written:

The old wall-gazer's form
seen from behind—
springtime of flowers.

Shoun portrayed the old wall-gazer as solid and earthy. But his calligraphy as he writes out the poem is fluid, evanescent, and flowerlike. Contemplating the rootedness of Daruma, in short, will help lead the viewer to the joyful springtime of enlightenment.

Zen's appeal to the West is not hard to fathom: The values on display in this exhibit echo many of the existential concerns of modern culture. Like much postwar art, Zen celebrates spontaneity and simplicity. It enjoys

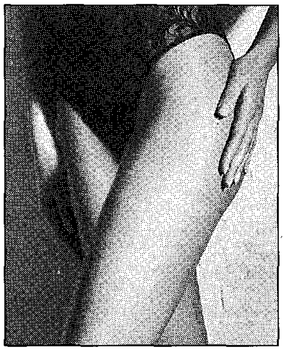
Photograph courtesy of the Japan Society.

the casual, the childish, the tossed-off. (At first glance, Shoun's *One-Stroke Daruma* looks like nothing—the sort of nothing that can become everything.) It challenges traditional standards of competence. It prefers eccentrics to pedants. The deepest beguilement of Zen, however, is the escape it promises from certain contemporary prisons. In particular, the prison of narcissism. A Zen master finds his individuality only by transcending the self: The works here are full of quirky personality, yet stripped of any swagger and strut. In Shoun's rough scrawl, there is no feeling sorry for oneself, no luxurious or aestheticizing self-indulgence—no complaint or disappointment or in-your-face anger. And no bitter taste of ashes, as there is in the existentialism of the fifties. Only a joy that may be impossible to attain without a religious rigor rarely found in New Age Zen.

In this regard, the iconoclasm of religious Zen is particularly interesting. A picture like Shoun's *One-Stroke Daruma* actually contains a measure of humor. Although Daruma was a founder of Zen, he is often respectfully mimicked; a nine-year meditation is ridiculously admirable. No other religion contains this vein of mischief or can convey such reverence without becoming reverential. (Imagine a Catholic artist teasing Saint Peter or giving the pope a poke in the ribs.) In religious Zen, iconoclastic shock not only awakens seekers from pretty platitudes but also prompts them to embrace life in full. While going through the exhibit, I kept contrasting the furious and showy *Piss Christ* of Andres Serrano, who achieved notoriety when he sank a crucifix in urine, with a famous story told about a Zen master of the tenth century. Asked by a starry-eyed student, "What is the Buddha like?," the master answered: "A dried stick of dung."

"THE GREATEST SKILL IS LIKE CLUMSINESS" IS a Taoist idea that became an essential part of Buddhism. It delivers an important warning to slick artists who rely too much upon their fluency: Important art must be truthful, not just talented. And that means understanding the place of the knotty, awkward, and simple. No artist of the postwar period was a greater or more fluent draftsman than **Willem de Kooning**. In two beautiful shows of drawing now on display in New York—one at the Drawing Center in SoHo, the other at the Matthew Marks Gallery in Chelsea—you can see him struggling against the easier forms of success. To find something fresher and more surprising, he would sometimes draw with his eyes closed or with the paper turned at a cockeyed angle. The Zen masters uptown would have understood. ■

Mark Stevens's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.



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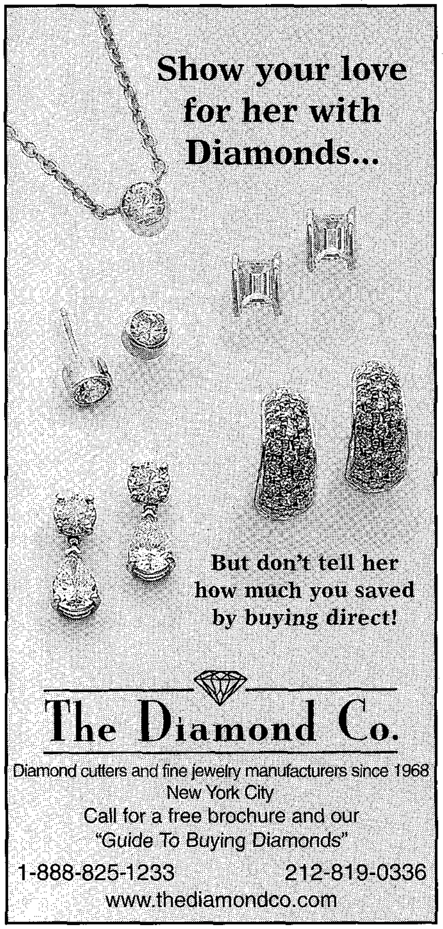

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A Not-So-Furtive Tear

Even singing his own greatest hits proves too challenging for Luciano Pavarotti, whose voice today barely recalls the thrilling sound of the King of the High C's.

Lucky Luciano: With Daniela Dessì (left), Ainhoa Arteta, and friends, at the Met tribute.

HOW LUCKY FOR THE METROPOLITAN OPERA that those tenor icons and best of friends Plácido Domingo and Luciano Pavarotti both made their Met debuts in 1968. That now guarantees a double anniversary celebration at least every five years, although the time is fast approaching when the two divos will necessarily be nonperforming guests at their own glamorous galas. So savor the moment. Domingo had his party on opening night as Samson in Saint-Saëns's opera, and last week it was **Luciano Pavarotti**'s turn to mark his thirtieth year at the Met. A mere repeat performance of one favorite opera would hardly be suitable for an occasion of such magnitude, so big P. was showcased in staged excerpts from three of his signature roles: Nemorino in Act II of Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore,* Rodolfo in Act III of Puccini's *La Bohème,* and Radames in Act IV of Verdi's *Aida.*

The crowd roared dutifully in all the right places, but a definite whiff of formaldehyde pervaded the proceedings. No one questions the glory that was once Pavarotti's: the liquid tone, the easy lyrical lilt, the fabulous diction, the generosity of spirit that motivated a God-given vocal apparatus. The gold has now mostly departed, although Pavarotti shrewdly preserves whatever is left by saving his voice for climaxes that never quite materialize. Now, on an opera stage without amplification to lend assistance, he sings in a carefully produced low-volume monotone, without color, shape, or expressive variety. It must have been clear to anyone with ears to hear that a once-fabulous voice is no longer viable for operatic performance, even when attempting to cope with a tripleheader chosen to minimize every difficulty. There was just one exposed aria, Nemorino's "Una furtiva lagrima," while accommodating colleagues helped paste over the sticky moments in opera acts consisting mostly of ensembles.

It was typically considerate of the Met—or, more likely, that most singer-friendly of conductors, James Levine, who presided on the podium—to help make Pavarotti feel even more comfortable by populating the stage whenever possible with genuine Italian opera singers: Daniela Dessì (Mimì), Leo Nucci (Dulcamara), and Roberto de Candia (Belcore). Unfortunately, their contributions were lackluster, a further indication that a once-flourishing tradition, the same one that produced a Pavarotti, has died out. The only truly distinctive voices onstage belonged to Ruth Ann Swenson, a charming Adina, and Dolora Zajick, an awesome force of nature as Amneris. The applause at the end lacked a real sense of enthusiasm or affection, although it will probably sound impressive enough when the event is telecast over PBS next March 31. The last time I heard a truly heartfelt demonstration at a gala celebrating a Met favorite was for the late Leonie Rysanek, a singer genuinely loved by audiences that also genuinely loved opera. The hollow cheering for Pavarotti, on the other hand, seemed generated by high society, which got exactly what it paid for.

IF CLASSICAL MUSIC REALLY IS DYING, A REFRAIN I'VE BEEN hearing all my life, why this sudden barrage of information on the subject? Books for the uninitiated, CD-ROMs, extension courses, preconcert lectures, special theme concerts, educational videotapes, self-help manuals, Websites galore—right now there are hundreds of ways and means to instruct the interested layman on everything from Bach to Bartoli. For years, Carnegie Hall has been quietly playing its part by offering a variety of workshops in performing disciplines, educational programs, young peoples' concerts, and special exhibits from the hall's archives, all designed to broaden musical knowledge at every level. Still looking for new possibilities, Carnegie has just launched yet another project specifically aimed at newcomers, **Introduction to the Classics**, and it is likely to prove just as helpful.

That title shouldn't be taken too literally, since the

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

programs of the five orchestras that make up this series feature substantial concert fare with no dumbing down, and the educational accompaniments, while basic for the most part, hardly condescend to anyone. Sophisticates are free to ignore the mus.-ed. elements altogether and simply enjoy the music, but for those want it, "Introduction to the Classics" offers plenty of information: a companion newsletter with background material on the program available a month in advance of the concert; a Website (www.carnegiehall.org) featuring sound clips, a glossary of relevant musical terms, and recommended recordings and books; tips on concert etiquette (when do I clap?); and, the Sunday before the concert, a WQXR radio program that focuses on additional aspects of the music to be played. For those who need even more, there is the inevitable preconcert lecture—by Ara Guzelimian, Carnegie's artistic adviser—to put the material into yet another context.

Before attending the Sydney Symphony Orchestra's recent concert, Edo de Waart conducting, I sampled the newsletter and preconcert talk, both of which struck me as instructive and entertaining in just about the right proportion. Guzelimian even managed to produce a live composer from Australia, Graeme Koehne, who explained the pop-long-hair musical mix that drives his *Elevator Music,* the concert's boisterous opening selection. Since the two principal works on the program were Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 2 (with Christian Zacharias as soloist) and Strauss's descriptively specific *Symphonia domestica,* the age-old issue of absolute versus program music came up yet again. The subject was thoroughly examined in the newsletter as well as onstage before the concert, heatedly debated, and eventually laid to rest, sensibly without declaring for one side or the other.

Strauss himself hoped to have it both ways by urging audiences to forget about programmatic details and listen to his symphony, which traces a typical day in his own home life, as pure music. No way. Once it begins to click, Strauss's "acoustical camera" is impossible to ignore as it presents us with vivid snapshots of Papa at work, family bickering, parental lovemaking, baby's bath, and kitchen duty—some commentators even claim to hear the perfect orchestral representation of a flushing toilet. Musical absolutists may find it all a bit much, but a score that bubbles with this much lively invention and good spirits is hard to resist, especially when played so exuberantly. And how thoughtful of Carnegie Hall to take the trouble to show just how cleverly Strauss put it all together. ▬

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POP MUSIC ETHAN SMITH

Alternate Routes

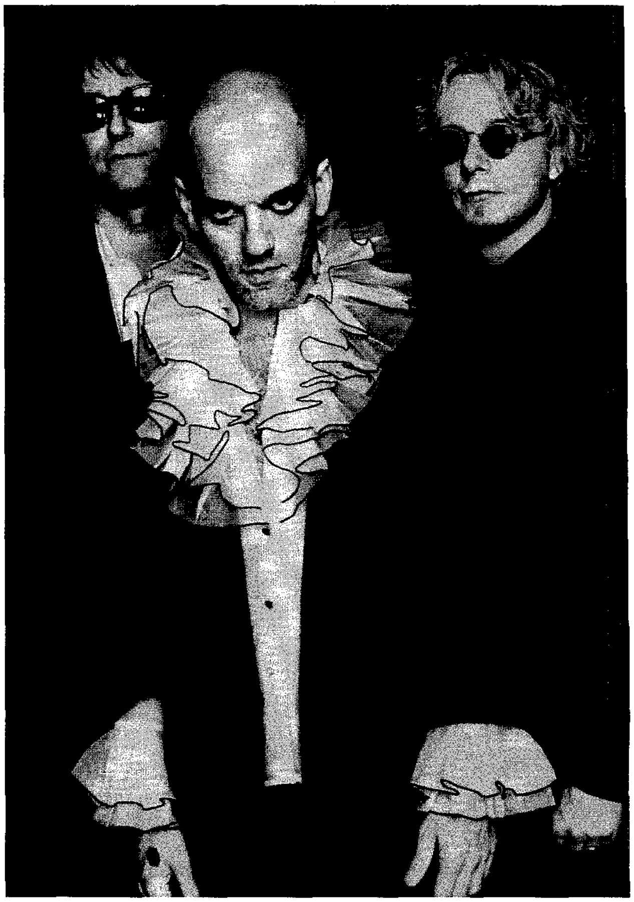
On new CDs, two exceptionally influential alternative-rock acts change course—R.E.M. set down their guitars, Beck picks up his—but will anyone follow?

DYLAN PLUGGED IN; THE BEASTIE BOYS RE-EMbraced punk; the Byrds discovered the sitar's tonal nuances. When an artist who's helped shape the sound of an entire decade takes a new direction, it's wise to pay attention—you could find out where music is headed next. Then again, pop great Tommy James spent a brief period dabbling in psychedelia; the Bee Gees dropped half-baked Beatleisms in favor of equally derivative disco; Vanilla Ice recently went grunge. In other words, it can also be wise to turn a deaf ear on such shifts: They can signal all manner of distasteful motives—bandwagon-hopping, desperate career resuscitation, or simple bad taste.

How fortuitous for pundits, then, that two of the major architects of pop music as we currently know it have chosen right now to unveil new sounds. R.E.M. and Beck, who more or less set the mold for alternative music in the eighties and nineties, respectively, have virtually swapped strategies with each other for new albums.

Mutations (DGC) ISN'T BECK'S FIRST ACOUSTIC-GUITAR ALbum—but it is his best. Between the high-profile, high-production releases of *Mellow Gold* and *Odelay*, the low-fi nuggets *Stereopathetic Soul Manure* and *One Foot in the Grave* held some of the singer's subtlest work. What sets the new album apart from those, however, is its lush simplicity.

Beck's six-string is at the heart of each of the disc's eleven official songs, but it's adorned with nuanced keyboard swells, the occasional horn section, and some truly elegant lead-guitar lines (a twelfth, hidden track is a full-blown punk hootenanny). In fact, what's most arresting about *Mutations* is the incredible richness and depth Beck is able to extract from just a few, easily identifiable instruments. Most of the songs on *Odelay* relied on layer upon layer of samples, instruments, and voices to achieve their (admittedly way-cool) cut-and-paste effect. By contrast, "Cold Brains," the first song on *Mutations,* uses just a few crisply burbling electric-guitar notes and some floating keyboard arpeggios to embellish a Dylanesque, four-chord motif. The song, and the album as a whole, is folk-*ish,* but it's got too many pop smarts to be considered folk.



R.E.M.'s Peter Buck, Michael Stipe, and Mike Mills (right): Pretty and bleak. Beck: Lush simplicity.

Mutations maintains a consistently wistful tone. "I should have guessed / Your love was hanging by threads," goes a line in "Sing It Again." A song called "Nobody's Fault But My Own," which features a dirge-like sitar line, opens, "Treated you like a rusty blade / A throwaway." The exception is "Tropicalia," a peppy, fascinating bossa nova homage to Caetano Veloso, Gilberto Gil, and the other Brazilian musicians whose late-sixties album *Tropicália* blended anti-fascist politics, João Gilberto's rhythmic innovations, and wittily orchestral arrangements—and got its makers sent into exile. It's one of Beck's few songs (perhaps the only one) that can be said to be "about" a specific real-world subject. (And in fact, the title *Mutations* would seem to be a nod to one of the Tropicalista groups, Os Mutantes.)

For all the styles Beck explores on *Mutations,* nowhere to be found on the disc is the faintly ridiculous, if highly entertaining, jive-turkey funk that's characterized his other major-label releases. Though it comes from a past master of irony as a musical mode, this is earnest music, even when it's abstract.

Photographs: top, Anton Corbijn; bottom, Charlie Gross.

FOR EARNESTNESS, THOUGH, A NEWLY DE-ironized Beck can't hold a candle to R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe. And while Stipe & Co. have made significant changes for their twelfth album, **Up** (Warner Bros.), a heightening of self-awareness is not among them. What is new is the departure of drummer Bill Berry, who last year quit the group not long after suffering a brain hemorrhage. In Berry's place, the band has put a variety of drum-machine bloopings, the occasional substitute human drummer, and assorted electronic tones.

The resulting album is, first and foremost, surprisingly pretty. It also gets dreary at points, thanks to Stipe's unrelentingly bleak (dare I say nasal and whiny?) voice, which isn't done any favors by music low-key enough to put it in the foreground.

Many of the advance press notices made a point of saying that *Up* is *not* R.E.M.'s trendy electronica album. But *trendy* is exactly what comes to mind on hearing the fluttering beat and Casio-style keyboards on "Hope." Granted, it's hardly the cringe-inducer that, say, Bowie going jungle was a couple of years ago. But *Up* definitely leans on a sound that Beck, for instance, has helped make fashionable over the past half-decade. Whether this fact is sad (indie-rock architects turned mere followers) or heartening (old dogs not too old to learn new tricks) is a matter of personal judgment. It is at least interesting to hear these onetime jangle-rock purists relying so heavily on their keyboards. (When R.E.M. went electronic live at the Bowery Ballroom last month, though, there were no cries of "Judas" from the balcony.)

To the band's credit, they demonstrate good taste in their choice of electro-icons to emulate: *Up* opens with "Airportman," whose softly repetitive chiming tips its hat to Brian Eno's 1978 ambient groundbreaker *Music for Airports*. That song and the first single, "Daysleeper," exhibit another unexpected influence: Both depict characters (a business traveler and a night-shift shipping clerk, respectively) with enough cinematic specificity to remind one that the singer has, in recent years, built himself a serious second career as a movie producer.

While it's hard to see *Up* as much more than an unusually successful stopgap effort, it's silly to begrudge any band, particularly one that's just lost a member of nearly twenty years' standing, room for artistic growth. The disc does represent an experiment for R.E.M.—whether or not the music is experimental in any broad sense. It's not clear that even Beck can make the same claim for his new album. ■

Ethan Smith's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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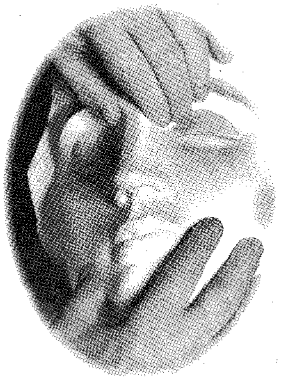

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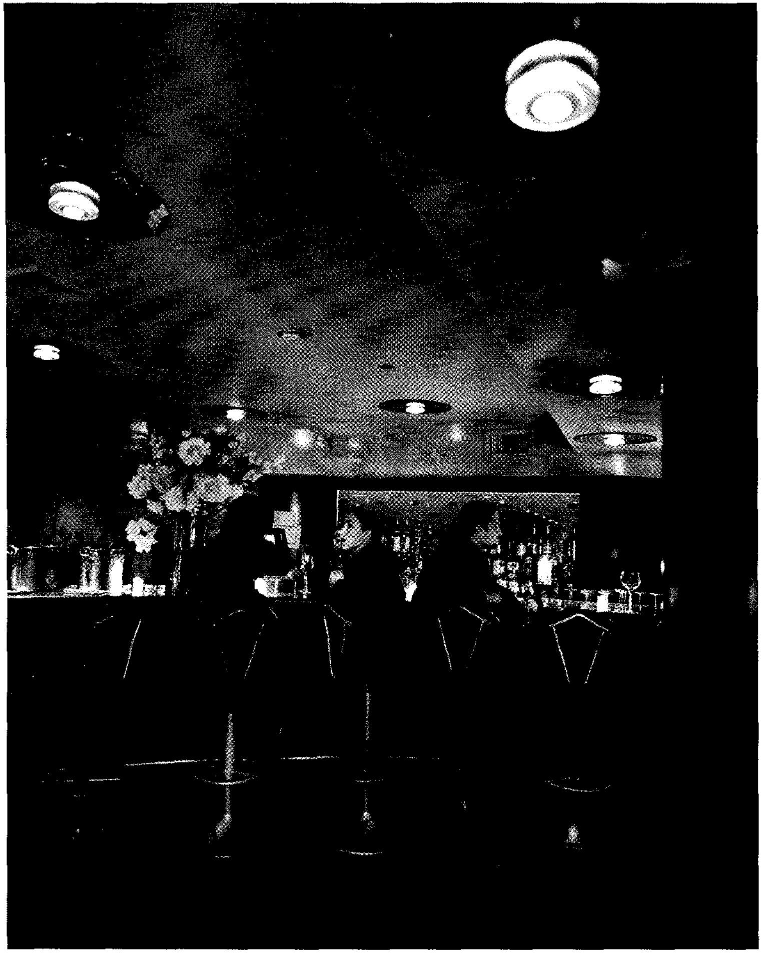
All the Rage

In the seventies, she hosted a nonstop party that never should have ended—now the legendary Regine is back, and all's well with the world again.



Regine dreams: The bar at Rage, where glitz and glam are making a comeback.

BOSOMS ARE BILLOWING TONIGHT, NO THANKS to any Wonderbras, darling. All the wondrous women at this table, cleavage unabashedly bared, are flashing jeweled clavicles, ears, wrists, sparkle on every available appendage. This is not just another laid-back Saturday-night excursion because we've been too lazy to get invited out of town. This is Saturday night at **Rage**. Regine is back in town. It's Rip Van Winkle in reverse. I leaped out of bed this morning and I was twenty years younger. Freeze-frame. If Abba singing "Dancing Queen" is an old chestnut to you and not the anthem of your pre–midlife crisis, let me introduce Regine.

Skin nightlife-white under flame-red hair, Regine was already queen of the night in Paris, Monte Carlo, and Brazil. Then, in the darkest default days of 1976, she lured toot New York to Regine's in the newly spruced-up Delmonico Hotel. We were already boogying till dawn at Studio and Xenon, but Regine frosted our nights with jet-set decadence, Galanos evening pajamas, waiters in black tie, with gardenias and caviar-on-scrambled-eggs-in-the-shell by Michel Guerard.

I had no idea how much I missed Regine till I descended the curving sweep of stairs to her brand-new subterranean Rage, the fastest-opening restaurant in recent history. In a myopic blur I see a cluster of figures gazing up at us. They seem shocked, paralyzed, transfixed. "It's you," she cries. Same flame-red hair, a bit more billow. I look out into the room, a sexy and smart merger of Palm Beach and Paris, with its jungle and veranda feel, zebra stripes, leopard tuffets, Regine's inevitable amber mirrors, her lightmeister's peachy glow—balm even for first and second face-lifts. But the room is empty. I realize at once that nine o'clock is loutishly early. I want to dissolve into a puddle of shame. Instead, I bravely sip a $17 flute of champagne. And slowly, tentatively, and then boldly, out of the woodwork they come: Regine's people. Everyone is kissing the air and cooing, "You haven't changed at all. You look exactly the same." Noses growing longer as we speak. My guests arrive.

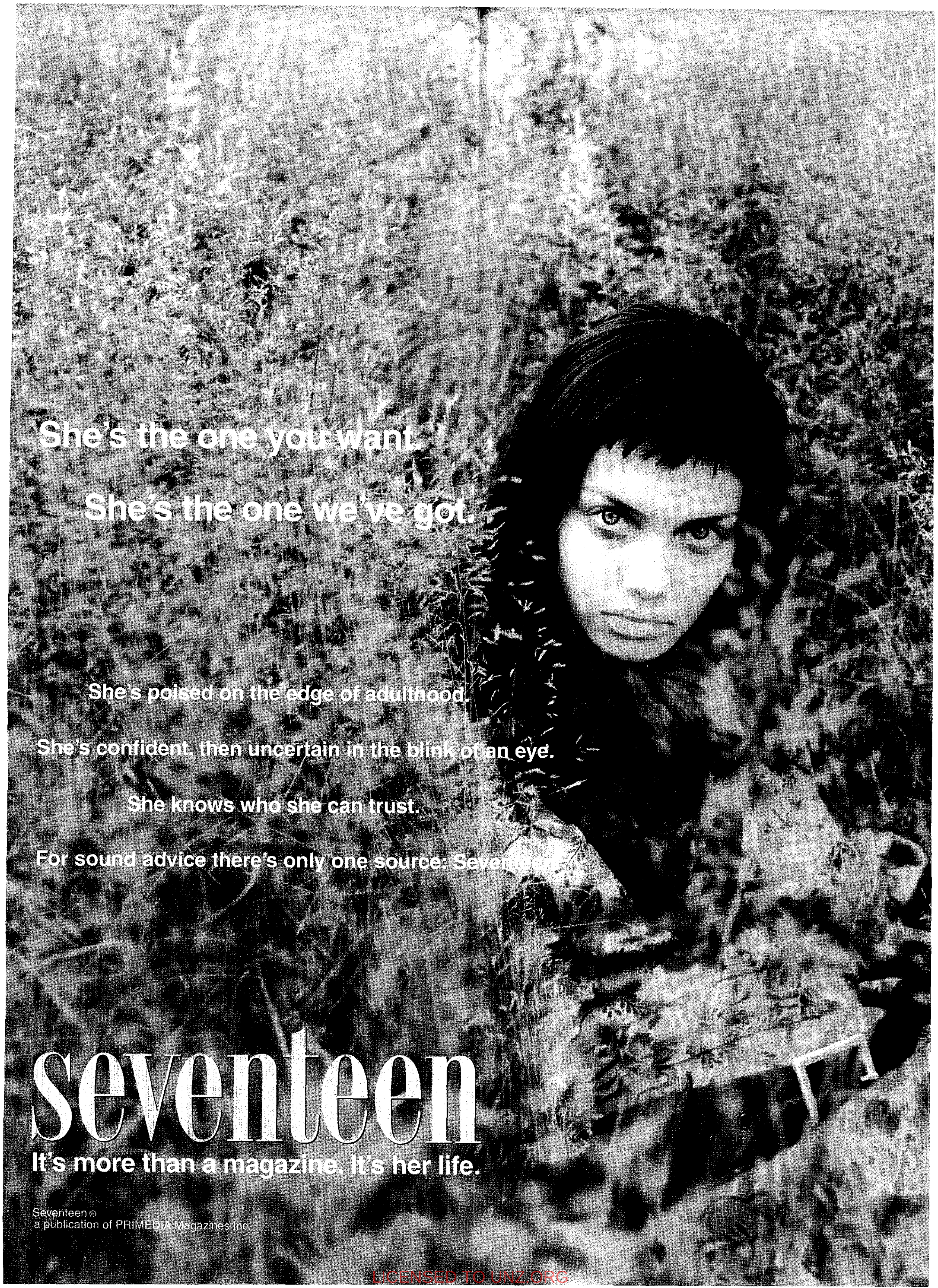
"I loooove this place," says my billionairess songwriter friend, wiggling happily in her armchair with its leopard-and-camel plush seat. "We have to help her. We have to get everyone to come. We need this place desperately. It's no fun getting all dressed up and going downtown to Pravda or Moomba with all those 20-year-old models so you feel like shit."

Tonight's crowd is skewed, lots of exiles and Europeans who live wherever the deal beckons, aging playboys in dark shirts and dark glasses, but no sign of the people who support Memorial Sloan-Kettering or either Met. Tables are filling quickly now, and a D.J., moonlighting from Life, spins songs we remember from the days we used to dance every night to Regine's tune.

Craziest of all, the food is good. I suppose I should not be surprised. Regine does care. Her kitchens always do well. Here she has signed up consultant Matthew Kenney, a hustling mercenary of the range, and he has sent his right-hand brigadier, Montrachet and Picholine veteran Michael Scheiman, to work with the crew.

Big portions at big prices. Appetizers up to $22, but "we encourage plate sharing," it notes on the eccentric menu. "Raging Cool," it says. "Raging Hot." (Even the waiter doesn't realize that the Hots are starters.) Sure enough, so many tables are asking for the "Poo-Poo Platter"—eleven items from chicken-liver pâté to spicy chicken dumplings and guacamole at $44 for two—that Scheiman has had to hire an extra cook to do nothing but poo. Try to order a conventional meal—three courses and a decent red—and figure $175 or more for two. But for a comparative pittance, two can share a pileup of excellent crab cakes on tangy bok choy, then finish with a luscious croque monsieur on focaccia or a giant first-rate burger

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.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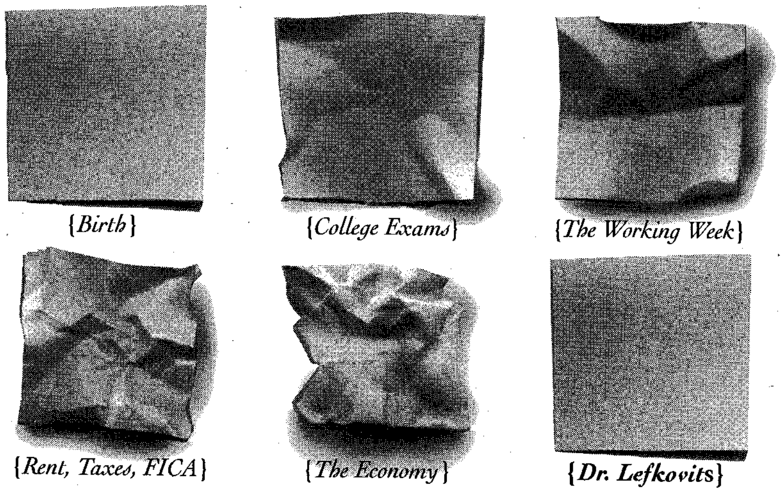

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with bacon, cheddar, and addictive fries.

At our table, we're not too busy celebrating our rescue from redundancy to enjoy inauthentically delicious imperial rolls, seviche with a treasury of perfect gulf shrimp and scallops, the unclassic shrimp cocktail with so many tails it looks like a night at Plato's Retreat. Endive tossed with pear, Gorgonzola, and walnuts and the Caesar are both big enough for two. Tonight's shellfish stew floats in a fragrant sauce, and the venison is juicy, rare, and tender. I had no idea from the menu's language that my fazzoletti would come crunchily baked—wide noodles layered with spinach, cream, pistachios, and lightly dried tomatoes, huge and just $17. Six of us (two sworn to honor Dr. Atkins) can barely make a dent.

By citrus-and-ginger-crème-brûlée time, the place is packed. Lots of jumping up and aerobic hugs, the better to justify fabulous mini-tarts and cookies from City Bakery or marvelous chocolate-mousse cake with caramel-crunch ice cream. Flashy guys with babes they don't seem to talk to are crowding in. Born-again bachelors the third time around clot three-deep at the bar. There's so much energy and electricity in the air, my hair is curling. "I see Onassis," Elizabeth cries. "I know he's dead, but there he is." Sure enough. White hair, dark shades, definitely Onassis. "I've seen three Onassises tonight," she adds.

Rage may not be everyone's rage, but it has the smell of success. It probably won't be the next Mortimer's, though Kenny Lane and "the girls" would look positively nubile in this glow, and the lunchtime prices would agree with Nan Kempner's delicate digestive system. But the bar looks made already. The first Thursday night drew a contingent in black tie and uptowners coming home from dinner downtown. They cross the red carpet where a lipstick-colored velvet rope—that magnet for nocturnal S&M—awaits the hoped-for multitudes. ("Not for snobbery," says Regine's husband, Roger Choukroun, "only for safety.")

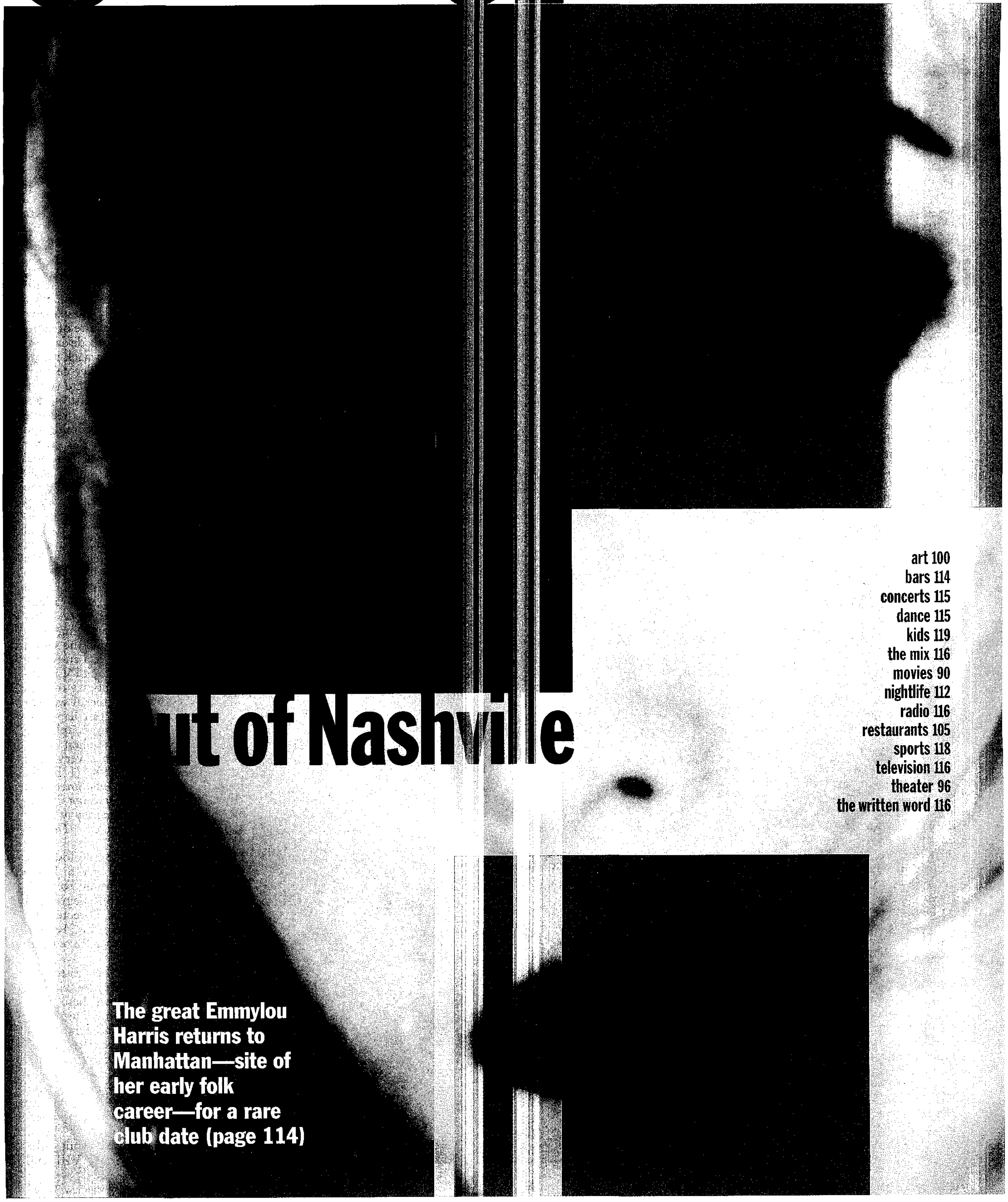
And by the time Rage has rekindled our need to dance, Regine hopes to have found the right spot for her new dance club, Jimmy'z. Will it have a lucite floor with a neon heart that throbs? Well, it won't be Art Deco. And it won't be Victorian (à la her new Jimmy'z in Miami). But it will be in midtown. "That's our fish bowl," says Choukroun. "We stay where we're comfortable." I know just what he means.

Rage, 123 East 54th Street (753-8555). Daily lunch (and Sunday brunch), 11:30 A.M. to 3:30 P.M. Dinner, 5:30 to 11:30 P.M. All-day menu till 2 A.M. A.E., D.C., M.C., V. ▬

Gael Greene's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

Cue

Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New Yo



ut of Nashville

The great Emmylou Harris returns to Manhattan—site of her early folk career—for a rare club date (page 114)

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movies

Little Voice's Michael Caine...Psycho

New Films

American History X—Edward Norton is a Neo-Nazi skinhead named Derek. The film's point is that this monster wasn't born that way: his firefighter father taught him to be racist. After Dad is shot dead trying to put out a blaze in a crack house controlled by black dealers, Derek becomes the youth leader of a Venice Beach white-power movement. His younger brother, Danny (Edward Furlong), is also brought into the fold. Derek ends up jailed for three years for killing two black kids, but his prison experiences transform him. Realizing that his Aryan brothers in the clink aren't exactly soul mates—they gang-rape him in the shower for being friendly around a black inmate (Guy Torry, in a superb cameo)—he emerges clear-eyed and with a full head of hair, yet. He returns home to salvage Danny before it's too late. The filmmakers are trying to make a case for how his hate is a learned response to social misery, but with its deadweight social conscience, the film ultimately resembles nothing so much as an Oliver Stone special. The message seems to be: If you gang-rape a skinhead, he'll come to his senses. (Rainer; 11/9/98) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Regency.*

★**Antz**—This animated feature, with its deadpan witticisms, its heart-stopping shifts of perspective, is completely entertaining, a kids' movie that will leave grown-ups quoting the best lines to one another. It is a terrific joke about scale. Beneath the ground, the ant colony looks huge, with enormous tunnels, battlefields, and meeting halls. Z (Woody Allen), who calls himself "the middle child in a family of 5 million," natters on to his shrink about depersonalization, and winds up the unwitting leader of a rebellion against a fascist society. The ants' faces suggest ever so slightly the actors who are taking the various characters—Sharon Stone as the princess Bala; Gene Hackman as a megalomaniacal general; Sylvester Stallone as a bluff soldier; and Dan Aykroyd and Jane Curtin, very proper indeed, playing not ants but a pair of buzzing, preening, distantly solicitous Wasps. (Denby; 10/12/98) (1 hr. 23 mins.; PG) *Lincoln Square; Crossbay II.*

Babe: Pig in the City—The sheep-pig travels to a state fair for a speaking engagement, in order to raise money to save the farm. With Magda Szubanski, James Cromwell, Mickey Rooney, and Mary Stein. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Crossbay II; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza.*

Belly—Childhood friends take very different paths as adults. Starring Nas and DMX. Directed by Hype Williams. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Criterion Center; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

A Bug's Life—A misfit ant tries to save his colony from unduly aggressive grasshoppers. (1 hr. 34 mins.; G) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza.*

The Celebration—A family reunites for its patriarch's 60th-birthday party and certain horrible secrets spill out over dinner. Directed by Thomas Vinterberg. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Brooklyn Academy of Music Rose Cinemas.*

Celebrity—Woody Allen doesn't physically appear here, but he seems to be inhabiting the corporeal substance of at least two of his stars. Kenneth Branagh is doing Allen at least as well as Allen's been doing himself lately. Judy Davis plays Branagh's bitter ex-wife, and she seems dubbed, too. When these two go at each other, we might as well be seeing double. Shot in austere black-and-white, the film has its sly amusements, but it's a minor entry in the canon. Allen really doesn't have much to say about the nature of fame, because his whole persona disdains it. Branagh's Lee Simon is a hack magazine writer, and he has three celebrity-subject encounters that are meant to be illustrative. In the first, he accompanies a movie queen (Melanie Griffith) back to her childhood home, where he puts the make on her and she responds. Later, a supermodel (Charlize Theron) at a fashion show comes on to him and plays him for a gaga fool. Then he walks in on a hot movie star (Leonardo DiCaprio) as the brat tears up his hotel suite. It all comes across as so much slapstick sleaze. The only aspect that rings true in all this is that Lee wants to buy into the sleaze. Judy Davis's Robin is a schoolteacher involved with a guy (Joe Mantegna) and her story is instructive, too. Instead of being frazzled by the celebrity circus, she settles into its lunacy. She ends up an on-air host for a top-rated schlock TV interview show and can finally say of herself, "I've become the kind of woman I've always hated, but I'm happier." Which may be the most uplifting words anybody has spoken in a Woody Allen movie in a very long time. (Rainer; 11/30/98) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Astor Plaza; Coronet; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Academy of Music Rose Cinemas; Pavilion Theatre; Movieworld.*

Central Station—A little boy loses his mother and depends on a bitter woman to take him home to Dad. Starring Fernanda Montenegro and Vinicius De Oliveira. Directed by Walter Salles. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Dancing at Lughnasa—Five sisters in rural thirties Ireland struggle with the harsh hand life has given them. Starring Meryl Streep, Sophie Thompson, Michael Gambon, Catherine McCormack, Kathy Burke, Brid Brennan, and Rhys Ifans. Directed by Pat O'Connor. From the stage play by Brian Friel. (2 hrs.; PG) *First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Brooklyn Academy of Music Rose Cinemas.*

Elizabeth—This film, about the daughter of King Henry VIII and

Opening

Still Crazy After All These Years

Everything in Gus Van Sant's new version of 'Psycho' (starring Vince Vaughn and Anne Heche, below) has been studiously re-created to mirror Hitchcock's 1960 black-comic horror: the script, the timing, even the scene blocking. Also imitated: Hitchcock's ban on screening the film before the opening. So, even the critics have to wait until December 4 to see whether all this reverent seriousness has taken the shock (not mention the fun) out of a classic.

Photograph by Suzanne Tenner/Universal Pictures

'CUE' Cover Photograph by Matthew Barnes.

Ground Rules:

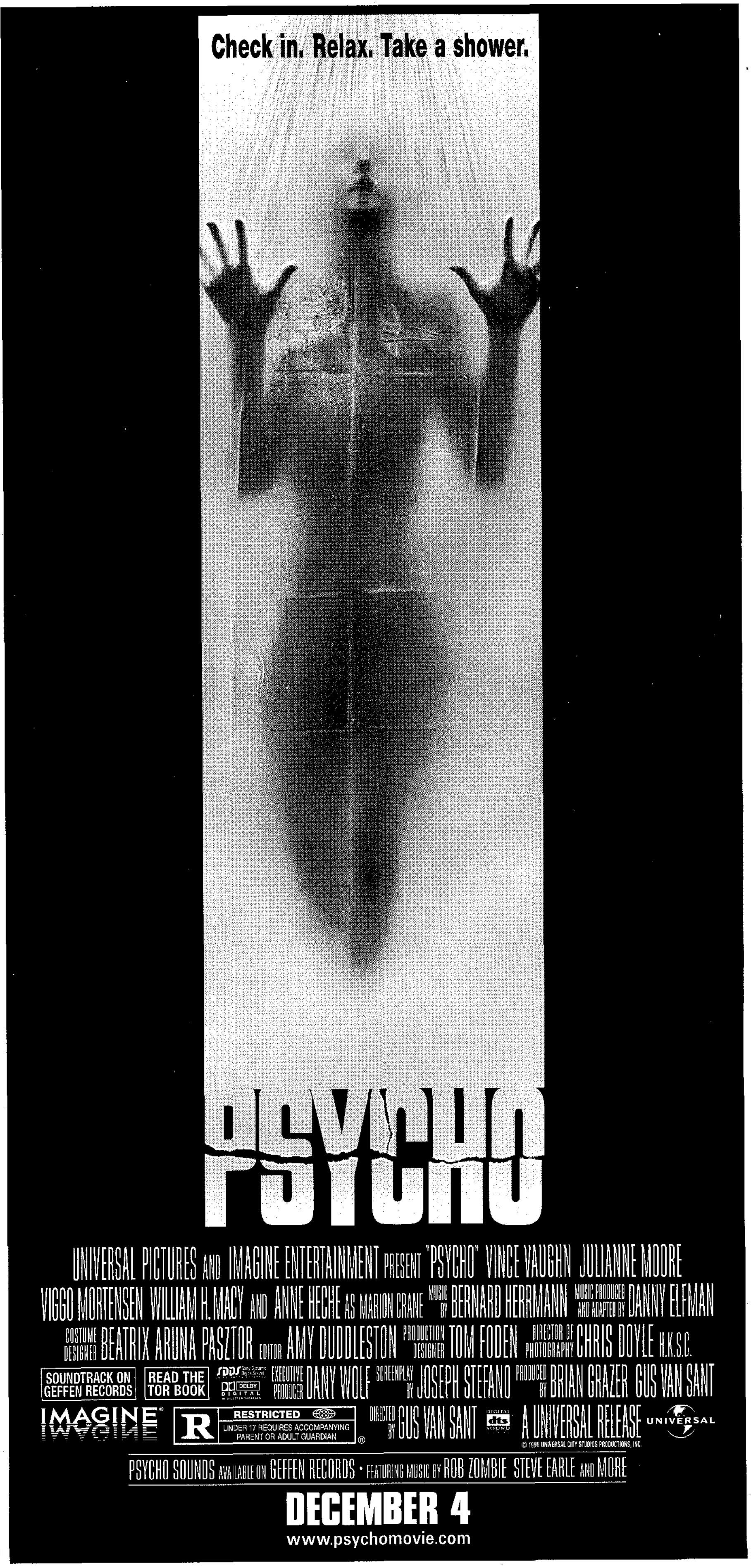
These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

Anne Boleyn, has real verve. It's not all that great even so, but in the historical-bio genre, liveliness counts for a lot. Cate Blanchett plays the young Elizabeth from the time she is nearly rendered headless by her half-sister Queen Mary (Kathy Burke) to her final ascension as the Virgin Queen. We are not to take that moniker literally. The Elizabeth on view here is a frolicker who knows how to dangle her spinsterhood before her panting suitors. She's a sexy queen, especially when she realizes she needs to ensure her power by lopping off a few heads of her own. The Indian director Shekhar Kapur and his screenwriter, Michael Hirst, would like us to see her as a feminist icon: She could do it all—dance the volta with her lover Robert Dudley (Joseph Fiennes) in full scandalous view of her court and lord it over the old fuds in Parliament. "I am no man's Elizabeth," she cries out while still in her marriageable mode. Later, she amends that: "I am married to England." Lucky England. (Rainer; 11/16/98) (2 hrs. 4 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; New York Twin; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Academy of Music Rose Cinemas; Pavilion Theatre.*

Enemy of the State—This film is set against the backdrop of top-secret government surveillance, and I suppose it's all meant to be Kafkaesque. But since this is a Jerry Bruckheimer production, it's more like Kafka on steroids. Gene Hackman (ostensibly Will Smith's co-star) doesn't even make it onto the wall until an hour into the show. He plays a kind of defrocked former CIA agent named Brill who knows all sorts of clever secret-agent-type things. Brill reluctantly surfaces to offer his aid when a Washington lawyer, Robert Clayton Dean (Smith), is targeted by rogue National Security Agency operatives under the command of Thomas Brian Reynolds (Jon Voight). Reynolds has already engineered the garroting of a senator (an unbilled Jason Robards) opposed to an over-the-top domestic snoop-and-spy bill. By accident, Dean finds himself in possession of a videotape of the murder, and runs for his life. If you're going to make a movie about how easy it is for our identities to be electronically stolen by the government, shouldn't you at least create people with identities worth stealing? The only character in the movie with any resonance is Brill, and that's largely because Hackman is playing him like a follow-up to his Harry Caul, the professional surveillance expert in *The Conversation*. (Rainer; 11/30/98) (2 hrs. 7 mins.; R) *Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–3; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Hylan Plaza.*

Gods and Monsters—The story of aging director James Whale (Ian McKellen) and his relationship with his lawn-boy, played by Brendan Fraser. With Lynn Redgrave. Written and directed by Bill Condon. Based on the novel *Father of Frankenstein*. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Brooklyn Academy of Music Rose Cinemas; Continental.*

Happiness—This scandalous American independent film, written and directed by Todd Solondz, is, of course, about misery. The characters try to make connections and wind up nowhere; they love the wrong person, the forbidden person; they degrade themselves, destroy other people. Each scene offers one or another aspect of the alleged anxiety and terror lurking beneath the respectable surface of middle-class life. A retired couple in their sixties (Ben Gazzara and Louise Lasser) have nothing left to say to one another. One of their daughters, Joy



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(Jane Adams), a scared, talentless girl, can't hold a job or a man. Her older sibling Helen, the slinky writer, is a parody of chic, attitudinizing success, a suburban Kathryn Harrison. The other sister, Trish, played by the gurgling Cynthia Stevenson, lives happily as an apple-pie-fascist mom, married to what seems to be a solid husband and dad—Bill (Dylan Baker). Bill lusts after little boys, perhaps even after his own little boy. Aren't the American suburbs a fairly easy target by now? Solondz subverts what has already been subverted. *Happiness* is a brilliant, disturbing, but unstable and half-crazy piece of work. (Denby; 10/19/98) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Home Fries—Drew Barrymore is a fast-food worker who gets pregnant by her married boss but falls in love with his son. With Luke Wilson (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II.*

I Still Know What You Did Last Summer—The teen horror continues, but this time the girls are college freshmen, on spring break in the Bahamas. Starring Jennifer Love-Hewitt and Brandy. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

I'll Be Home for Christmas—A comedy of errors in which Jonathan Taylor Thomas has to make it home for the holidays—or forfeit the Porsche his father has promised him. (1 hr. 26 mins.; PG) *Village East; Crown Gotham; Embassy 2–3; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre.*

The Last Emperor—The director's cut of Bernardo Bertolucci's 1987 epic about "Henry" Pu Yi, the last emperor of China. Winner of nine Academy Awards. Starring John Lone, Joan Chen, and Peter O'Toole. (3 hrs. 39 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Life Is Beautiful—An Italian Jew and his son are taken to a concentration camp at the end of World War II, and the father attempts to hide the horror through fun and games. Starring Roberto Benigni, Sergio Bustric, Nicoletta Braschi, and Giorgio Cantarini. In Italian, with subtitles. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Paris Theatre.*

Little Voice—A young girl who barely speaks but who can belt out impersonations of singing stars is persuaded to give a concert. Based on the play by Jim Cartwright. Starring Jane Horrocks, Brenda Blethyn, Michael Caine, and Ewan McGregor. Directed by Mark Herman. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Starts 12/4.*

★**Living Out Loud**—Two lonely people—Holly Hunter's Judith and Danny DeVito's Pat—find each other and feel less alone. Writer-director Richard LaGravanese keeps things open and a little messy, just like life. At the beginning, Judith finds herself suddenly single after years as the wife of a prominent cardiologist (Martin Donovan) who has dropped her for a younger woman. Pat is the doorman in Judith's co-op. He's been turned out by his wife after 25 years. They get friendly, but because their emotions are so up-front, we never think of their involvement in class terms. Standard movie romances are fond of bringing mismatches together; writer-director LaGravanese shows us why they might be kept apart. Judith and Pat are made for each other, but they may not be right for each other, and therein lies the rub of this rueful duet. (Rainer; 11/9/98) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 2–3; 72nd St. East; Lincoln Square; Cinemart.*

Festival
Born in Brussels

Seven of this year's best Belgian films (plus three classics) make their New York debuts during "Voices & Visions—New Films From Belgium." Two must-sees: 'Rosie,' the disturbing story of a neglected 12-year-old girl (Aranka Coppens, above) who takes a road trip and becomes a menace to society; and 'Le Bal Masqué,' first-time director Julien Vrebos's psychothriller based on an unsolved gang murder in the eighties. Starts December 4 at Quad Cinemas.

Lonely in America—A young Indian man comes to America to choose his own wife and finds it's not as easy as it seems. Starring Ranjit Chowdhry. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Thalia Theatre.*

Meet Joe Black—Joe (Brad Pitt) is Death personified. He manifests himself in human form in order to mingle with mortals, but he doesn't look like he's having a lick of fun. Then again, this isn't a comedy. Actually, it is, but the joke is on the filmmakers. At the outset, media tycoon William Parrish (Anthony Hopkins) is visited by Joe Black as the tycoon nears his 65th birthday. It seems Joe is curious to take a look around before he brings Bill into the Great Beyond. "I chose you for your excellence and your ability to instruct," he tells Bill early on. But what it really looks like to us is that Death digs the good life—not just Bill's daughter (Claire Forlani), but his sumptuous New York penthouse and Versailles-style country estate. Parrish specializes in dispensing greeting-card-style wisdom, like counseling his marriageable daughter Susan (Claire Forlani) to hold out for the right guy: "I know it's a cornball thought, but love is passion, obsession. Forget yourself and listen to your heart." Forget the heart; is anybody listening to this dialogue? Meet Joe Black is like a Hallmark card with elephantiasis. (Rainer; 11/9/98) (2 hrs. 54 mins.; R) *Ziegfeld; Beekman; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Crossbay II; Main Street Cinemas; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza.*

Psycho—Director Gus Van Sant's carbon-copy remake of Hitchcock's 1960 classic. With Vince Vaughn, Anne Heche, Julianne Moore, William H. Macy, and Viggo Mortensen. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Opens 12/4.*

Ringmaster—Two women catch their boyfriends cheating and drag them—and their lovers—to the Jerry Springer Show. Starring Molly Hagan, Wendy Raquel Robinson, and Jerry Springer. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Gemini; 62nd and Broadway; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Crossbay; Main Street Cinemas.*

The Rug Rats Movie—A new baby joins the Pickles family and sibling rivalry ensues. Based on the animated television show. Directed by Norton Virgien and Igor Kovalyov. (1 hr. 45 mins.; G) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; State; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza.*

Savior—Dennis Quaid is a diplomat living in Paris who, upon losing his family, decides to become a mercenary fighting on the Serbian side of the Bosnian war. With Nastassja Kinski. Directed by Predrag Antonijevic. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *59th Street East.*

Shattered Image—A thriller about a young woman who seems to be trapped between dream and reality. Starring William Baldwin, Anne Parillaud, Graham Greene, and Lisanne Falk. Directed by Raul Ruiz. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Starts 12/4.*

The Siege—This film starts out as a straightforward white-knuckler and ends up as a kind of paranoiac screed. In order to destroy what the FBI determines is an Arab terrorist threat in New York, the White House invokes martial law, and pretty soon upstanding Arab-Americans are being interned in detention camps and the Brooklyn Bridge is vibrating to the thwomp of Army combat boots. General William Devereaux (Bruce Willis) heads up the charge. It's all very p.c.: Denzel Washington's FBI terrorism-task-force chief, Anthony Hubbard, gets a Lebanese-American partner, Frank Haddad (Tony Shalhoub). We're also treated to an FBI-CIA face-off. Hub's nemesis, Elise Kraft (Annette Bening), is an undercover CIA operative who keeps interfering with his investigation. The paces these two are put through aren't on a much higher level than a standard TV cop series. An example of what can go wrong when talented people try to create a political thriller with ideas and still satisfy the box office. (Rainer; 11/16/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Continental; Crossbay II; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside.*

Steam: The Turkish Bath—A man inherits a Turkish bath from his aunt and discovers who she was and falls for the custodian's handsome son. Starring Alessandro Gassman. Directed by Ferzan Opetek. (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Storefront Hitchcock—British cult-rocker Robyn Hitchcock in concert. Directed by Jonathan Demme. (1 hr. 21 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

There's Something About Mary—The trouble with the Farrelly brothers is that in order to get a laugh, they dump on everybody and everything. It is the value of shock, of breaking taboos, of liberating secret fears. Ted (Ben Stiller) pines for high-school crush Mary (Cameron Diaz), so he sends a sleazy investigator, Healy (Matt Dillon), to spy on her. And of course Healy falls in love with her, too. When Healy visits Mary in her apartment, he falls into a misadventure with a dreadful little dog that is onto him. What Matt Dillon does to that dog is one of the wildest and funniest things in recent movie comedy. While watching this episode, we may feel we're being tested in some way. Do we have the honesty to admit that the abuse of a pesky little dog is funny? And we're tested again by Mary's brother, who is retarded. If you don't laugh at him, or at a man on crutches, or at a psychopathic hitchhiker, or at an old woman's withered breasts, then you stand accused of a craven obeisance to political correctness. And although I laughed at the poor dog, I didn't laugh at these other things. The insensitivity gets one down after a while. (Denby; 8/3/98) (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Continental.*

★**Touch of Evil**—Orson Welles's great 1958 thriller, which stars Welles, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh, and Joseph Calleia, is one of the most intellectually and emotionally demanding movies ever made in Hollywood. He overloads the medium: He shoots large round faces, three or more in a frame, from underneath the chins; he sends degraded, comical figures scurrying across the shadowed De Chirico landscapes of an arcaded Mexican border town; he builds conversations that contain allusions within allusions, each character sniffing like a hound at the scent of meaning. *Touch of Evil* is tough to sit through; it's a jammed, discordant, discomforting experience—a nightmare, in fact, but a nightmare that leaves in the wake of its many complications a moral significance of disturbing perversity and brilliance. Take a deep breath and enjoy it. (Denby; 9/21/98) (1 hr. 48 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Unmade Beds**—This is a maliciously funny satire of the New York singles scene—a joke about self-delusion and unhappiness—and it hurts. The talented British writer-director Nicholas Barker has created one of the more original movies of the year. He chose four single men and women and filmed them during the summer, fall, and winter of 1996–97. First, the subjects told him about their dating experiences in that period; Barker then mixed their actual words with inventions of his own, and they act themselves (with great skill). The funniest is Brenda Monte, a former lap dancer who needs money to keep up her mortgage payments. Mikey Russo is the tough-guy loner who lives in fear of being associated with a mutt. Aimee Copp, a young Valkyrie at 225 pounds, is desperately eager to get married, and she makes jokes out of her own misadventures. And Michael DeStefano, who is 40 and unmarried, is caught between resentment of the women who have rejected him and self-contempt. They are all caught in similar ways; it is, Barker implies, the common spiritual condition of hetero single life. But Barker allows these four the dignity of their unhappiness and in the end we build a kind of admiration for them. (Denby; 8/24/98) (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

Velvet Goldmine—Brian Slade (Jonathan Rhys Meyers) is a glamster who gets his first glimpse of glamdom Nirvana when he witnesses a concert by the Iggy Pop–ish American singer Curt Wild (Ewan McGregor) as he prances naked and dives through hoops of fire. Pretty soon Brian is a superstar himself, and Curt is on the junkie skids. Then Brian self-destructs, staging his own mock assassination during a concert and incurring the everlasting wrath of his fans when the hoax is revealed. He drops permanently from sight. None of this is as linear as it sounds, and since everyone in the movie has the approximate human weight of a hologram, we're not really motivated to fit together the puzzle pieces of their lives. Hollow is as hollow does. *Velvet Goldmine* should be more startling than it is. (Rainer; 11/16/98) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Crown Gotham.*

Very Bad Things—A bachelor weekend goes bad when the stripper is accidentally killed and a series of fatalities follow. Starring Christian Slater, Jeremy Piven, Cameron Diaz, Jon Favreau, Leland Orser, Daniel Stern, and Jeanne Tripplehorn. Written and directed by Peter Berg. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Murray Hill Cinemas; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay.*

Waking Ned Devine—Two old friends discover there's a lottery winner living in their small Irish town so they set about befriending their neighbor. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

The Waterboy—Adam Sandler is an accidental football star. With Kathy Bates. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; State; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza.*

The Wizard of Oz—The 1939 classic returns with digitally restored scenes and stereo sound. Starring Judy Garland, Ray Bolger, Bert Lahr, Jack Haley, Frank Morgan, Billie Burke, and Margaret Hamilton. Directed by Victor Fleming. (1 hr. 41 mins.; NR) *19th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Continental.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *American History X; Central Station; The Cruise; Life Is Beautiful; Waking Ned Devine.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Closed for renovations.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *The Last Emperor; Storefront Hitchcock; Touch of Evil.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *The Celebration; Gods and Monsters; Steam: The Turkish Bath.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *The Impostors.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (253-2225) *Citizen Kane; Dancing at Lughnasa; Enemy of the State; Home Fries; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; Meet Joe Black; Ringmaster; Saving Private Ryan; Very Bad Things.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Babe: Pig in the City; A Bug's Life; Celebrity; I'll Be Home For Christmas; Living Out Loud; The Siege.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Elizabeth; Pleasantville; The Rug Rats Movie; Velvet Goldmine; The Waterboy.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Call theater for showtimes.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Babe: Pig in the City; Celebrity; Elizabeth; The Rug Rats Movie; The Siege; The Wizard of Oz.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Enemy of the State; Living Out Loud; Very Bad Things; The Waterboy.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Beloved; Savior.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Celebrity.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *A Bug's Life; Waking Ned Devine; The Waterboy.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Celebrity.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Babe: Pig in the City; Belly; Home Fries; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; Ringmaster; The Siege.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *I'll Be Home For Christmas; Velvet Goldmine.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Gods and Monsters.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Enemy of the State.*

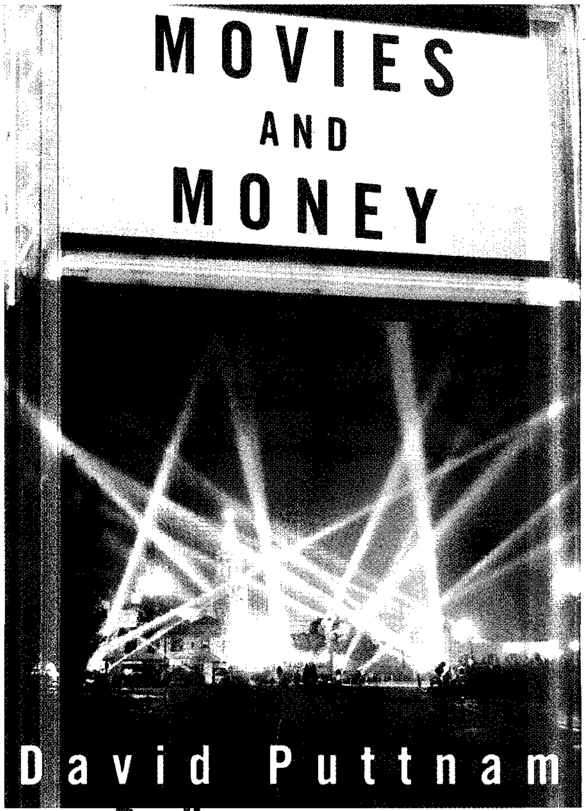
Embassy 2-3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Enemy of the State; I'll Be Home For Christmas; Living Out Loud.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *A Bug's Life.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Life Is Beautiful.*

State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (391-2900) *The Rug Rats Movie; Rush Hour; The Waterboy.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Enemy of the State.*



Reading Hollywood 101

Ever wonder why Hollywood's big-budget, lousy-scripted movies earn a whopping 80 percent of the box-office profits in Europe, while European films garner less than one percent of American box-office returns? Have you heatedly debated the roles of art and commerce in film while standing on line at the Angelika? David Puttnam, the witty British producer of such films as *Chariots of Fire* and *Midnight Express*—and the only European ever to head a Hollywood studio (briefly, at Columbia Pictures in the eighties)—addresses these issues in his new history of cinema, *Movies and Money.* At his December 3 reading at MOMA, he also promises to explain how America's lack of cultural pretension and its willingness to embrace marketing and distribution as part of the process of filmmaking helped Hollywood achieve global entertainment hegemony. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Armageddon; Blade; Halloween H20; Holy Man; The Impostors; The Opposite of Sex; Ronin; Rounders; Snake Eyes; Soldier.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Meet Joe Black.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Living Out Loud.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Babe: Pig in the City; Pleasantville; The Siege.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Closed for renovations.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Meet Joe Black.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *American History X; Babe: Pig in the City; Dancing at Lughnasa; Pleasantville; The Rug Rats Movie; The Siege; Very Bad Things; The Wizard of Oz.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Home Fries; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; Ringmaster.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Elizabeth.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *A Bug's Life; Celebrity; Enemy of the State; Home Fries; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; Meet Joe Black; The Waterboy; The Wizard of Oz.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Rug Rats Movie.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Ringmaster.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Babe: Pig in the City; Enemy of the State; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; The Siege; The Waterboy.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Celebration; Central Station; Dancing at Lughnasa; Gods and Monsters; Happiness.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Antz; A Bug's Life; Celebrity; Elizabeth; Home Fries; Living Out Loud; Meet Joe Black; Pleasantville; The Rug Rats Movie; Very Bad Things; Waking Ned Devine.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; Meet Joe Black.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Babe: Pig in the City; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; Ringmaster; The Rug Rats Movie.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; Ringmaster; The Rug Rats Movie.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *The Rug Rats Movie; The Siege.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *American History X.*

Thalia Theater—250 W. 95th St. (864-7700) *Lonely in America.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Babe: Pig in the City; A Bug's Life; Enemy of the State; Home Fries; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; Meet Joe Black; Ringmaster; The Rug Rats Movie; The Siege; Very Bad Things; The Waterboy.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Babe: Pig in the City; A Bug's Life; Enemy of the State; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; Ringmaster; The Rug Rats Movie; The Waterboy.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Babe: Pig in the City; A Bug's Life; Enemy of the State; Home Fries; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; Meet Joe Black; Ringmaster; The Rug Rats Movie; The Siege; Very Bad Things; The Waterboy.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Brooklyn Academy of Music Rose Cinemas—*The Celebration; Celebrity; Dancing at Lughnasa; Elizabeth; Gods and Monsters.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Babe: Pig in the City; Ringmaster; The Rug Rats Movie.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Babe: Pig in the City; Ringmaster; The Rug Rats Movie.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (277-0303) *Babe: Pig in the City; Belly; A Bug's Life; Enemy of the State; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; Meet Joe Black; Ringmaster; The Rug Rats Movie; The Siege; Very Bad Things; The Waterboy; The Wizard of Oz.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *I'll Be Home For Christmas; Ringmaster; The Rug Rats Movie; The Siege; The Waterboy.*

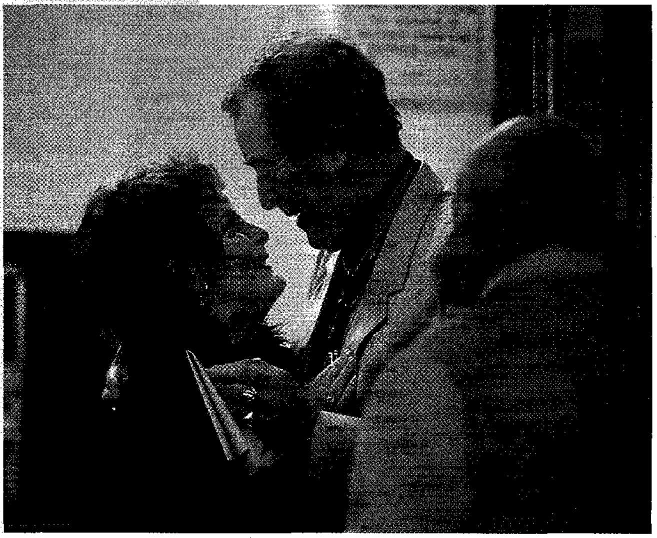
Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West (369-0838) *Babe: Pig in the City; A Bug's Life; Celebrity; Elizabeth; Enemy of the State; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; I'll Be Home For Christmas; Meet Joe Black; The Rug Rats Movie; The Siege; The Wizard of Oz.*

Talent

This Charming Man

You would expect Michael Caine to be tall and witty and self-deprecating and even, perhaps, practical (which he is: He wears padded Thorlo socks in his hand-sewn loafers). But you might not think the British screen cad could get sentimental about a beautiful story. The combination is very appealing. As he talks about his latest film, the almost-perfect *Little Voice* (opening December 4), Caine's Cockney baritone even grows dreamy as he describes the best part they left out (in which a wonderfully cruel Brenda Blethyn reacts to learning that her nonspeaking daughter has agoraphobia) and the best part they kept in (when a shy Ewan McGregor tries to explain his homing-pigeon hobby). Caine (below, with the overheated Blethyn) is even soft on his latest low-life character, washed-up talent agent Ray Say. Ray Say is a man who finally finds his pot of gold in a girl named Little Voice (Jane Horrocks) who can't talk in public but who can hole up in her room and do spot-on impersonations of Billie Holiday, Marilyn Monroe, and Judy Garland. "I've never played anyone quite as vicious and conniving and self-centered as he is," says Caine. "Plus, he is *such a loser*! When I first came into this business, I met so many Ray Says. There's a little bit of Ray Say in all agents, I think." He laughs (he has a great laugh), then furrows his brow. "There was one scene when I got a bit worried about the part: when I started on Brenda's character about how unattractive she was. I think it's one of the most vicious speeches I've ever heard from a man to, shall we say, a lady of a certain age. It was a *bugger* to do." Ray Say's shining moment comes when, in one incredible seven-and-a-half-minute take, he tenderly convinces Little Voice to appear *just once* in front of an audience (even though she's never left the house before) by comparing her to a bluebird. "It's my favorite speech I've ever made in a movie," the 65-year-old actor says wistfully. "The bluebird speech. Yes." Caine is particularly proud of the scene, not just because of how good he is in it but because of its length. "I thought, 'Great! My memory's not going!' Hah-*hah*! 'Cause sometimes you go, 'Where'd I put my watch?' And you go, 'Oh, cripes! Am I having a senior moment?' " His voice booms again. "I'm taking ginkgo pills because I can't remember where I put my watch, and then I do a seven-and-a half-minute take. So I know I'm okay." As if he needed proof.

Patricia Falvo



Photograph by Laurie Sparham/Miramax Films.

Documentary War Stories

In 'My Knees Were Jumping: Remembering the Kindertransports,' survivors from among the 10,000 Jewish children who were shipped to safety from pre–World War II Germany recall—with the help of riveting newsreels and old photos—what they hoped was just a temporary adventure. It wasn't: Most of them never saw their families again. Starts December 2 at Anthology Film Archives.

Photograph from Anthology Film Archives.

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Babe: Pig in the City; A Bug's Life; Home Fries; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; The Rug Rats Movie.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Babe: Pig in the City; A Bug's Life; Enemy of the State; Home Fries; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; Meet Joe Black; The Rug Rats Movie; The Siege; Very Bad Things.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Enemy of the State; Home Fries; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; Meet Joe Black; The Rug Rats Movie; The Siege.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *A Bug's Life; Enemy of the State; Home Fries; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; The Rug Rats Movie; The Waterboy.*

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *A Bug's Life; Enemy of the State; Living Out Loud; The Rug Rats Movie; The Waterboy.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Gods and Monsters; Pleasantville; The Siege; There's Something About Mary; The Wizard of Oz.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Enemy of the State; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; Ringmaster.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Antz; Babe: Pig in the City; A Bug's Life; Home Fries; Meet Joe Black; The Rug Rats Movie; The Siege; The Waterboy.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Babe: Pig in the City; Enemy of the State; The Rug Rats Movie.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Babe: Pig in the City; Enemy of the State; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; Meet Joe Black; Ringmaster; The Rug Rats Movie; The Waterboy.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *American History X; Babe: Pig in the City; Celebrity; Elizabeth; Home Fries; Life Is Beautiful; Meet Joe Black; Ringmaster; Very Bad Things.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Babe: Pig in the City; A Bug's Life; Celebrity; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; The Rug Rats Movie; The Siege; The Waterboy.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Celebration; Living Out Loud; Pleasantville.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Babe: Pig in the City; The Rug Rats Movie.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; Meet Joe Black; The Rug Rats Movie; The Siege.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Antz; Babe: Pig in the City; A Bug's Life; Enemy of the State; Home Fries; I Still Know What You Did Last Summer; I'll Be Home For Christmas; Meet Joe Black; The Rug Rats Movie; Very Bad Things; The Waterboy; The Wizard of Oz.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *A Bug's Life; Enemy of the State; Meet Joe Black; The Rug Rats Movie; The Waterboy.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) .

Museums, Societies, Etc.

A Different Light—12/6: *Witness for the Prosecution* (1957). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

American Museum of Natural History—"Healing: Cultural Perspectives." Methods and issues of healing in diverse cultures explored through film. 12/5–6: Documentaries from Italy. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5305). $7 members; $8 non-members.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"The Power of Glamour." Through 1/3: Films starring eleven actresses who were put under contract by their studios to be built into glamour queens. 12/5: *Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise* (1931). 12/5–12/6: *Ninotchka* (1939). 12/6: *My Man Godfrey* (1936). AMMI: 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—"Premiere." Through 12/7: *Cracking Up* (1994). "New Filmmakers Series." 12/3: *House of Science* (1997), *Echo Off* (1997), and *Elvis* (1998). "Premiere." 12/3–12/13: *My Knees Were Jumping* (1996). "Learning From John Cassavetes." 12/4: *A Woman Under the Influence* (1975). 12/4–12/5: *Mikey and Nicky* (1976). 12/5–12/6: *A Child Is Waiting* (1963) and *Shadows* (1959). 12/6: *Minnie and Moscowitz* (1971) and *Killing of a Chinese Bookie* (1976). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Master Filmmakers of Iran." Through January 24, 1999. 12/6: *O.K. Mister* (1978) and *Bamboo Fence* (1976). 12/13: *Nargess* (1992). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6; $4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

Cinema Classics—"A 70s Retrospective." 12/1: *Cisco Pike* (1972) and *Straight Time* (1978). Single or double feature $5. 332 E. 11th St.; call 675-6692 for info.

Donnell Media Center—"All Hands On Deck: Cinema of the Sea." 12/2: *Old Ironsides* (1926). 12/9: *The Seas Beneath* (1931). "Commemorating CBS News." 12/3: *16 in Webster Groves* (1966) and *Webster Groves Revisited* (1966). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—"Two shorts by Koto Bolofo." 12/2–12/7: *The Land Is White, The Seed Is Black* (1996) and *African Violet* (1997). "Edgar G. Ulmer." 12/1: *American Matchmaker* (1940) and *The Singing Blacksmith* (1938). 12/2–12/3: *Green Fields* (1939). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"Iranian Cinema." Through 12/3: A retrospective of Dariush Mehrjui, pre-1979 selections, and contemporary films from Iran. "Spanish Cinema Now." 12/4–31: Thirteen new Spanish films and a ten-film Manuel Gutiérrez Aragón retrospective. "Movies for Kids." 12/5–6: *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers* (1954). Call 875-5600 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$15.

French Institute—"Catherine Deneuve: A Retrospective." 12/1: *Le Sauvage* (1975) and *Les Créatures* (1966). 12/8: *Les Voleurs* (1996). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7.

Guggenheim Museum—"French Cinema, 1958–1998." 12/2 and 12/4: *Ici et ailleurs* (1976) and *Moi, un noir* (1958). 12/2: *In the Land of the Deaf* (1992). 12/4: *Muriel* (1963). 12/5: *The Samurai* (1967) and *India Song* (1975). Peter B. Lewis Theater, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3587). Tickets free with admission.

Japan Society—12/4: *Dr. Akagi* (1998). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $5 members, $8 nonmembers, students, and senior citizens.

Museum of Modern Art—"Cinema Novo and Beyond." Through 1/22: Forty years of Brazilian films, totaling 59 features and 16 shorts. "René Clair in France." 12/5: *The Grand Maneuver* (1955). 12/6: *The Last Millionaire* (1934). "New Documentaries." 12/3: *Kisangani Diary* (1997). "Big as Life." 12/3: *The Filmers Almanac* (1988). "Readings and Special Film Presentations." 12/3: David Puttnam reads from his new book, *Movies and Money* (1998). 12/4: J. Hoberman reads from his collection of essays *The Red Atlantis.* "Special Screenings." 12/4: *Aelita* (1924) and *My Friend Ivan Lapshin* (1982). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

N.Y. Exposition of Short Film & Video—12/2–6: A selection of 56 award-winning short films from around the world. Admission $6. Call the festival hotline (505-7742) for info. At The New School's Tishman Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5488).

New York Film Buffs—12/1: *The Headhunter's Sister* with director Scott Saunders. 7 P.M., E. L. Tinker Auditorium, French Institute/Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. $25. Call 807-0126 for info.

Symphony Space—"The United Artists Adventure." 12/1: *New York, New York* (1977) and *The Last Waltz* (1978). 2537 Broadway, at 96th St. (864-5400); $8, $5 members.

The Screening Room—Friday and Saturday at midnight: *Unmade Beds* (1998). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Call theatre for info. 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Voices & Visions: New Films From Belgium—12/4–12/10: Ten recent Belgian films. Call the festival hotline (591- 1135) for more info. Tickets $8; students $6; senior citizens $5. At Quad Cinemas, 34 W. 13th St. (255-8800).

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 12/5–6: *The Ballad of Narayama* (1958). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

theater

Brandon Teena...Hope for the Drama Dept.

Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Blue Room—Nicole Kidman—!!!—and Iain Glen each play five roles in David Hare's adaptation of *La Ronde,* Arthur Schnitzler's classic story of interconnected couples and sexual anxieties. London critics found Kidman's performance—and body, which in parts of this play is barely clad at all—to die for. $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 12/13 opening. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Electra—Zoë Wanamaker has so far electrified audiences in London and Princeton with her interpretation of Agamemnon's grieving, vengeful daughter; she's likely to do the same thing here, in this new production of Sophocles' play, adapted by Frank McGuinness, who updated last season's Tony-winning *A Doll's House.* Also starring Claire Bloom. $35–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 12/3 opening. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Parade—This new musical joins two formidable forces in the theater—director Hal Prince (*Sweeney Todd, Kiss of the Spider Woman,* the original *Cabaret*) and writer Alfred Uhry (*Driving Miss Daisy, The Last Night of Ballyhoo*). The seemingly un-songworthy subject, the wrongful lynching of a factory manager for the murder of a young white girl, is what one would expect of Prince; the context, Jewish Atlanta in the early part of this century, is what one would expect of Uhry. Newcomer Jason Robert Brown did the music. Brent Carver stars. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 12/17 opening. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reseeing the play with a new British cast was eye-opening. Brian Cox, Henry Goodman, and David Haig work wonders. (Simon: 3/16/98 and 10/5/98.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Toni Braxton plays the girl; James Barbour plays the (hairy) boy. Lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh's Drama Desk Award–winning drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Bring In 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African-Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Robert Brill resuscitates a very functional but also eye-catching set. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Starring Jennifer Jason Leigh and Alan Cumming. $25–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8:00, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200).*

Chicago—Revisiting this splendid production two years later presents three big obstacles. As Velma, the German star Ute Lemper cannot duplicate Bebe Neuwirth's devastating sardonicism, sprightly kittenishness, and superhuman timing. On Lempert, Neuwirth's demeanor and delivery sit like a sailor suit on Grandma Moses. Similarly, Karen Ziemba, a lovely dancer and likable singer, radiates innocent chirpiness that is all wrong for Roxie, so magisterially created by Ann Reinking, brassily sexy and silkenly skewering. The fussy oiliness of Tom McGowan, the new Amos, simply flops. Still, there are compensations. You now pay more attention to the glittering ensemble work of the rest, and relish the new and even better Mary Sunshine of R. Bean. (Simon: 11/30/98.) $20–$75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Fool Moon—That brilliant bit of physical tomfoolery from Bill Irwin (gentleman wag) and David Shiner (naughty wag) returns. Suckers for Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton should make reservations now—and brace themselves for the prospect of gentle public humiliation. $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. The kids sing the same Kenny Loggins and Tom Snow songs. And they recite anxious-teen dialogue by the same screenwriter, Dean Pitchford. Let's hear it for the boy! $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

I'm Still Here . . . Damn It!—Sandra Bernhard returns with the one-woman show that enraptured audiences last season at the Westbeth. She promises there'll be a lot of new material in this version, but its essence—catty, chatty, batty—should remain the same. $35–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Opening
Weathering Heights

GAle GAtes, the up-up-up-and-coming DUMBO *theater company with a stunning flair for the visual, presents 'Tilly Losch,' the story of a nineteenth-century woman who travels up-up-up-and-away in a balloon over a mountainous landscape. The piece draws on a painting by Joseph Cornell for inspiration; it also includes traces of 'Casablanca' and various works by Andrew Wyeth. Most gloriously, the crew has a 40,000-square-foot performance space to get lost in—perfect for the theme of flight. Opens December 4. Call 718-522-4597 for tickets ($15 and $25) and more information.*

Photograph by Michael Counts.

Previews Unlimited Inc.

Sometimes, it's the people with a natural gift for order, the ones who see the deeper, logical structure of things, who feel the most comfortable with chaos. Frank Pugliese got an 800 on his math SATs. He was always the first one to leave the room after an impossible test in trig. In calculus, where others saw a jumbled seascape of numbers and scribbles, he saw pictures—glowing, gorgeous, and distinct representations of the dimensional world. "I'd say to myself, 'Oh my God!,' " he explains. " 'That looks like a bell jar!' " Yet when Pugliese went to Cornell (on a math scholarship, naturally), he found he was more interested in deconstruction, the messy philosophy then infiltrating the curricula of America's English departments, and he majored in theater as well as math. This season, he has already directed one play (*Hesh*, at Naked Angels), is currently directing another (*Some Voices*, at New Group), and is writing three simultaneously—the first of which begins previews December 2, courtesy of the Drama Dept. It's called *Hope Is the Thing With Feathers*. "I knew this was not the right way to do things," says Pugliese, a 35-year-old Gravesend native. His accent is so Brooklyn-thick it could slather a hot dog. "I was just so jazzed . . ." Jazzed, that is, after the positive reviews came in for his *Aven'u Boys*, presented by Naked Angels six years ago. To make matters even more complicated for himself, Pugliese decided to write *Hope* in an unfamiliar style. The play is a collage, in a way, with three couples all declaiming their problems and yearnings in an expressionist, overlapping fugue. It lacks—you guessed it—a traditional structure. "I know how to actually make a scene work," he swears. "And none of that knowledge is in this play, because I'm trying abstract stuff." He sounds genuinely worried. He lets out a rueful sigh. "It might be a postmodern nightmare, at the end of the day. Who knows?" Well, the Drama Dept., which has an impeccable track record and (therefore) a whole lot riding on this coming season, doesn't seem to think so. And as the play progresses, one can definitely see in it a certain logic. "I have a puzzle mentality," says Pugliese. "There are three pieces in the play. Then they come together." He ponders that for a moment. "It's a very mathematical equation."

Jennifer Senior

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4747).*

Little Me—Neil Simon tailor-made the book of this Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh musical for Sid Caesar, and Martin Short—with his quick-molting skin and rubbery face—is an Antony to Caesar if ever there was one. Watch as he tears through the roles of Noble Eggleston (doctor, lawyer, governor of both Dakotas), Amos Pinchley (miser), Otto Schnitzler (Hollywood despot), and four others, while Faith Prince sails along as his belle Belle from Drifter's Row. $75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout Theatre Company's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

On the Town—With the exception of its dance numbers, this revival received mostly enthusiastic notices when the Public Theatre mounted it in Central Park two seasons ago. The show now opens on Broadway, newly choreographed, with the entire cast intact. (Hello, sailors!) They're a mostly unknown bunch—as befits the musical that gave Jerome Robbins, Leonard Bernstein, Betty Comden, and Adolph Green their Broadway debuts—but they're also an energetic one, as befits the story of a trio of sailors on shore leave. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

Peter Pan—This is a story about a boy who never grows up; Cathy Rigby, bless her, has also not outgrown her role. She's back, for a third time, flyin' and asking the kiddies to clap till their hands are raw. $25–$75. Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6:30, though schedule often varies; call for specific showtimes. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, at 45th St. (307-4100).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—The show about romance, honor, the French Revolution, and, most important, fabric. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton has recently revised her book, adapted from Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Douglas Sills stars. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Side Man—This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen and the waitress who beds or marries some of them. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven actors in a production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) With Christian Slater. $25–$60. Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. Uh-huh. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200).*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker plays the nun turned governess, and Dennis Parlato plays the widower captain. $50–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened 3/12/98.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Swan Lake—Ordinarily a white plague of tutus and tulle, this new interpretation of Tchaikovsky's ballet by Matthew Bourne is decidedly *noir*, and the swans are all male. London loved it. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Bosoms and Neglect—John Guare's tragicomic story of a blind old woman, her pathologically anxious son, and her equally troubled daughter. Starring Mary Louise Wilson, David Aaron Baker, and Katie Finneran; directed by Nicholas Martin, who so marvelously directed Wilson in *Full Gallop*. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 12/1 for a 12/13 opening. *Signature Theatre Company, 555 W. 42nd St. (244-PLAY)*

A Christmas Carol—The MSG perennial returns, this time with Roger Daltrey (who?) as Scrooge. $19–$80. Schedule varies; call for details. In previews for a 12/4 opening. *Theatre at Madison Square Garden, 4 Pennsylvania Plaza (307-4111).*

Opening
Nine Meets 8½

Mario Fratti, whose book for the 1982 musical *Nine* was ultimately surrendered to Arthur Kopit, now gets a second crack at the story of Fellini's life and loves, this time in a straight play called *Passionate Women*, opening at La MaMa December 3. For tickets ($12) and more information, call 475-7710.

A Couple of Blaguards—Frank and Malachy McCourt's stage version of their growing-up story, performed by actors Mickey Kelly and Shay Duffin. $40–$42.50. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 12/14 opening. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Freedomland—Amy Freed's Pulitzer-nominated, neurotic new comedy about sibling rivalry starring Veanne Cox. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 12/16 opening. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Hope Is the Thing With Feathers—Three couples—one young, one middle-aged, one old—tell their stories of suffering and yearning in a collage of styles. Written by Frank Pugliese; presented by the Drama Dept. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 9:30. Previews begin 12/2 for a 12/9 opening. *Greenwich House Theater, 27 Barrow St. (541-8441).*

Mercy—A new play by Laura Cahill about the assorted loves, neuroses, and aspirations of four young New Yorkers. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 12/9 opening. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

The Most Fabulous Story Ever Told—The New York Theatre Workshop presents the newest play by Paul Rudnick, wicked author of *Addams Family Values, In & Out,* and various bits of acclaimed gay fantasia. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 8. In previews for a 12/10 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Spread Eagle—Brian Murray stars in this new drama about a celebrated stage actor who abandons his career and hies down to Mexico. Written by Jim Luigs. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 12/8 opening. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

Stop Kiss—Diana Son's new play about a smart, single woman whose world flips upside-down when she falls in love with another woman. Starring Jessica Hecht. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 12/6 opening. *The Public's Shiva Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

All Under Heaven—Valerie Harper stars as Pearl S. Buck, the first American woman to win the Nobel Prize for literature. Written by Harper and Dyke Garrison. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Chaim's Love Song—A new play by Marvin Chernoff about the relationship between a young Irish woman and a retired mailman. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-6322).*

Collected Stories—Donald Margulies's almost-Pulitzer-winning play about the complex friendship between a protégée and her mentor. Uta Hagen and Lorca Simons star. $42.50–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Communicating Doors—A devilishly cunning prestidigitator, this Alan Ayckbourn! In this, the forty-ninth of his 53 plays, he combines three genres: the drawing-room comedy, the thriller, and the time-tripping fantasy. He manages to get them roisterously into one another's hair, exactly as entangled as he wants them at any skittish moment. We are in the same Regal Hotel suite in 2018, 1998, and 1978. But this is no standard hotel suite. Its communicating doors to the next suite are a whirling time machine with which the two female protagonists can time-travel. What the two women struggle to achieve is to change history: to undo two murders. (Simon: 9/7/98.) Starring Anne Bobby, Patricia Hodges, and Candy Buckley. $25–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., at 13th St. (239-6200).*

De la Guarda: Villa Villa—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Degenerate Art—Irondale Ensemble reprises its ambitious project from last spring, re-creating tableaux of "corrupting" artworks banned by the Reich in 1937. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 9th St. (633-1292).*

Dinah Was—Before dying at age 39, Dinah Washington, who immortalized "Come Rain or Come Shine" and other hummable lovelies, became the first black woman to appear on the pop charts. Lillias White tells and sings her story. $25–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (307-4100).*

Duet!—Adobe Theatre's spoof of a fifties romance—in which dead frogs, talking trees, and Mandarin renditions of "Anything Goes" all come mysteriously into play. $20–$45. Mon., Tues., and Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8:15; Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15; Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell wrote and stars in this rock concert–cum–musical, in which a German transsexual achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. With Stephen Trask and his band, Cheater. $39.50–$49.50. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Impossible Marriage—Holly Hunter reassumes her rightful place on the New York stage in this new play by Beth Henley (*Crimes of the Heart*). The Wilde-influenced comedy concerns two sisters, one on the cusp of a bad marriage and one already in one, and the havoc this awkward situation wreaks. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Through 1/10. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Killer Joe—Amanda Plummer and Scott Glenn, pleasures both on stage and screen, star in Tracy Letts's new (and first) play about a dysfunctional family in a Texas trailer park. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

The Memory of Water—Three sisters are reunited after their mother's death in this new play by British playwright Shelagh Stephenson. John Tillinger directs. $36. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage II, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

The Miser—The Pearl Theatre Company revives

Photograph by Barney Yates.

Opening
Encores!

The Present Company, which has almost single-handedly revived the theatrical tradition of the Lower East Side, now revives two gender-bending pleasers from last summer: 'Damage and Desire,' Kate Moira Ryan's satire of gay and lesbian journalism, and 'Brandon Teena,' Leigh Silverman's docudrama about the young Nebraska woman who was murdered for living as a man. The double bill opens December 1. For tickets ($12) and more information, call 420-8877.

Molière's tale of Harpagon, the skinflinty geezer who swindles his own son and tries to palm off his daughter to the first man who doesn't require a dowry. $20–$33. Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Place (598-9802).*

The Mystery of Irma Vep—The late Charles Ludlam's penny-dreadful vehicle for himself, Everett Quinton, and a glistening mound of wigs. Quinton returns for this repeat engagement with the young actor Stephen DeRosa. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theater, 407 W. 43nd St. (239-6200).*

A Night in November—Dan Gordon returns as Kenneth McCallister, plus his many friends and relations, in Marie Jones's super-acclaimed show about the strife in Northern Ireland. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Nunsense A-Men!—Must be habit-forming. An all-male version of the Off Broadway's second-longest-running musical. Music, book, and lyrics by Dan Goggin. $30–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

The Old Settler—John Henry Redwood's 1995 play about two sisters, both middle-aged, and the effects a young boarder has on their relationship when he tries to woo one of them out of their Harlem tenement. Starring the very fine Leslie Uggams. $30–$35. Wed. at 2 and 8, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 1/2. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe Pietro about the meddling efforts of four Italian-American grandparents to change the life of their grandson. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Power Plays—A series of three one-act comedies, written by Alan Arkin and Elaine May and starring their children. $35–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that will likely stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Sakina's Restaurant—Writer and performer Aasif Mandvi dramatizes the Indian immigrant experience through his tale of working in a restaurant on East Sixth Street. $30. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. Nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 321 W. 44th St. (799-4599).*

The Shaughraun—The Irish Rep. revives this 1874 Boucicault melodrama (complete with the forbidden passion, swordplay, and damsels in distress) to open its tenth season. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Sweatshop—Janet Sarno stars in a drama by Louis LaRusso II about female sewing-machine workers attempting to unionize in 1958 Hoboken. $25–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Chernuchin Theatre, 314 W. 54th St. (279-4200).*

This Is Our Youth—Kenneth Lonergan's play concerns smooth Dennis, a school dropout and drug dealer; his friend the dopey and klutzy Warren Straub, who shows up with a suitcase full of his prized possessions and fifteen grand he swiped from his remarried old man; and Jessica Goldman, a stylish and mildly promiscuous design student, summoned to be Warren's companion. A world is conjured up. It is observed and overheard with spine-tingling accuracy, captured with microscopic vision, perfect-pitch hearing, and scalpellike penetration. Mark Ruffalo is the perfect Warren, down to his nonchalant way with his motto, "Whatever." Missy Yager is a gem of a Jessica. Mark Brokaw's direction remains exemplary, as incisive and inventive as the writing, a model of underpropping without overbearing. When the comedy turns serious, the transition is flawless and shattering. $40. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (787-3392).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Waiting for Godot—This is CSC doing what it does best—Beckett—and with a first-rate cast. John Turturro plays Estragon, Christopher Lloyd plays Pozzo, and Tony Shalhoub plays Vladimir. $25–$33. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (677-4210).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. It is a dazzling and humane play you will remember till your dying day, and especially then, thanks also to a near-flawless production. First, Kathleen Chalfant, a Vivian Bearing of power and vulnerability, commanding intelligence and compelling irony. Add a supporting cast in which all shine. For this alone, Edson should be handed the Harvard English department. (Simon: 9/28/98.) $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

Zora Neale Hurston—A revival of Laurence Holder's 1990 hit about the author, social critic, and queen of the Harlem Renaissance. $15–$35. Tues., Wed., Thurs. and Sat. at 2, Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Off-Off Broadway

Baby Redboots' Revenge—An encore presentation of Philip-Dimitri Galas's ode to a doomed child-star, destined forever to life in a polka band. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3. Through 12/20. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Elliot Loves—A revival of Jules Feiffer's 1989 play (originally directed by Mike Nichols) about the comic struggle a couple goes through when She's introduced to His Friends. Directed by Marie Masters. $16. Wed.–Sun. at 8. Through 12/20. *Orenda Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (695-0349).*

The Goof Family Christmas Special—A clown show that spoofs every cloying holiday chestnut: *A Christmas Carol, The Nutcracker, It's a Wonderful Life.* $15. Wed.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 12/13. *Arclight Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (591-0028).*

Loot—Joe Orton's soot-black comedy about a fellow who hides his mother's corpse in the closet, in order to hide some stolen cash in her coffin. Performed by Cocteau Rep. $12–$30. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3, some Weds. at 8. Through 2/12. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $20–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (307-4100).*

Morning, Noon, & Night—Spalding Gray returns with his work-in-progress, still in progress, about twenty-four hours in his newly anchored (but still neurotic) life. $20. Mon. at 8. Through 12/21. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Snakebit—The playwriting début of David Marshall Grant, who did a memorable star turn as Joe Pitt in *Angels in America.* A Los Angeles social worker's life unstrings when two friends from New York show up, unannounced, at his door. Presented by the estimable Naked Angels. $12. Thurs. and Fri. at 8. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (479-7304).*

So, I Killed a Few People—Archie Nunn, convicted serial killer, has just one last request before he dies: to put on a one-man show. Presented by the Annoyance Theater, creators of *The Real Live Brady Bunch.* $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 12/20. *Piano Store, 158 Ludlow St. (420-1466).*

Symphonie Fantastique—Puppeteer Basil Twist dances his loony creations around a 500-gallon tank. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 10:30, Sun. at 5. Through 1/3. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (647-0202).*

Photograph by Dixie Sheridan.

art

Parisian Cabarets and the Avant-Garde

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Dimitri Hadzi—Recent bronze sculptures and monoprints; through 12/30. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888).

John Marin—More than 60 works by the American Modernist, many of which have not been seen by the public since they were first exhibited at Alfred Stieglitz's 291 Gallery; through 1/8/99. York, 21 E. 65th St. (772-9155).

Knox Martin—Recent large-scale abstract paintings that continue the artist's use of overlapping forms and juxtapositions of high-key colors; through 2/28/99. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

John Moore—New paintings of views of Tel Aviv that were begin in the fall of 1997 when the artist was working in Israel at the invitation of the Tel Aviv Museum of Art; through 12/31. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

57th Street Area

Nell Blaine—Paintings made over the past twenty years by the second-generation New York School artist (1922–1996), and a group of watercolors completed over the last two years of her life, including landscapes of Gloucester, Massachusetts, and New York's Riverside Park, and interiors with bouquets; through 12/30. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

Ross Bleckner—New paintings that are built up of numerous "cells" of paint and suggest chromosomes, strands of DNA, and microorganisms; through 12/19. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

Luis Caballero—Works on paper depicting the male nude; through 12/23. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

Laurent de Brunhoff—Sketches and studies for illustrations that appeared in the artist's thirteen books chronicling the adventures of the elephant Babar; through 12/24. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Frederick Kiesler/Leon Polk Smith—A series of paintings called the *Horse Galaxy* that was completed by the architect in 1954/Abstract paintings from the fifties. Through 12/24. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Gabriel Orozco—New large-scale sculptures, photographs, drawings, and video works; through 1/9/99. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Irving Petlin—Recent pastels, oil paintings, and drawings dedicated to the memory of the art historian Meyer Schapiro; through 1/9/99. Krugier, 755-7288).

Lucas Samaras—New works, including jewelry, X-ray-film portraits, and pencil drawings; through 1/2/99. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Ena Swansea/Alison Wilding—New paintings of plantlike images that appear to be back-lit/New sculpture. Through 1/5/99. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Stephen Antonakos—Early assemblages and neon constructions, including the artist's minimalist sculpture *Blue Box,* made in 1965; through 12/26. Algus, 25 Thompson St. (966-1758).

Arman—An installation of four black grand pianos that have been systematically divided into fragments; through 1/9/99. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Francis Bacon—Paintings by the late British artist dating from 1950 to 1991 that have not been previously exhibited; through 1/16/99. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Christian Bonnefoi—Recent abstract paintings; through 12/30. Rosenberg+Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (431-4838).

Kim Dingle—Paintings and sculpture chronicling the tomboyish adventures of two girls named Fatty and Fudge; through 12/19. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Jackie Ferrara/Judith Turner—An installation by the sculptor that transforms the gallery's walls into colored arches/Photographs of nature and architecture. Through 12/24. Taylor TZ' Art, 470 Broome St. (966-9059).

Karen Gunderson—Paintings that are primarily black and depict kings from various points in history, among them King David, King Alfred of England, Louis XIV of France, and King Boris of Bulgaria; through 12/19. Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Gudrun Kristjansdottir—Paintings of the Icelandic landscape that reduce it to its simplest formal elements; through 1/9/99. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Dinh Q. Lê/Ilona Granet—New photographs and a video of an exhibition/performance, *Damaged Gene,* that took place in Ho Chi Minh City in August 1998/Vases inspired by the tradition of Wedgwood and paintings depicting scenes of the upper class in various activities. Through 12/23. P.P.O.W., 476 Broome St. (941-8642).

Kim MacConnel—New paintings, photographs, sculpture, and 50 works on paper that represent the artist's investigations into all of the world's cultures; through 12/31. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Norm Magnusson—Paintings of buffalo, wild turkey, grizzly bear, and other American animals in allegories that emphasize man's role in the disappearance of wildlife; through 12/23. Bridgewater/Lustberg, 560 Broadway (941-6355).

Suzanne McClelland—New paintings and drawings that explore language; through 12/31. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

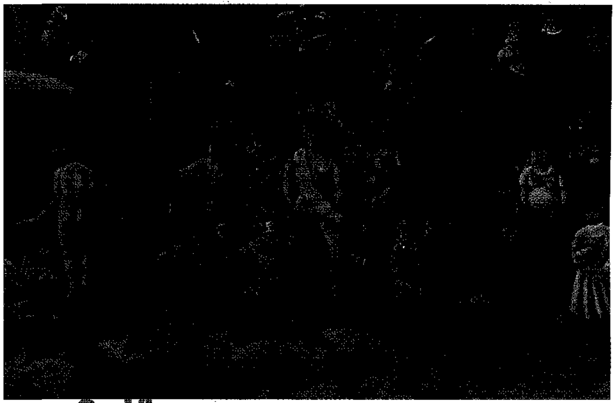
Roxie Munro—Paintings depicting views of New York looking north from the artist's Union Square studio; through 1/9/99. Ingbar, 568 Broadway (334-1100).

Adrian Piper—A work made in the early seventies that comprises performance, documentations of performances, cartoons published in *The Village Voice,* and drawings on photographs that document the evolution of a creature called "The Mythic Being"; through 1/16/99. Erben, 476 Broome St. (966-5283).

Sam Reveles—New paintings, each of which depict an underpainting of a likeness of representational painting from art history overlaid with clusters of dense color; through 12/19. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Mia Westerlund Roosen—Recent sculpture, including a 70-foot wall piece that spans the length of the gallery; through 1/9/99. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Rémy Zaugg—A series of silk-screen paintings that depict layers of words; through 1/16/99. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).



On View

Art From the Heart

Although their styles are varied and they were born between 1900 and 1960, the seventeen Salvadoran artists whose paintings make up "Gods, Spirits and Legends: Twentieth-Century Art in El Salvador" share a deep preoccupation with national identity, religious devotion, and life and death (above, Ana Maria Martinez's 'Dionysus Feast,' 1997). At El Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Avenue, between 104th and 105th Streets; through February 28, 1999.

Photograph courtesy of Museo Del Barrio.

Chelsea

William Cotton—Paintings that depict prototypical American lower-income housing as constructed from gingerbread, candy, ice cream, and other sweets; through 12/23. Silverstein, 520 W. 21st St. (929-4300).

Richard Devore/Byron Kim—Black-glazed clay pots/Reductive paintings of skyscapes and seascapes in Ireland; 12/2–1/2/99. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Thornton Dial/Larry Gianettino—Recent large-scale textured paintings on wood panels by the self-taught artist/Large color photographs of very small objects. Through 1/16/99. Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (627-4819).

Neil Farber—Ink and watercolor drawings populated by robots, cats, soldiers, and vampires; 12/3–1/9/99. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (243-5937).

Hamish Fulton/Valentina Crisera—Works inspired by the British artist's recent walks, including wall texts, wooden objects, and ribbon pieces/Alabaster sculptures incised with drawings. Through 12/23. Weber, 529 W. 20th St. (691-5711).

Joanne Greenbaum—New paintings; through 12/23. D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. (352-9460).

Howard Hodgkin—Hand-painted prints from the sixties through the nineties; through 12/24. Kempner, 501 W. 23rd St. (206-6872).

Prudencio Irazabal—Recent abstract paintings whose blurred grids and layered colors suggest a photographic process; through 12/22. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (645-1701).

David Jakim—Paintings of urban landscapes; through 1/9/99. Billis, 526 W. 26th St. (645-2621).

Suzanne Joelson—A series of paintings titled "Family" in which poured and drawn elements are used to suggest states, processes, and rites of transition; through 12/19. Debs, 529 W. 20th St. (647-7080).

Ross Knight—Large minimal sculptures that incorporate metal tubing and vinyl sheeting; through 12/19. Team, 527 W. 26th St. (279-9219).

Thomas Locher—Text works and aluminum sculptures incorporating text; through 1/9/99. Gasser & Grunert, 524 W. 19th St. (807-9494).

Christa Maiwald—New paintings and works on paper by an artist best know for her video work; through 12/20. ArtNation, 147 W. 29th St. (967-7584).

Reinhard Mucha—An installation of six wall vitrines that display photographs of the artist's son in and around construction sites; through 1/9/99. Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (206-9100).

Jacques Roch—Paintings silk-screened with symbolic cartoonlike characters; through 12/31. Foster, 529 W. 20th St. (966-9024).

Lawrence Seward—"Everyman" characters sculpted from plaster and arranged in various abstract and narrative scenarios; through 12/23. Kreps, 529 W. 20th St. (741-8849).

Daniel Villeneuve—Monochromatic paintings from the artist's "Plates" series; through 12/19. Thatcher, 529 W. 20th St. (675-0222).

Robert Yasuda/Seong Chun—Minimal abstract paintings on wood panels/Sculptures of crocheted strips of paper printed with philosophical texts. Through 12/23. Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (463-9666).

Brenda Zlamany—Recent landscape paintings inspired by a trip the artist took last year to Cambodia, Vietnam, and Laos, and self-portraits that borrow elements of Renaissance portraiture; through 1/2/99. Stux, 529 W. 20th St. (352-1600).

Other

Creighton Michael—Paintings from the past four years that explore structural parallels between painting and nature; through 1/24/99. Queens Museum of Art Satellite Gallery at Bulova Corporate Center, 75-20 Astoria Blvd., Jackson Heights, Queens (718-899-0700), Mon.–Fri. 7–7, Sat. 10–4.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Shapolsky—152 E. 65th St. (452-1094). "Artists of the 50s: The Development of Abstraction," with works by Barnet, Boardmen, Briggs, Fiore, Lassaw, Loew, others; through 1/16/99.

Spanish Institute—and Americas Society, 680 and 684 Park Ave. (249-8950). "El Alma del Pueblo," an exhibition of Spanish folk art organized by the San Antonio Museum of Art, including 250 objects on loan from 30 museums and private collections in Spain and the Americas; through 12/31.

Wildenstein—19 E. 64th St. (879-0500). "River Scenes of France," nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and paintings by Boudin, Monet, Lèpine, Monet, Pissarro, others; through 12/19.

57th Street Area

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 12–5. "Court and Conquest: Ottoman Origins and the Design for Handel's *Tamerlano* at the Glimmerglass Opera." Rare Turkish and Persian illuminated manuscripts, arms and armor, textiles, and jewelry dating from the fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries juxtaposed with the ensemble of costumes created for Handel's baroque opera by theatrical designer Judy Levin; through 1/23/99.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). "A Pale Soft Plane," Konyk's installation of pudgee, "a viscoelastic foam gel"; and "Scape," with sculptures integrating poetry by Sigler, sculptural and musical installations by Tallichet, mixed-media paintings by Twitchell, and a video recorded by Winograde during a cross-country journey by train; through 1/16/99; Mike Wodkowski's paper works reinterpreting newspapers; through 12/16/99.

Einstein—591 Broadway (226-1414). Recent works on paper by New York artists, including collages by Cord, graphite drawings by Fabozzi, ink works by Jaff, gouache pieces by Stanavich, and mixed-media drawings by Wojdyla; through 12/19.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (966-7745). "The Choice," the first of a yearlong series of projects experimenting with curatorial practice on a national and international level, featuring works by emerging artists chosen by twelve artist-curators, among them Ida Applebroog, Nicole Eisenman, Robert Gober, Frank Moore, Laurie Simmons, and Kiki Smith; through 1/2/99.

Kind—136 Greene St. (925-1200). "The Risk of Existence," an exhibit curated by painter Mark Greenwold of works by Bacon, Balthus, Cadmus, Close, Currin, Murphy, Nutt, Stout, Yuskavage, others; through 12/31.

Marcus—578 Broadway (226-3200). "Biomorphic Abstraction," an exhibition of installations, paintings, and sculptures by Larmon, Ostendarp, Price, Ramirez, and White; through 12/23.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). New photographs by Annelies Strba and "Message to Pretty," with works by Benning, Fänge, Kysor, Lazarus, Moyer, Perez, Sadler, and Wray; through 12/19.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer, Inc.—210 11th Ave. (691-5956). Conversation exhibition of works by Luba Kiercosz and Jim Pavlicovic, through 12/13; conversation exhibition of works by Michael Milton and George Woodman, through 12/31; project by Mark Hadjipateras; 12/2–31.

AU base—433 14th St. (414-0563). New drawings by Engelen, Nield, Nicolai, and Sievers; through 12/19.

Cheim & Read—521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727). Three paintings by Francis Bacon, works by Louise Bourgeois, and 64 self-portraits by Franz Xavier Messerschmidt; through 12/31.

Rare—435 W. 14th St. (645-5591). "Flexing the Abs," a show of new abstract paintings by Lang, Row, and Wiley; through 12/24.

Photography

Virginia Beahan and Laura McPhee—Collaborative large-scale color photographs of landscapes around the world; through 12/31. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Jeff Burton—Nine new color photographs taken in the Los Angeles area; through 12/19. Kaplan, 48 Greene St. (226-6131).

Philip-Lorca diCorcia—Twenty new large-scale photographs of people taken on streets all over the world; through 1/16/99. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Alfred Eisenstadt—A retrospective celebrating the centenary of a founding *Life* staff photographer, featuring many never-before-exhibited photographs, along with famous images like *V-J Day, Times Square,* his photograph of a sailor and nurse celebrating with a kiss; through 1/10/99. SoHo Triad, 107 Grand St. (965-9500).

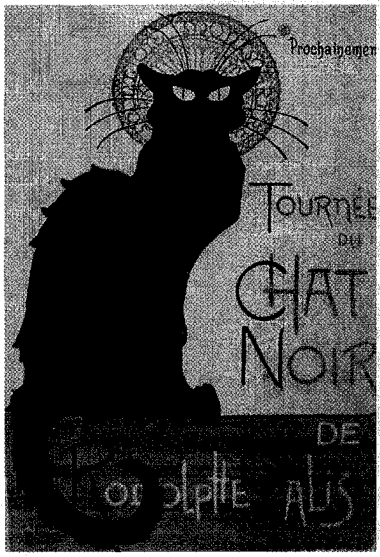
Ellis—47 E. 68th St. (327-1482). An exhibition of modernist aviation and airplane photographs from 1920 through 1950 by Costain, Hatlem, Tolmer, Quigley, others; through 12/30.

Lynn Geesaman—New photographs in conjunction with the artist's new book, *Poetics of Place*; through

Retrospective

Good Old Avant-Garde

Strictly speaking, the avant-garde—meaning radical and advanced activities in art, science, and politics—emerged before the French Revolution. The term, after all, was coined in about 1825 by the French Utopian Socialist Henri de Saint-Simon. As an aesthetic revolution, its official date of birth is a bit murkier, though the bellwether is generally considered to be Gustave Courbet and his shockingly unromantic, mid-nineteenth-century paintings of everyday people and scenes. Still, the real flowering of the artistic avant-garde—what most people would regard as an actual movement—did not occur until the mid-1870s, when artists, writers, composers, and performers began to collaborate nightly in the cabarets and music halls of Montmartre, Paris's (and the world's) first art district. How ahead of its time was Montmartre's vanguard elite? It's worth remembering that the prints, illustrated books and journals, and shadow-theater silhouettes in "Counter Culture: Parisian Cabarets and the Avant-Garde, 1875–1905" (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 100 Washington Square East; through January 16), which have a decidedly Dadaesque humor, were contemporaneous with, say, the classicist-inspired academic paintings of Jean-Léon Gérôme. But the exhibition's real interest is its evocation of the spirit of adventure nourished by the cabarets Chat Noir, Rat Mort, and Quat'z'Arts, where such fin de siècle groups as the Hydropathes, the Incohérents, and the Bon Bockers briefly collided to make art new. **EDITH NEWHALL**



Photograph courtesy of the Grey Art Gallery, New York University.

1/9/99. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Victoria Goldman—New photographs from the photographer's ten-year fascination with India; through 12/25. Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660).

Jan Groover/Lee Friedlander—New color still lifes and prints from 1989; through 12/20/A rotating exhibition of Iris prints from the photographer's new book, *American Musicians*; through 12/31. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (768-4682), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. A photo essay of a Brooklyn teenage gang by Bruce Davidson; 12–3/7/99. . . . "Intimate City: The Photographs of Thomas Roma." Approximately 40 gelatin prints depicting various aspects of New York City life and drawn from five projects that became books, among them *Come Sunday* and *Sunset Park*; through 3/7/99.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (768-4682), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (5–8 admission by voluntary contribution), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Man Ray: Photography and Its Double." Two hundred and fifty photographs from the artist's personal archives, including nudes, fashion photographs, his famed Rayographs, and portraits of artists such as Dalí and Joyce; through 1/24/99.

Miranda Lichtenstein—Photographs taken at night on various roads in rural Connecticut using a car's headlights and brake lights as the only source of light; through 12/19. Martz, 529 W. 20th St. (206-3686).

Dolorès Marat/George A. Tice—Color photographs taken in New York and Paris by the self-taught French photographer/Fifty gelatin silver and platinum/palladium prints, many not previously exhibited, of the Amish and Mennonites of Pennsylvania. Through 12/23. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Mishkin—Baruch College, 135 E. 22 St. (202-2881). Photographs of the body by Bravo, Clergue, Erwitt, Hinton, Newton, Porter, Winogrand, others; 12/17.

Jean Pagliuso—Three decades of photographs, from the artist's work at fashion magazines like *Vogue* and *Mademoiselle* to her recent images of Cambodian temple ruins printed on handmade paper; 12/3–1/8/99. Mayer, 55 E. 73rd St. (879-1241).

Annelies Strba—Large-format color photographs and a film by a Swiss photographer renowned for work that catalogs her family's daily life; through 12/23. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Museums

American Academy of Arts and Letters—"A Century of Arts and Letters: The Centennial Exhibition of the American Academy of Arts and Letters." An exhibition chronicling the Academy's 100-year history through paintings, sculpture, drawings, prints, photographs, books, manuscripts, musical scores, and other works from its collection; through12/13. 633 W. 155th St. (368-5900), Thurs.– Sun. 1–4.

American Craft Museum—"Picasso's Ladies: Jewelry by Wendy Ramshaw." Brooches, rings, necklaces, and earrings by a British artist, each work inspired by a particular Picasso portrait of a woman; through 1/3/99. . . . "Transformation: Prix Saidye Bronfman Award 1977–1996." Works by contemporary Canadian craft artists who have been winners of the Saidye Bronfman Award; through 1/3/99. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Sacred Arts of Haitian Vodou." The first exhibition to explore the arts of the African-Caribbean religion of vodou, featuring more than 500 objects on loan from public and private collections in the United States, Haiti, and Europe; through 1/3/99. . . . "Cave of the Warrior." A group of rare funerary objects from an approximately 6,000-year-old burial site in the Judean desert near Jericho; through 12/6. . . . "Papua New Guinea: Arts and Spirits, Photographs From the Middle Sepik River, 1953–54." Color and black-and-white photographs of Papua New Guinea's indigenous species, art, architecture, and people, taken by Museum ornithologist E. Thomas Gilliard during his 1953–54 expedition; through 3/28/99. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Ground Rules:

In the summer, galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Asia Society—"Inside Out: New Chinese Art." An exhibition being presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and the P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center of more than 80 works created between 1985 and 1998 by artists in China, Hong Kong, and Taiwan, and by those who left China in the early eighties; through 1/3/99. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 seniors and students.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"India: A Jewelry Spectrum." The first comprehensive exhibition devoted to Indian jewelry; through 1/31/99. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Japonism in Fashion: Japan Dresses the West." An exhibit exploring the influence of Japanese art and design on Western fashion through more than 70 costumes and accessories dating from the second half of the nineteenth century to the present; through 2/14/99. . . . "Royal Persian Paintings: The Qajar Epoch 1785–1925." Paintings, illustrated manuscripts, lacquer works, and enamels from the Qajar dynasty, which ruled Iran from 1785 to 1925; through 1/24/99. . . . "Kerry James Marshall: Mementos." A retrospective of paintings, plus new video and sculptural pieces; through 11/29. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9 (museum open until 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum Smithsonian Institution—"Unlimited by Design." An exhibition focusing on products, services, and environments designed to meet the needs of people throughout their lives; through 3/21. . . . "The Architecture of Reassurance: Designing the Disney Theme Parks." The first full-scale exhibition of works from the Walt Disney Imagineering archives, tracing the history of the theme parks from original concepts through recent developments; through 1/10/99. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $5, $3 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"French Oil Sketches and the Academic Tradition." Oil sketches by nineteenth-century masters of the academic tradition, among them Baron Françoise-Pascal-Simon Gérard, Jean-Louis Meissonier, and Jean-Louis Gérôme; through 1/2/99. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Andy Warhol: Shadows." A work made in 1978 that is composed of more than 100 silk-screened and hand-painted panels; 12/4–6/13. . . . "Thomas Schütte: Scenewright." Early installations, small-scale modeled figures, proposals for monuments, watercolors, and photographs by the German artist; through 6/13/99. . . . "Joseph Beuys: Drawings After the Codices Madrid of Leonardo da Vinci, and Sculpture." Works from Dia's permanent collection, including 96 drawings made in response to two sketchbooks by Leonardo da Vinci, and sculptures; through 6/13/99. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square 3*." The second part of a site-specific installation by the California artist; through 6/13/99. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"Willem de Kooning: Drawing Seeing/Seeing Drawing." Four groups of drawings created by the artist between 1958 and the late seventies; through 12/19. . . . "Trisha Brown: Free Measures: Drawings." The first museum exhibition of the choreographer's drawings; through 12/19. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

El Museo del Barrio—"The Art of Jack Delano." Documentary photographs of interiors, people, and landscapes contributed by the artist to the Farm Security Administration during the thirties; through 2/28. . . . "Domino/Dominó: A Mixed-Media Installation by Bibiana Suárez"; through 2/7/99. . . . "Gods, Spirits, and Legends: Twentieth-Century Art in El Salvador." The first thematic show of paintings from El Salvador in the United States, featuring 40 works by 17 artists born between 1900 and 1960; through 2/28. . . . "Casitas: Gardens of Reclamation." Large-scale photographs of casitas, small structures built by Puerto Rican immigrants in vacant lots and gardens throughout New York City; through 2/28/99. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Frick Collection—"Victorian Fairy Painting." The first comprehensive exhibition devoted to the distinctly British genre, with paintings, works on paper, and objects by Richard Dadd, Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir John Everett Millais, J. M. W. Turner, and others; through 1/17/99. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Counter Culture: Parisian Cabarets and the Avant-Garde, 1875–1905." Illustrated books and journals, prints, posters, drawings, shadow-puppet silhouettes, and ephemera from the Zimmerli Art Museum at Rutgers; through 1/16/99. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; donation suggested.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Rendezvous: Masterpieces From the Centre Georges Pompidou and the Guggenheim Museums." More than 300 modern paintings, sculptures, and drawings from collections of the two museums; through 1/24/99. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Premises: Invested Spaces in Visual Arts, Architecture, and Design From France, 1958–1998." An exhibition exploring 40 years of French artistic and architectural practice, with works by Christian Boltanski, Yves Klein, Le Corbusier, Annette Messager, and others; through 1/10/99. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $8, $5 seniors and students.

Japan Society—"The Art of 20th-Century Zen: Paintings and Calligraphy by Japanese Masters." Works by fourteen Zen masters; through 1/10/99. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"Common Man, Mythic Vision: The Paintings of Ben Shahn." The first major museum exhibit of the artist's paintings since 1976, of works made by the artist between 1936 and 1965; through 3/7/99. . . . "After Rabin: New Art From Israel." Paintings, photography, installation, video, and artist books by contemporary Israeli artists; through 1/3/99. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Annual Christmas Tree and Neapolitan Baroque Crèche." The museum's annual presentation of its eighteenth-century Neapolitan Nativity and a candle lit spruce tree; through 1/3/99. . . . "Donato Creti, Melancholy and Perfection." Paintings by the nineteenth-century Italian artist; through 1/31/99. . . . "Charles Burchfield From the Collection." Watercolors, paintings, and prints created between 1915 and 1963; through 2/28/99. . . . "Edgar Degas, Photographer." The first exhibition to gather all of the surviving major photographs by the French artist (1834–1917), including figure studies, portraits of the artist's friends, and self-portraits; through 1/3/99. . . . "Mary Cassatt: Drawings and Prints in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Rarely displayed works by the nineteenth-century American Impressionist (1844–1926)who worked in France for much of her career; through 1/24/99. . . .

"Heroic Armor of the Italian Renaissance: Filippo Negroli and His Contemporaries." Classically inspired Renaissance armors made in Milan during the years 1530–50 by Filippo Negroli and his workshop; through 1/17/99. . . . "Sacred Visions: Early Paintings From Central Tibet." Approximately 60 Tibetan thankas and painted objects dating from the mid-eleventh to the mid-fifteenth century; through 1/17/99. . . . "From Van Eyck to Bruegel: Early Netherlandish Painting in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Works by the great masters of the period, among them Petrus Christus, Hans Memling, Rogier van der Weyden, and Joos van Cleves, as well as works by Jan van Eyck and Pieter Bruegel the Elder; through 1/3/99. . . . "Jade in Ancient Costa Rica." Pendants, mace heads, ear ornaments, beads, and other objects carved from jade in Costa Rica between 300 B.C. and A.D. 700; through 2/28/99. . . . "Louis Comfort Tiffany at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Decorative art objects drawn from the museum's holdings, including leaded-glass windows and lamps, blown-glass vases, furniture, metalwork, enamels, and jewelry; through 1/31/99. . . . "Félix Vallaton: Woodcuts and Three Paintings." Woodcuts from the 1890s paintings from the 1920s by a Swiss artist who worked in France; through 2/21/99. . . . "The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500–1800." More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum's collection; through 8/30/99. . . . 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Baule: African Art/Western Eyes." Objects created by the Baule people of Africa's Ivory Coast; through 1/30/99. 593 Broadway (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. 12–8, Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Masterpieces in Wood: American Folk Marquetry From the Hirschhorn Foundation." Nineteenth-century American folk marquetry chairs, tables, boxes, frames, game boards, and other furniture and decorative works from the collection of Robert and Marjorie Hirschhorn; through 1/10/99. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Jackson Pollock." The first retrospective of the Abstract Expressionist's work since the one mounted by the Museum of Modern Art in 1967; through 2/2/99. . . . "Focus: Pollock and Printmaking." A selection of prints by Jackson Pollock from the museum's collection; through 2/2/99. . . . "Miró's Black and Red Series: A New Acquisition in Context." The eight etchings of Joan Miró's 1938 Black and Red series, as well as 150 prints, illustrated books, drawings, posters, photographs, paintings, and sculptures by Miró and his contemporaries; through 2/2/99. . . . "Structure and Surface: Contemporary Japanese Textiles." A selection of 100 works by influential fiber artists, textile designers, and fashion designers currently working in Japan; through 1/26/99. . . . "New Photography 14: Jeanne Dunning, Olafur Eliasson, Rachel Harrison, Sam Taylor-Wood." Photographs and works incorporating photography by four artists whose ideas have been nourished by their work in other media; through 1/12/99. . . . "The Mies van der Rohe Award for Latin American Architecture." Enrique Norton's award-winning entry for the Televisa Multipurpose Building in Mexico City (1995) and the submissions of nine of the 24 finalists for the award; through 12/15. . . . "Projects 66: Campana/Ingo Maurer." The first American museum exhibition of the furniture of Fernando and Humberto Campana, from São Paulo, Brazil, and the lamps of Ingo Maurer, of Munich Germany; through 1/19/99. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"The Little Apple: Souvenir Buildings From the Collection of Ace Architects." A selection of miniature models of New York buildings created over the past 100 years; through 3/28/99. . . . "New York Horizontal: Cirkut Camera Views by William Hassler." Thirty rare panoramic views of WWI-era New York; through 5/2/99. . . . "New York Vertical by Horst Hamman." Photographs that emphasize the verticality of New York's skyscrapers; through 4/18/99. . . . "New York on the Rise: Architectural Renderings by Hughson Hawley"; through 4/4/99. . . . "Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898." Photographs, costumes, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of New York's theater district of the 1890s; through 1/31/99. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; suggested contribution $5, $3 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Claire McCardell and the American Look." Clothing, design sketches, photographs, and ephemera documenting the designer's career; through 1/9/99. . . . "C'AD Infinitum: Textiles, Techniques, & Technology." An exhibition exploring new computer technologies; through 1/2/99. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

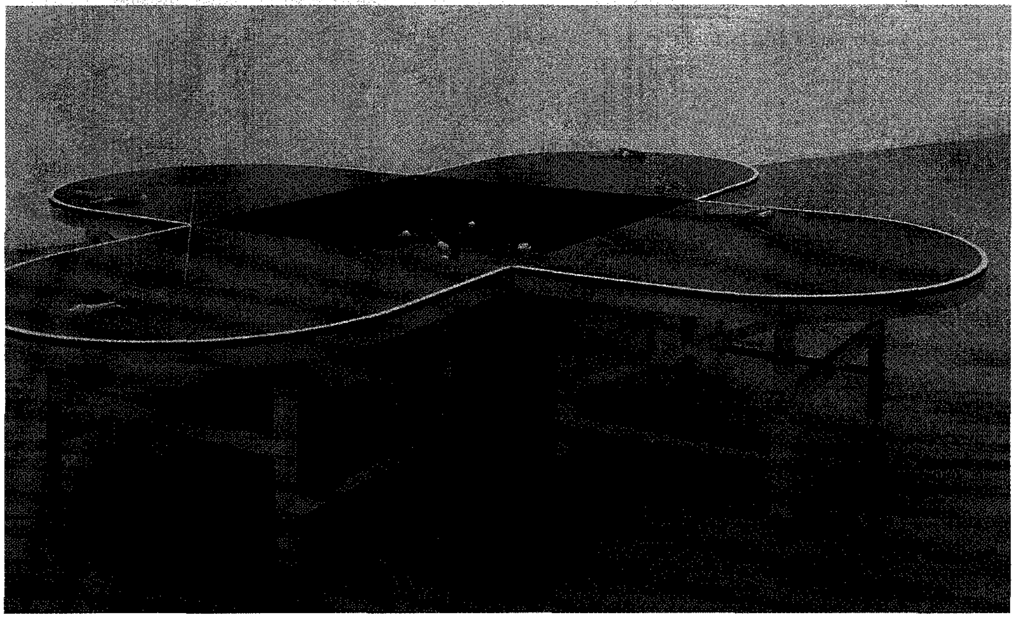
National Academy Museum and School of Fine Arts—"Faces of *Time*: 75 Years of *Time* Magazine Cover Portraits." Original works commissioned as *Time* magazine cover illustrations; through 1/3/99. . . . "Artists and the Avant-Garde Theater in Paris, 1887–1900"; through 1/3/99. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri., 12–8 (Fri. 5–8 pay what you wish); $5, $3.50 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Dancing at the Louvre: Faith Ringgold's *French Collection* and Other Story Quilts." Quilt paintings from the series that tell the fictional adventures of an African-American woman in Paris, working as an artist and model during the heyday of Picasso, Matisse, and Gertrude Stein; through 1/3/99. . . . "Marcel Odenbach." A selection of video installations by the German artist; through 1/3/99. . . . "Ana Prada." Site-specific sculptures created from ordinary materials; through 1/3/99. . . . "Xu Bing: Introduction to Square Word Calligraphy." An installation of a classroom in which visitors are provided with traditional Chinese calligraphy instruments and practice pads and invited to learn the fundamentals of calligraphy; through 1/10/99. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"*In thy map securely saile*: Maps, Atlases, Charts, and Globes From the Lawrence H. Slaughter Collection, Map Division." Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century works that were donated to the library's Map Division in 1997 by the estate of Lawrence H. Slaughter; through 3/20/99. . . . "Eight Million Stories: Twentieth-Century New York Life in Prints and Photographs From the New York Public Library." Works by Berenice Abbott, Lewis Hine, Edward Hopper, Martin Lewis, Weegee, and others; through 1/9/99. . . . "Barney Tobey." A selection of cartoons by one of *The New Yorker*'s first staff cartoonists; through 1/9/99. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Treasures From Mount Vernon: George Washington Revealed." A rare collection of Washington items that have never been exhibited outside Mount Vernon, among them his letters, his camp bed used during the Revolutionary War, and his pistol and four swords, and a variety of personal objects; through 2/22. . . . "New York's Finest: A History of the New York City Police Department." Photographs, newspapers, weapons, uniforms, and crime detection equipment; through 3/21/99. . . . "19th-Century Etchings From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." American prints by Blance Dillaye, William St. John Harper, Thomas Moran, and others; through 1/10/99. . . . "George B. Post: Great American Architect." Architectural renderings of some of New York's early skyscrapers by the nineteenth-century architect (1837–1913); through 1/10/99. . . . 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Cities on the Move 3." Works by artists, architects, and urbanists exploring the effects of modernization, globalization, introduction of new technologies, and the



Talent **Among Mexican artist Gabriel Orozco's latest reality-altering works is his *Ping-Pond Table* (1998), a new twist on the basement pastime that seems to be taking its cues from miniature golf and steeplechasing. Playing is encouraged, too—singles, doubles, or what-have-you. At Marian Goodman Gallery, 24 West 57th Street; through January 9, 1999.**

Photograph courtesy of the Marian Goodman Gallery, New York.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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explosive population growth in Asian cities; through 1/31/99. . . . "Inside Out: New Chinese Art." An exhibition being presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and P.S. 1, of works created between 1985 and 1998 by artists in China, Hong Kong, and Taiwan, and by those who left China in the early eighties; through 1/3/99. . . . "David Levinthal: Cowboy Corridor." Photographs of cowboy dolls from the artist's "Wild West" series; through 1/24/99. . . . "Yoshie Ueki." Recent embroidery works; through 1/17/99. . . . "Robert Brinker: Nine Lambs (A Flock)"; through 1/24/99. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Charles Dickens: A Christmas Carol." An exhibit featuring one of the library's greatest literary treasures, the original manuscript of *A Christmas Carol*, as well as items relating to the work; through 1/3/99. . . . "Master Drawings From the Hermitage and Pushkin Museums." Approximately 120 western-European drawings from the fifteenth to the twentieth century; through 1/10/99. . . . "Russian Arts and Letters." Manuscripts and printed books from the late imperial and early Soviet eras, drawn from the library's permanent collection; through 1/17/99. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7; $5 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Looking at the 90s: Four Views of Current Mexican Photography." Works by 18 contemporary Mexican photographers selected by four Mexican critics and curators; through 1/3/99. . . . "Collecting for Queens: Selections From the Permanent Collection." Paintings, drawings, and photographs collected by the museum in the nineties, by Dawoud Bey, Chakaia Booker, John Coplans, Grace Hartigan, Theodore Roszak; through 1/3/99. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"From the Studio: Artists in Residence 1997–1998." Works created over the past year by Sheila Batiste, Brett Cook-Dizney, and Julio Valdez during their yearlong tenure with the Studio Museum in Harlem's Art-in-Residence Program; through 2/28/99. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Bob Thompson." The most comprehensive survey of paintings by the African-American figurative expressionist (1937–1966) to date; through 1/3/99. . . . "Pale Guide to Transparent Things." A related group of photographic works by Seton Smith; through 4/4/99. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $9, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Shirin Neshat: Turbulent." A film installation examining the boundaries of gender roles in contemporary Iranian life; through 1/15/99. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1119). 12/2 at 10 and 2: "Important American Paintings." On view from 11/28. 12/3 at 10: "Sporting Art." On view from 11/28. 12/4 at 10 and 2: "Wine." 12/8 at 10 and 2: "Jewelry." On view from 12/5.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 12/8 at 1: "20th Century Decorative Arts." On view from 12/5.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 12/3 at 10: "Important Estate Jewelry." On view from 11/28.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 12/3 at 10:15 and 2: "American Paintings." On view from 11/28. 12/4 and 12/5 at 10:15 and 2: "Art Deco." On view from 11/29. 12/7 and 12/8 at 10:15 and 2: "Jewelry." On view from 12/1.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 12/3 at 10:30: "Maps and Atlases" and "Decorative Graphics." On view from 11/21.

Wolff *continued from page 25*

a stable of veterans that emphasizes not only the traditional crime, human-interest, metro-level reporting but also targeted ethnic sections attracting rich new advertising revenues. This is what *News* employees—a startlingly loyal guild—will tell you is the soul of the *News*, a patrimony of which they seem fiercely and bitterly protective.

The other *News* is the Harry-and-Mort *News*. What will they do? How will they interfere? When and how will they fire Krenek? These are the questions that trouble the *News* staff but don't really interrupt the business of putting out the paper. While there does not seem to be an iota of affection for Mort—in the newsroom, they ridicule his slight lisp and wonder if he's ever been outside a 30-block radius in Manhattan—there is still an acknowledgment that he saved the paper. It's here, after all. It goes on. Against truly amazing odds.

"Why, though?" remains the question. "What does Mort get out of it?" Does he want to own a great blue-collar institution? If so, the answer seems to be, he wouldn't have hired Ed Kosner and Harry Evans.

SOME PEOPLE THINK THAT WHAT MORT GETS IS the Sunday *News*. It's the English way—and no doubt a Harry Evans proposal—to have a separate and independent editorial package on Sunday. One rationale is that the *Post*, by cutting its price (50 cents against the *News*'s dollar), has initiated a circulation war that will create two losers. But with Ed Kosner, there's a chance to create what media buyers call an "upmarket environment" for advertisers—restaurants, boutiques, retailers—who find the *Times* too expensive. Ideally, too, Kosner can create a paper that, even if Mort's friends don't quite read it, has a buzz they hear.

Friends of Kosner's say he is still wounded by the perception that it was his tenure at *Esquire* that all but killed the magazine. They say he is looking for redemption. The Sunday *News*, revitalized, could offer that. This is, no doubt, what attracts people to Mort. With Mort, everybody's needs are pretty naked. It's not just Mort, after all, who's drawn to the center of attention. It's not just Mort who wants to be on *Charlie Rose*, now, is it? Not just Mort who wants what he wants. Of course, it's got to be a little dispiriting to work for a man whose measures of success are so clearly about only him. Still, Ed and Harry, who, in all likelihood, Mort will dispense with, know this and didn't have to go to work for him. But the truth is we—the thrusting, lunging, grasping as well as chattering media class (who do not read the *News*)—want what Mort wants; we enable each other.

Meanwhile, the *Daily News* seems to be doing just fine. Go figure. ■

restaurants

Juiced Up...Upstairs at Harry's...Bolívar

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Can—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. *482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE; MC, V.*

Paggio—After two Long Island triumphs, the owners decided to brave the restaurant battlefield that is TriBeCa. The commodious surroundings, private party room, and TV-equipped cigar room make for a comfortable place to enjoy sophisticated Italian food. Don't miss the grilled polenta with fontina cheese and porcini mushrooms sautéed with fresh herbs and truffle essence. *223 W. Broadway (334-8077). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $45. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Wall Street Kitchen & Bar—As downtown grows more and more residential, its halls of finance, like this former bank building, are being converted into service establishments. This sister of SoHo Kitchen & Bar offers a similarly extensive selection of beers and wines by the glass, plus such eclectic American fare as beer-braised short ribs with egg noodles, and pizza topped with shrimp, smoked bacon, and roasted tomatoes. *70 Broad St. (797-7070). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Takeout

Mangia and Run

No longer Sofia's Fabulous, but putatively still fabulous, the pair of Upper East Side pizzeria restaurants that went by that name have acquired a new moniker (to dodge a lawsuit) and a third, more casual branch geared to quick meals and takeout. Serafina On the Run serves Italian-accented breakfast (scrambled, poached, or oven-baked eggs with truffles and caviar) and lunchtime carpaccio, panini, and pastas, at prices ($3.95 to $10.95) that should encourage splurging on such un-fast-food refreshments as Bellinis, Kir Royales, or any of nine wines by the glass. (38 East 58th Street; 832-8888.)

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. (A newer uptown branch offers a similar menu of American classics like chicken potpie and grilled steaks and burgers, and is decorated with a similar canine motif.) *190 W. 4th St. (633-2275). Also, 1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Candela—A soaring space just off Union Square with medieval-theme décor and a contemporary American menu. Seared yellowfin tuna, braised lamb shank, and the random Asian influence as epitomized by the spicy chicken wontons indicate the chef's range. Light bites and a range of wines can be had at the already-buzzing bar. *116 E. 16th St. (254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

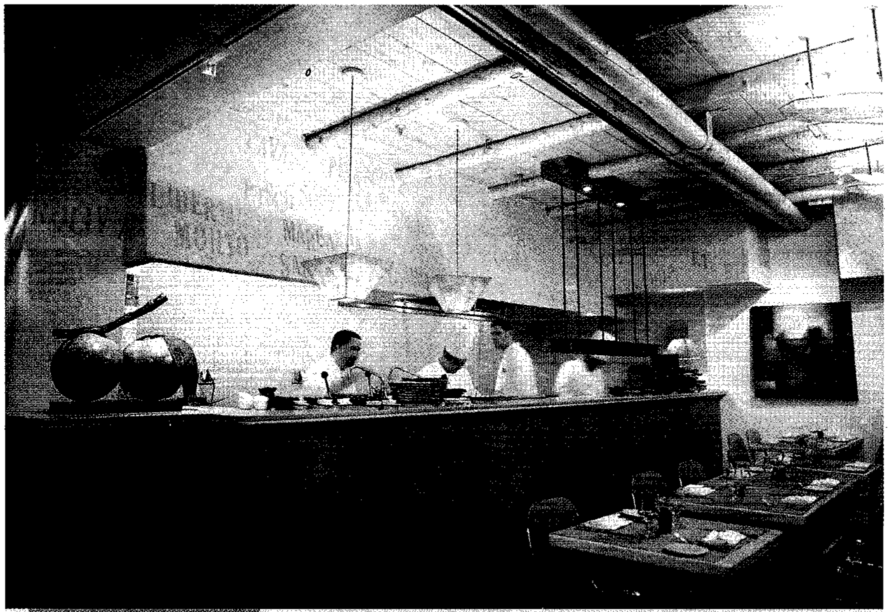
Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor at this new restaurant: The floors and bar are red travertine marble, and decorative ironwork details the sconces and door frames. The au courant Mediterranean menu includes such specialties as poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce and rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden apples. *239 Park Avenue South, nr. 19th St. (477-1500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for cavernous dining. The Deco theme and American kitchen are pleasing. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale,



Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

ASK GAEL

I ask for bread and they tell me to order arepas.

You must be at Bolívar, where the theme is Latino and both the coconut-chicken sancocho and the lobster chupe are sensational. There's a bronze pony parked outside what used to be Arizona 206 and, after a passionate tasting binge in Argentina and Peru, a team of chefs is now producing parrilla—marinated meats and fish from the grill with chimichurri sauces—and Peruvian-style seviches. Lush rich squares of tuna with avocado and frisée in a peppery sauce is the winner. Ditto most of the starters and salads, especially the three-cheese arepas (small corn cakes) with créme fraîche and the crisp potato croquette stuffed with spiced beef. Don't be shy about the pickled garlic, sticky yuca gratin, or boniato fries. A fitting red is the Tarapaca Cabernet. (206 East 60th Street; 838-0440.)

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria Laguna—A stone's throw from Grand Central, this rustic Italian restaurant features mostly Venetian fare. Risotto and pizza are particularly popular. *209 E. 42nd St. (557-0001). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rodeo Bar & Grill—This place bills itself as "the longest-running honky-tonk in New York," attracting bikers, families, and music-industry insiders who come for the live nightly music as much as for the Tex-Mex grub. Try the house-smoked baby back ribs, bison burgers, and Santa Fe hand rolls, or just grab a drink at the horse trailer that's been converted into a bar. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

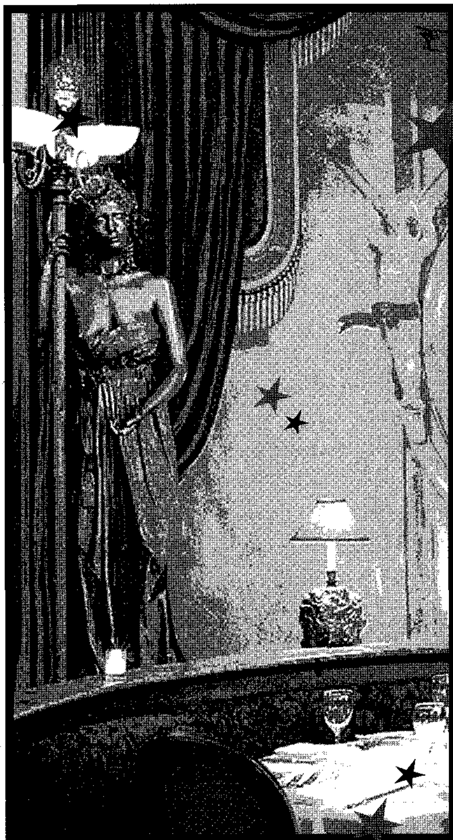
The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has



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been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Flowers—A fashionable Flatiron restaurant with surprisingly tasty and innovative food and a lively atmosphere. Sample the chef's modern renderings of shrimp rolls, baby lamb chops, and baked Alaska. *21 W. 17th St. (691-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

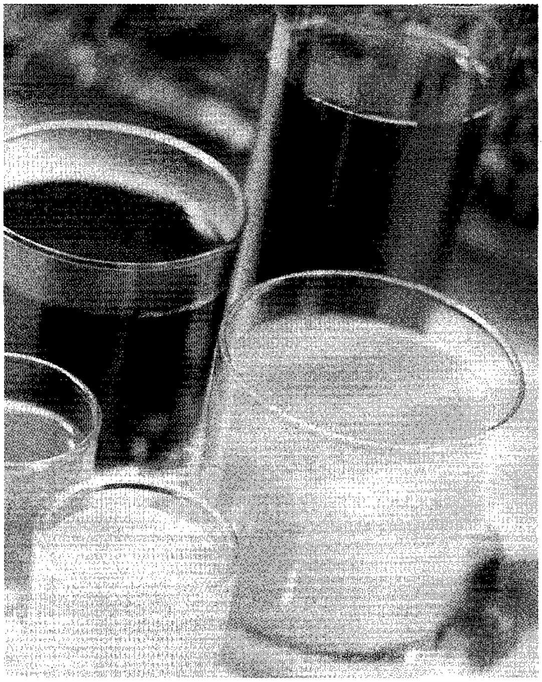
Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found, unwinding. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Takeout
Squeeze Wiz

You don't need to check in to soak up the eco-tourist ambience of W New York, midtown's newest boutique hotel and the flagship of a planned national chain with an enviro-spa motif. For the price of a carrot-creamsicle smoothie at the lobby-level Cool Juice, or a steak-and-potato wrap on rutabaga flatbread, you too can experience chef Michel Nischan's virtuous menu of wholesome, vitamin-packed juices and snacks and David Rockwell's leaf-loving, back-to-nature design. The Ess-a-Bagel with tofu cream cheese, presumably, is a New Agey riff on the culinary predilections of W's host city. (541 Lexington Avenue, at 49th Street; 407-2966.)



Photograph by Dasha Wright Ewing.

Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhood restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while the kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Moscow Restaurant & Cabaret—This Russian theme restaurant melds art, food, and entertainment in a three-story celebration of the homeland. Downstairs, folk singers perform in the rustic Cabaret, decorated with the owner's enormous horseshoe collection. Upstairs, massive sculptures and paintings dominate the Gallery Bar and the Russian Room, where diners can partake of house specialties like Siberian pelmeni, chicken Kiev, and blini with Beluga caviar. *137 E. 55th St. (813-1313). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Mr. K's—After years of wining and dining Washington's politicians and their retinues, Mr. K has spun off an elegant New York branch in the soaring Art Deco environs of the old RCA building. The menu trumpets fresh, seasonal vegetables—a rarity in most Chinese restaurants—and other house specials like the Peking duck, firecracker lobster, and basil-ginger prawns. Jackets preferred. *570 Lexington Ave., at 51st St. (583-1668). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented new chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Simply Caviar—One of the newest caviar bars in midtown offers a lavish selection of caviar sampler and luxurious entrées like truffle tortellini, filet mignon in a tarragon demi-glace, and a foie gras platter. An adjacent retail counter sells caviar and other indulgences to go. Jacket required. *350 Park Ave., at 51st St. (838-3900). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neal Myers has a flair with meats and creatively prepared seafood, like pepper-crusted tuna with black bean-and-mango sauce, and crab cakes accompanied by cole slaw rolls. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—After extensive renovations, the elegant American restaurant in this posh midtown hotel reopens with a new look and a new, sophisticated menu. A few of the more notable entrées include a grilled turbot "chop" with cèpe jus, organic chicken en cocotte with morels and fava beans, and coriander-and-black-pepper-crusted rack of lamb from Jameson Farms. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (903-3918). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bistro Latino—This nightclub and restaurant evokes the tropics with its south-of-the-border décor, its luscious cocktails, its tango dancers, and especially chef Rafael Palomino's exotic South American menu. Start with the Colombian empanadas or the Ecuadoran seviche before moving on to the inevitable, flavor-packed paella. *1711 Broadway, at 54th St. (956-1000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe's Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Caroline's Comedy Nation and Comedy Club—Comedy is the theme at the American restaurant above Caroline's Comedy Club. The American fare is heavy on comfort food like five-cheese macaroni, maple-glazed pork chops, country meatloaf and barbecued chicken, which makes it a natural choice for parents looking to feed and entertain their restless, hungry kids. *1626 Broadway at 49th St. (757-4100). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Estiatorio Milos—The New York outpost of a Montreal favorite, this stylishly spare Greek restaurant specializes in perfectly fresh seafood, arranged market-style on ice and grilled simply with organic herbs and imported olive oil. The fish selection runs from the familiar—red snapper, pompano—to the more exotic, like loup de mer, Moroccan pageot, and Greek dente. Finish with super-creamy goat's milk yogurt with honey. *125 W. 55th St. (245-7400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mars 2112—Theme restaurants go intergalactic at this big-budget newcomer, which transports diners to the red planet via space shuttle. The food—applewood-smoked pork chops, lobster-mango sushi, smoked-duck quesadillas—will be, for the most part, familiar to earthlings. *1633 Broadway, at 51st St. (582-2112). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Molyvos—This interpretive Greek restaurant a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall is a large, stylishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's serious Mediterranean menu. Sit at one of the tables up front for drinks and meze, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and vegetable dolmades. *871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

No. 18—During the day, this sleekly decorated midtown nook caters to the office crowd with an express lunch for an unusually-good-for-the-neighborhood price of $13. At night, it morphs into an atmospheric martini bar and dining room where an eclectic variety of flavorful, well-seasoned American fare is served. The risotto is highly acclaimed, and the $25 pretheater dinner is a bargain. *18 W. 56th St. (489-1888). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rio de Janeiro—Meat is back in a big way at this churrascaria rodizio, where eighteen different cuts of beef are barbecued over a charcoal pit and served nonstop, until you say uncle. Live Brazilian music Wednesday through Sunday; prix fixe menus available. *127 W. 43rd St. (575-0808). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Supper Club—Dine, dance, and dress up at this Art Deco re-creation of a forties-era supper club, complete with a seventeen-piece big band and a menu of culinary classics like baked oysters Rockefeller, lobster thermidor, and Dover sole á la meunière. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu, which is also available for on-and-off-premises catering. Cigar smokers even have their own designated space in which to unmolestedly exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Via Brasil—This casual, lively Brazilian restaurant serves generous portions of feijoada, the national ode to meat, plus other assorted poultry and seafood specialties like vatapa, a fish dish with coconut-milk sauce. Live music Wednesday through Saturday keeps things hopping. *34 W. 46th St. (997-1158). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Akbar—The feng shui design contributes to the feeling of serenity at this midtown Indian restaurant, where subtle spicing and pungent flavors show up in dishes like chicken breast stuffed with tikka-and-pomegranate confit, and lamb with sunflower seeds, saffron, and cloves. Vegetables like mustard greens slow-cooked over charcoal make it easy to forgo meat. *475 Park Ave., nr. 57th St. (838-1717). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, nonprofessionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nirvana—The only Indian restaurant with a superb fifteenth-floor-view of Central Park and a varied menu of Bangladeshi and Pakistani specialties. Sample from a selection of curries, kormas, biryanis, kababs, tandooris, and vegetarian dishes. *30 Central Park So. (486-5700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single

Opening
Nan Sense

The recent surge in Indian openings continues with Bombay City, a spacious West Village contender whose chief attraction—other than such rarities as whole-rabbit tandoori—is the management's impressive experience. Host AJ Gulabrai will be familiar to downtowners from his previous stints at Baluchi's and the defunct AJ's Niota. Chef-owner Anwar Malik helped establish Gaylord and Tandoor, along with a slew of other subcontinental beachheads on these shores over the last quarter-century. (29 Seventh Avenue South; 414-0931.)

Photograph by Robert Wright.

restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Boxers—This uptown outpost of the Greenwich Village Boxers has a similar menu of American staples like chicken potpie, burgers, and steaks. This spot, in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge, enjoys the distinction of being one of the birthplaces of the Upper East Side swinging singles scene. In fact, the Tom Cruise vehicle *Cocktail* was filmed on the premises. *1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

540 Park @ The Regency Hotel—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a clubby, comfortable atmosphere. The regional, eclectic menu ranges from seared-tuna spring roll and chicken-fried lobster to barbecued duck and black-bean quesadilla. If the term "power breakfast" didn't originate here, it should have. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4050). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

La Soirée d'Asie—The family behind this graciously elegant Vietnamese restaurant on one of the Upper East Side's most charming blocks has already established a stronghold in Connecticut. The Manhattan branch is more upscale, but serves a similar mix of classic and contemporary dishes like spring rolls, curries, and special soups. *156 E. 64th St. (421-7899). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mustang Grill—Choose from over a hundred premium tequilas, and a southwestern menu offering dishes like pecan-honey-crusted chicken, chili-crusted lamb with jalapeño-potato gratin, and—for the less adventurous—your basic quesadilla. The late-night kitchen, comfortable Mexican furnishings, and a new cigar lounge encourage lingering. *1633 Second Ave., at 85th St. (744-9194). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from new chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like Gulf shrimp in rice paper roll, and Indian-spiced salmon tartare with mango and cucumber. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Regional Thai Sa-Woy—The well-spiced, artfully presented food at this two-story Thai restaurant costs a bit more than it would at your run-of-the-mill pad thai parlor, but the peaceful ambience and elegant, antique-strewn décor may very well put you in the mood to splurge. *1479 First Ave., at 77th St. (744-6374). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Evelyn Lounge—A lounge-style bar uncommon on the Upper West Side, with the requisite couches, armchairs, Oriental rugs and, upstairs, a cozy restaurant serving an accessible American menu of roast chicken, pork chops, steak, and burgers. *380 Columbus Ave., at 78th St. (724-2363). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Opening

Blue Chip off the Old Block

Peter Poulakakos—son of Harry, as in Wall Street's beloved Harry's at Hanover Square—has inherited the room upstairs, which most recently functioned as a private club, decorated with model ships and other nautical motifs. He's transformed the mahogany-and-brass premises into Bayard's, a fine French restaurant where chef Luc Dendievel (Le Zoo, Waterloo) will incorporate the flavors of his native Belgium (plus those of Japan, Morocco, and India) into such elaborate concoctions as potato-wrapped monkfish, Hudson Valley foie gras with glazed turnips and strawberry-vinegar sauce, and chicken breast stuffed with dried fruits in Chimay Ale sauce. (1 Hanover Square; 514-9454.)

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat-cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Here comes the son: Poulakakos, at left, and executive chef Luc Dendievel.

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Merlot Bar & Grill—Bill Peet, André Soltner's former sous chef at Lutèce, has taken over the kitchen at this wine-besotted restaurant near Lincoln Center. Peet has crafted a French-American menu that complements offerings from the 600-bottle cellar and features two-week-long vintner's dinners. Signature dishes include wild-mushroom strudel, jumbo lump crab cakes, and osso buco of monkfish. Also open for lunch and late-night dining. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with

Photograph by Robert Wright.

homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shun Lee—This Lincoln Center standby has cultivated a loyal following that comes as much for the cool retro environs—complete with distinctive wraparound wall dragon and glossy black booths—as for its renowned Hunan and Szechuan specialties. Try the cold tangy shrimp with ginger and coriander, the shredded beef with leeks and hot peppers, and the Beijing duck. *43 W. 65th St. (595-8895). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Casa Pepe—Mexican and Spanish fare meld in this elegant restaurant, with garden dining in fine weather and a fireplace to warm up the gray days of winter. The seafood-heavy menu finds best expression in the zarzuela de mariscos, the paella marinera, and the tacos Vera Cruz. *114 Bay Ridge Ave. (718-833-8865). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Francescani *continued from page 29*

make the union money. He's always talking about some new wrinkle; recently it was a plan to buy parking lots next to every borough courthouse so that uniformed officers could park their personal vehicles when they have to testify in court. "I'm tellin' you, it's a good investment!" Loud says half-seriously.

Loud had coveted the top job himself but graciously stepped aside when his advisers suggested that a fresh face like Lynch may play better on a citywide ticket. Such a clear lack of experience makes the insurgents vulnerable in a campaign against two seasoned vets, but Loud quickly dismisses the notion. "What did all the board's experience get us?" Lynch says, and then trots out a campaign slogan: "We brought crime down in double digits and we got double zeroes."

Even with the scandals and anger over the botched labor deal, however, few cops are eager to publicly cross their own union. Moreover, there's fear of being caught on the outside if the overthrow fails. But Lynch's group believe fervently that the union has put them in this position and that they have no choice. "If you're not afraid to go into a burning building or to face a guy with a gun," declares Nick Antonelli, a Lynch supporter from the 20th Precinct, "why should you be afraid to take on your union?"

"We're going to open this thing up to the delegates," Lynch promises.

No one believes in the Lynch gang more than Ed Hayes, the flamboyant ex-prosecutor who's the model for the memorable character of Tommy Killian, the defense attorney in Tom Wolfe's *Bonfire of the Vanities.* Hayes also counts among his confidants Governor Pataki, for whom he negotiated a book deal, and should Lynch win, there's a good chance Hayes could use his clout with Pataki to get the P.E.R.B. bill passed.

Also signed on to the Lynch campaign are P.R. vets Vito Turso and Jerry Schmetterer from the Dan Klores group (which represents *New York*). They've been churning out a series of impassioned press releases since February, and in their statement of purpose, they make clear their disdain for both Savage and Higgins.

"Let us be very clear on this point: We are accusing Lou Matarazzo and his Executive Board of gross incompetence," the statement reads. "Allowing the financial and legal business of this organization to become embroiled in the affairs of convicted felons is inexcusable! Louis Matarazzo and his entire Executive Board has violated their fiduciary relationship with every New York City Police Officer. It is time for them all to leave!!!" ■

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Illustration by Jeff Jackson

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nightlife

Bonnie Prince Billy...Emmylou Harris

Concerts

Boys Choir of Harlem and Girls Choir of Harlem—"Christmas in the City." 12/2 at 7 P.M. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, 1 Center St., Newark (888-GO-NJPAC). $25.*

Green Fields of America—In honor of its twentieth anniversary, the Irish-American trio spins jigs, reels, and airs—plus some darn fine hoofing, and a little speechifying by the owner of New York's favorite brogue, Frank McCourt. 12/4 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $25–$35.*

Chico Hamilton & Euphoria—12/4 at 8 P.M. *Flushing Town Hall, 137-35 Northern Blvd., Flushing (718-463-7700). $15–$20.*

"Jazz Insights: The Vocalists"—Hosted by Arnold Jay Smith. 12/1: Grady Tate. 12/8: Teri Thornton. 7:45 P.M. *The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5488). $20.*

Billy Joel—12/5, 12/15, and 12/18 at 8 P.M. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (307-7171). Sold out.*

"Ka-Tap! North Indian Kathak Meets Tap"—The subcontinental footwork-form gets a head-on meeting with shuffles and slides of the *Bring In 'da Noise* variety. In a spirit of all-out cultural integration, the program's score melds works by Ellington with Sanskrit prayers and other such wackiness. 12/5 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). $21.*

Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra—Wynton & Co. come home after a long haul on the road with "Wrappin' It Up," a sort of greatest-hits package from the recent tour. Highlights include compositions and arrangements by the great Chico O'Farrill, Duke Ellington, and Fletcher Henderson. 12/3 and 12/5 at 8 P.M. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500). $37.50.*

Dave Matthews Band—Smarter than your average noodle-rocker, this South African turned southern American uses Dead-influenced jamming, jazz-tinged excursions, and bluesy breakdowns in the service of his arena-filling badness. 12/2–12/3 at 8 P.M. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (307-7171). $32.50. Sold out.*

David Murray Big Band—In "The Obscure Works of Duke Ellington," the prolific tenorman (along with a string section conducted by composer-arranger James Newton) digs into such morsels as *Money Jungle*—the stellar suite Ellington played in a trio with Max Roach and Charles Mingus. Other players on the lineup include Hilton Ruiz, Joe Bowie, Patience Higgins, and Murray's old World Saxophone Quartet mate Hamiet Bluiett. 12/5 at 7:30 P.M. *Aaron Davis Hall, W. 135th St., at Convent Ave. (650-6900). $24.*

Kelly Price—Is the title of Price's hot debut, *Soul of a Woman,* a nod to Led Zeppelin or what? Could be—except Price certainly doesn't *sound* as if her soul were created below. On the down-low, maybe. 12/5 at 7 and 11 P.M. *The Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. (307-7171). $26–$36.*

Sweet Honey in the Rock—Celebrating a quarter-century of soul-stirring activity, the a cappella gospel act raises the roof one more time—and plugs the aptly named new disc, *25.* 12/5 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $22.50–$37.50.*

"Sixth Annual Toys and Books for Kids Concert"—Rapper MC Lyte, Cookie Monster, and D.J. Jus headline this bargain-basement charity gig. 12/3 at 6:30 P.M. *The Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. (307-7171). Price of admission: One toy or book.*

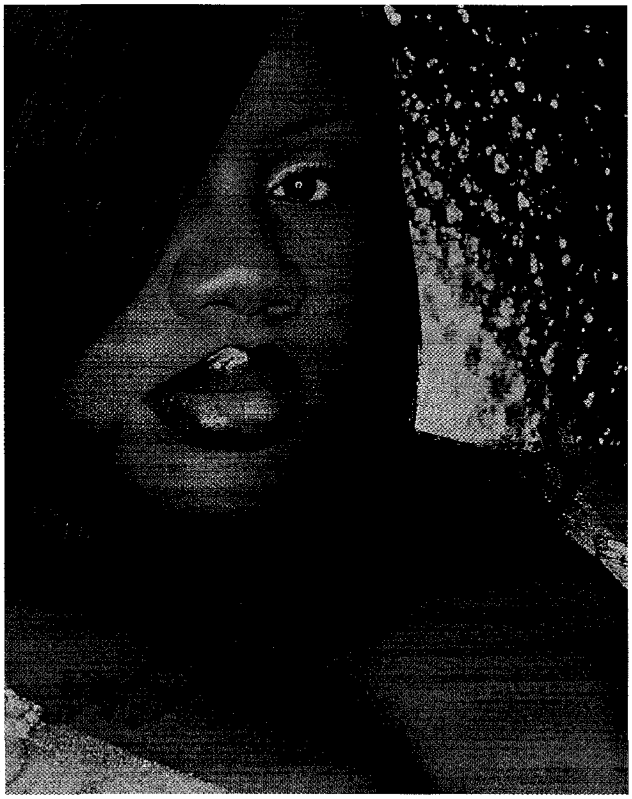
Clubland

The Baggot Inn—Every Sunday, under the moniker Keep Bangin', the rhythm section from *Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk*—Jared Crawford, Raymond King, Darryl Dove Jr., and Larry Wright—takes a turn in the spotlight. *82 W. Third St. (477-0622).*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 12/2: Dave Mason & Jim Capaldi. 12/3–12/4: Bill Bruford, Tony Levin, Chris Botti & David Torn. 12/6: Emmylou Harris (see page 114). 12/7: Sean Altman & Groove Barbers; Accidentals. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Talent Price Buster

Move over, Monica; make way, Brandy: Super-smooth R&B diva Kelly Price—whose grinding "Friend of Mine" promises to keep fans warm all winter—makes her big-hall debut at the venerable Apollo Theatre, December 5. (See "Concerts.")



Bowery Ballroom—12/7: Maria McKee returns for the first time in two and half years, bringing her gospel-inflected pop back to the faithful—and undoubtedly picking up a few converts along the way. 12/2: Fun Lovin' Criminals. 12/4: Susan McKeown & the Chanting House. 12/11: Bonnie Prince Billy (see page 113). *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 12/4: Orso. 12/5: Upper Crust. 12/7: Betty Goo. 12/8: Gold Sparkle Band; William Hooker. *161 Avenue A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—12/5: The ever-raunchy Andre Williams seems to have dropped "Mr. Rhythm" as a stage name. He probably didn't need it, anyhow: When your tunes have titles like "Jail Bait" and "Bacon Fat," your funky badness speaks for itself. 12/1: Seth Feinberg. 12/2: Big Jack Johnson. 12/3: Chesterfields. 12/4: Hubert Sumlin. 12/7: Killer Blues Band. 12/8: L'il Mama. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—12/4: If life were fair, Columbus, Ohio's New Bomb Turks would have hit the big time three years ago, instead of West Coast wussies like Green Day and the Offspring. But the poppishly punky quartet has maintained its good spirits, and its walloping jams. With Sweden's punk-buzz-band *du jour,* the Hellacopters. 12/1: Toasters; Edna's Goldfish; Skoidats. 12/3: The Bomboras; Satan's Pilgrim's. 12/5: The Pilfers. 12/6: Propain; Crisis; Fury of Five; El Niño. 12/8: Deicide. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Connolly's—Saturdays, hometown Celt-punk faves Black 47 get midtown pogoing. *14 East 47th St. (867-3767).*

Elbow Room—At Wednesday night's irony-drenched karaoke night, luminaries like Elliott Smith, Michael Stipe, and Steven Malkmus get mellow and groovy with their AM-gold selves. *144 Bleecker St. (979-6973).*

Fez—12/4–12/5: Joe McGinty and the Kustard King Krew host yet another not-so-in-cheek homage to a breathily crooning hero of yesteryear, in the "Loser's Lounge Tribute to Todd Rundgren." Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 12/3: Squirrel Nut Zippers. 12/4: Anthrax; One Minute Silence; Hinge. 12/5: Golden Smog; Josh Rouse. 12/8: Offspring; Unwritten Law. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—12/9: Lou Reed, iconic New York club figure *par excellence,* puts in the final of three late-breaking small-room shows. Always a treat, no matter how long it's been since Reed's put out a new studio album. 12/1: Mark Dresser; N2K All-stars. 12/2–12/6: Henry Threadgill. 12/7: Oliver Lake Big Band. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055). $.*

Life—Wednesday night's "Lust For Life" gets you in touch with your inner rock-and-roll rump-shaker. Every Sunday night, "Flick6ix," whose hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment, takes over. 12/2: Martha Davis; Motels. *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. Mondays: Craig Dreter & Friends. 12/1: Dave Keyes Band. 12/2: Deanna Bogart. 12/3: Michael Hill's Blues Mob. 12/4: Debbie Davies. 12/5: Johnny Allen. 12/8: Sean Chambers. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

Maxwell's—After a couple years' dormancy, New Jersey's (and perhaps the tri-state area's) finest rock club is back with a vengeance. 12/2: The Bomboras; Satan's Pilgrims. 12/3: Leah Andreone; Block. 12/4: The Woggles; the Insomniacs. 12/5: The New Bomb Turks; the Hellacopters. 12/7: Bonnie Prince Billy (see box, this page). *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 12/1: Clara Venus; My Favorite Relative. 12/2: Double Wide; Walls. 12/3: Blake Morgan; Nil Hartough; Carrie Price. 12/4: Silos; Hollowbodies. 12/5: Vallejo; Opium for the Masses. 12/6: Elysian Fields. 12/8: New Radicals. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Fridays and Saturdays at 8 P.M., the Supper Club's house big-band swings with abandon at the always-packed "This Joint Is Jumpin'." *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 12/3: Ralph Stanley; Clinch Mountain Boys; Freight Hoppers. 12/4: Fishbone. 12/5: Funky Meters; Liquid Soul. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Monday is the long-running drum-and-bass extravaganza "Konkrete Jungle." 12/1: Deadcenter; Tiberius. 12/2: Patti Rothberg; Spring; Nancy Atlas. 12/3: Walkinbird; Mosaic; Rosey. 12/4: Dash Rip Rock; Angus. 12/5: Groove Collective; DJ Sasha & Nicodemus. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244) $.*

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30; $10 minimum. 12/1: Gil Evans Orchestra; Randy Brecker & Don Alias. 12/2: Cesar Camargo Mariano & Romero Lubambo. 12/3–12/5: Yellowjackets. 12/8: Gil Evans Orchestra. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—12/3–12/8: The hardest hitting third of Detroit's legendary Jones brothers, Elvin Jones brings his smoking Jazz Machine around for a hard-bop workout the likes of which you won't find this side of, well, anywhere. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Citron 47—Sets start at 9:30 P.M. Mondays: Chuck Wilson's Jazz Quartet. Tuesdays: Cafe. Sundays: Jon Sholle Wednesdays and Fridays: The Stingers. Thursdays: Eric. *401 W. 47th St. (397-4747). $10 minimum.*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 P.M. and 10 P.M. *174 Orchard St., bet. Houston and Stanton. (780-0313).*

Iridium—In the cozy basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find some of the finest chow in jazzland, plus formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table-placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 12/1–12/6: John Scofield Trio. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Jazz at Noon—East midtown's long-running, Friday-afternoon jam session—where Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, and Elvin Jones have all been visiting scholars—returns for its thirty-third season, with the usual high-caliber house band. Noon–2:30 P.M. $5 cover. 12/4: Don Friedman. *San Martin Restaurant, 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7 P.M., guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Sun., Tues.–Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; $10–$15 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. $10 minimum all nights. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. 12/4: Neo-Bass Ensemble with Lisle Atkinson. All shows at 5:30 P.M. *11 W. 53rd St. (708-0480).*

Showman's Café—Reopened right on 125th Street (though not, unfortunately, in its original location adjacent to the Apollo), the legendary jazz watering hole offers slow-cooked soul-jazz and funkified hard bop every night. No cover; two-drink minimum. *375 E. 125th St. (864-8941). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

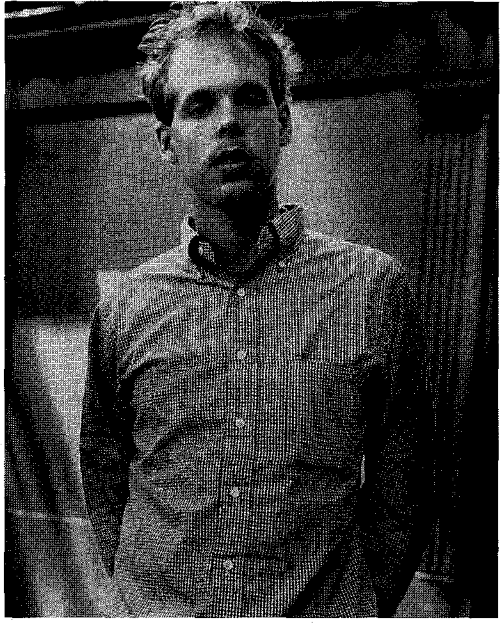
Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. 12/1–12/5: Teri Thornton. 12/6: Howard Johnson & Friends. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tonic—12/6 at 1:30 P.M.: David Krakauer & Klezmer Madness kick off the new "Klezmer Sundays in the Wine Cellar Series" with a set of giddy, jazz-tinged klezmer. This club, which currently shares space with a hairdresser, used to be a kosher winery—so get drunk on the good vibes! *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—12/1–12/6: After their rousing live reunion last spring, Monk-fêting supergroup

Talent
The Royal We

While some bands just try to make a name for themselves, the mercurial Will Oldham has a half-dozen and counting. After six years of recording liquor-and-lights-out ballads as Palace Brothers, Palace Songs, Palace Music, etc., Oldham put the moniker to rest in favor of the slightly baroque Bonnie Prince Billy. "Part of the reason for changing was so that each record could have its own life," he says. "I wanted people to know they were different. I figured the Palace thing was over." The inspiration for his latest installment of royal wordplay comes from the eighteenth-century struggle for the English throne. Like Bonnie Prince Charlie (who, Oldham notes, was a "hero of song and legend"), the singer enjoys the peripatetic life of the road, though in his rambles from the Appalachian woods to the Iowa prairie he hasn't forgotten his roots. On the upcoming tour to support his new album, *I See a Darkness*, the heir to the amplified throne of Neil Young and Bob Dylan will be joined by his brothers Ned and Paul, as well as by the two Virginia Stith boys, for a full-on family affair. Oldham leaves more than a name behind. The singer, who recently traded his old Kentucky home for a Manhattan sublet, is characteristically elusive when it comes to his future: "One of the reasons I didn't want to move here was I was living like a king everywhere else." At peace with abdication, the Bonnie Prince will be holding court at Maxwell's on December 7 and at Bowery Ballroom on December 11. HUNTER KENNEDY



Photograph by Eddie Vee.

Sphere headed into the studio to record an album of works by the late, great Thelonious Sphere Monk (get it? Sphere?). Three-quarters of the group—Gary Bartz, Ben Riley, and Buster Williams—were sidemen of the late "high priest of bebop," and are joined on piano by the intrepid, impressive Kenny Barron for this return engagement. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinno—12/1: Rosana Vitro; Bliss Rodriguez. 12/2–12/5: Kenny Davern; John Bunch; Tony DeNicola; Greg Cohen. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tuesday–Thursday, shows at 9:30 P.M. Fri. and Sat., shows at 8, 10, and midnight. Jim Norton, DC Benny, Jim Gaffigan, Robert Kelly, Jordan Rubin, Nick Swardson and Macio. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. Wednesdays, "Gemini Lounge," with the Sklar Brothers. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum.*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and midnight; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. Through 12/6: Quentin Heggs, Vic Di Betteto, Nancy Redman, John Rizzo, Richie Byrne, and Ben Creed. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 12/4–12/5: Wali Collins; Sklar Brothers; Jim Gaffigan. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—At Monday night's "Eating It," veterans of *The State* and *Saturday Night Live* turn up regularly, as does Janeane Garofalo. Expect lots of personal monologues, of a post–Spalding Gray variety, plus the odd freak in dime-store costumes and glitter-encrusted wings performing numbers from the *Krofft Superstars* show. Some of it is successful, some is not, but none of it is Jay Leno warmed over. $5 cover. *171 Ludlow St. (260-2323).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. Through New Year's: Andrea Marcovicci (early shows Tues–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.). *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—If the cabaret is a dimly lit confessional booth—in which its best performers establish simultaneous intimacy and decorum—Bobby Short is its high priest. The 74-year-old singer and pianist—whose full-throated take on the American songbook makes the tunes seem to leap from the composers' staves—is in, through December, for his annual run. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45 p.m. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis performs the work of George Gershwin in "Things Are Looking Up." $12 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).*

Danny's Skylight Room—Through January: Blossom Dearie. $20, plus $15 minimum. 12/9: Sharon Ruben. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. $15, with a two-drink minimum. Wednesdays through 12/9: Vicki Sue Robinson. Show starts at 8 P.M. 12/4, 12/11 & 12/18: Tom Andersen. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9 P.M. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $30 cover; two-drink minimum. 12/1–12/12: Angela LaGreca. *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

Kiki & Herb—In their lounge-star drag-queen personae, Justin Bond and Kenny Mellman star in a very, er, *special* holiday show entitled *Do You Hear What We Hear?* 12/4–1/3 at 8:30 P.M. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288). $12.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Michael's Pub—Julie Wilson's standing-room-only show has been extended into an open-ended run. Mondays, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra plays for the twenty-eighth year running. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. $25 cover Tues.–Thurs.; $30 cover Fri.–Sat. $15 cover, Mon. $15 minimum all week. *The Park Restaurant, 109 E. 56th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. $40 cover. Through 12/5: Karen Akers. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—Thursdays through 12/17, Mark Nadler kicks the cabaret flavor. Fridays, John Malino's combo plays jazz standards (no cover). $12 minimum. Thursdays: Mark Nadler. $15, $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Bars

Angel's Share—Tucked discreetly inside an already-discreet second-story Japanese restaurant, this ultra-suave boîte is the ultimate in low-key hipness. The management admits only as many customers (about 30) as there are seats and routinely turns away large parties, to keep rabble-rousing to a minimum. The combination of seclusion, exclusivity, and the bar's legendarily precise (some say obsessive) bartenders results in perhaps the finest experience of its kind in the city. *9 Stuyvesant St., near 9th St. and Third Ave. (598-3041).*

Chez Es Saada—A subterranean orientalist fantasia, replete with fountains, Egyptian pop on the sound system, and exotic drinks with unpronounceable names. Don't be misled by the lack of street-level signage, though: Chez Es Saada is no trendoid-free oasis, and on weekends the bouncers give entry preference to Euro-partyers. *42 E. 1st St. (777-5617).*

Talent
Déjà 'lou

Emmylou Harris hasn't played New York in more than two years, but if her recent live album, *Spyboy,* is any indication, we're in for a treat when she returns December 6: The disc sees the Nashville singer, backed by a razor-sharp trio (also called Spyboy), reinterpreting tunes from every phase of her stellar quarter-century career. And the show, at the Bottom Line, also represents another fond glance back: Harris spent the tail end of the sixties struggling on the Greenwich Village folk circuit before heading to D.C. and a legendary, career-making encounter with Gram Parsons. "The first time I came back after I'd had a record out and was doing pretty well, I actually played the Bottom Line," the 51-year-old singer recalls. "That was sort of my New York debut as a successful artist. But I can't remember the last time I played there; I can't remember the last time I was even *in* there." Better make the show, then: Who knows when Harris will next do us the honor?

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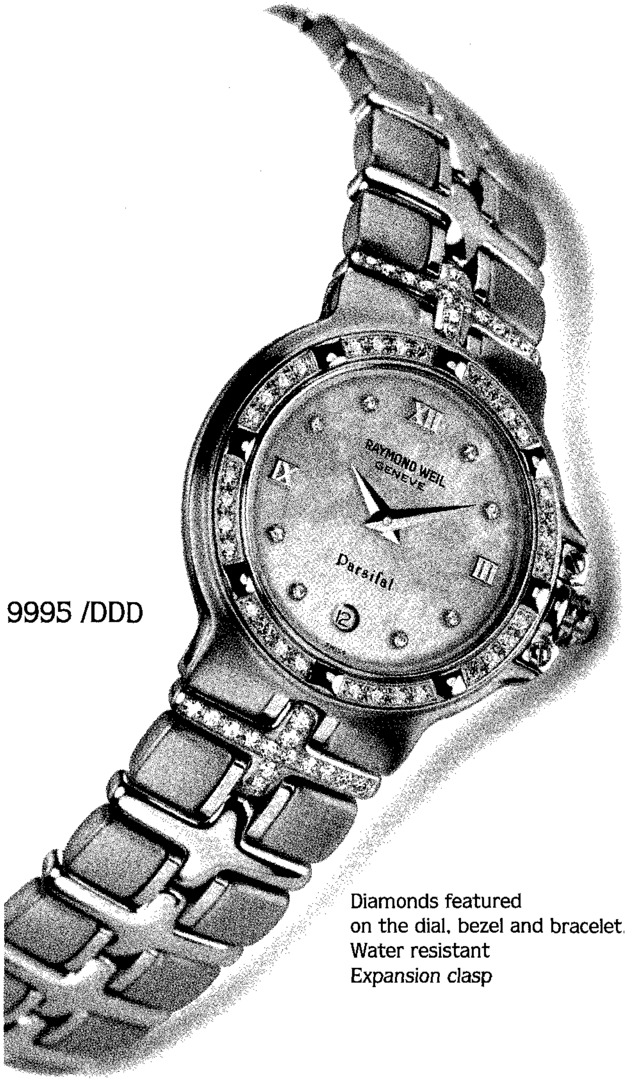
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in concert

Beaux Arts Trio at the Metropolitan Museum

Classical Music

Tuesday, December 1

New York Philharmonic—Performs Druckman's *Aureole,* Mozart's Violin Concerto No. 3, and Dvořák's Symphony No. 7, with violinist Pamela Frank. André Previn, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $14–$73.*

Philadelphia Orchestra—Performs Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 4 in A Major and Mahler's Symphony No. 4, with soprano Juliane Banse. Riccardo Chailly, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

Wednesday, December 2

Emerson String Quartet—Performs Sibelius's Quartet in D minor, Zwilich's String Quartet No. 2, and Schubert's Quintet in C Major, with cellist Carter Brey. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$45.*

Handelworks—Soprano Dana Hanchard, harpsichordist Bradley Brookshire, and I Musici Di San Cassiano perform *La Lucrezia, Agrippina, Condotta,* and *A Morire. Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 7:30; $22.*

Thursday, December 3

New York Philharmonic—Performs works by Strauss, with soprano Sylvia McNair and horn player Philip Myers. Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $14–$73.*

Bargemusic—Performances of Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann, and Brahms. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$25.*

Friday, December 4

New York Philharmonic—See 12/3.

Chamber Music Society—Performs works by Beethoven, Carter, and Mozart, with the Arditti String Quartet, pianist Ursula Oppens, clarinetist David Shifrin, and others. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $25–$35.*

Beaux Arts Trio—Performs Beethoven's Trio in B-flat Major, Ravel's Trio in A minor, and Tchaikovsky's Trio in A minor. *Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949), at 8; $30.*

Christina Goerke, Soprano, and Craig Rutenberg, Piano—Perform works by Strauss, Verdi, Hundley, and Poulenc. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $30.*

Saturday, December 5

Seoul Symphony Orchestra—Performs the Violin Concerto and other works by Tchaikovsky, with violinist Ik Hwan Bae. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $25.*

New York Philharmonic—See 12/3.

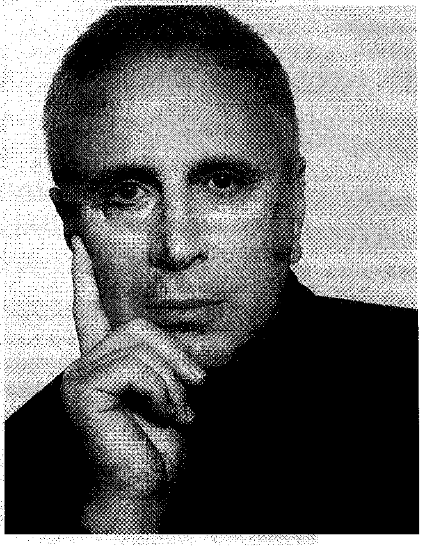
Beaux Arts Trio—See 12/4, at 8.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Previews

Building Music



"I want my music to be a building that's solid and constructed," says John Corigliano (*The Ghosts of Versailles, etc.*), in one of many comparisons of his music to architecture. This may seem a rather unromantic take on the creative process, but Corigliano considers structure a key element in his compositions. At the same time, he acknowledges that underlying form often goes unnoticed by audiences, who tend to respond to music emotionally. That's why he's looking forward to this Sunday's concert and discussion at the 92nd Street Y, hosted by fellow composer Ned Rorem. "The emotional part doesn't need to be talked about, but 'How did I do this? Why?,' the mystery of putting the notes together, does," says Corigliano. The other participants in the concert agree that his music is a perfect fit for this format. "Every piece that he writes is like another discovery, an exploration into a new realm," says pianist James Tocco, who, with Jonathan Biss, will perform the New York premiere of *Chiaroscuro.* The piece exemplifies Corigliano's clever tweaking of form; it's written for two pianos, tuned a quarter-tone apart. At the very least, says Tocco, "it's going to be an adventure." **NICK MEYER**

Sunday, December 6

Ned Rorem Hosts—A concert and discussion with the composer of Corigliano's Etude Fantasy, Fantasia on an Ostinato, Sonata for Violin and Piano, and other works. With violinist Joshua Bell, pianists Jonathan Biss and James Tocco, tenor Robert White, and others. *92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100), at 3; $35.*

Met Chamber Ensemble—Performs songs by Brahms, Wolf, and Shoenberg, with sopranos Dawn Upshaw and Joyce Guyer, mezzo Michelle De Young, tenor Gregory Turay, and baritone Nathan Gunn. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 5; $80.*

New York Philharmonic Chamber Ensembles—Perform works by Mozart, Karg-Elert, and Tchaikovsky. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 3; $18.*

Bargemusic—See 12/3, at 4.

Chamber Music Society—See 12/4, at 5.

Jessye Norman, Soprano—Performs works by Poulenc, Ullman, and Chausson, with pianist Mark Markham. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 5; $18–$75.*

Joan Rodgers, Soprano, and Malcolm Martineau, Piano—Perform works by Tchaikovsky, Strauss, Poulenc, and Shostakovich. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 2; $32.*

Monday, December 7

Orpheus Chamber Orchestra—Performs Gershwin songs arranged by Leonard Bernstein, in celebration of Gershwin's centennial, and works by Varèse, Herbert, and Carter. With mezzo Denyce Graves, and clarinetist Charles Neidich. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro,* 12/1 at 7:30 and 12/5 at 1:30; Bizet's *Carmen,* 12/2 at 7:30 and 12/5 at 8; Puccini's *La Bohème,* 12/3 at 7:30; Verdi's *La Traviata,* 12/4 at 8; and Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor,* 12/7 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $25–$210.*

Dicapo Opera—Performs Donizetti's *La Fille du Regiment,* 12/4 and 12/5 at 8, and 12/6 at 3. *184 E. 76th St. (288-9438); $25.*

Dance

New York City Ballet—Performs Balanchine's "The Nutcracker," 12/1–12/3 at 6, 12/4 at 8, 12/5 at 2 and 8, and 12/6 at 1 and 5. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $10–$80.*

Ballet Hispanico—Performs four programs, which include Oller's *Bury Me Alive,* Reinking's *Ritmo y Ruido,* and other works, 12/1 at 7:30, 12/2–12/4 at 8, 12/5 at 2 and 8, and 12/6 at 2 and 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $35.*

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater—Performs a new production of Geoffrey Holder's *The Prodigal Prince,* Ailey's *Revelations,* Jamison's *Echo: Far From Home,* and other works, 12/2 at 7, 12/3 and 12/4 at 8, 12/5 at 2 and 8, and 12/6 at 3 and 7:30. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212); $15–$55.*

Ballet Flamenco Sol de España—Performs Yoko Komatsubara's *Duende del Flamenco* and *Flamenco Sensacional* in a concert celebrating Federico García Lorca's centennial, 12/2 and 12/3 at 8. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. (772-4448); $30.*

Photograph by Christian Steiner.

the mix

David Mamet...Mike McAlary...World AIDS Day

John Leonard's TV Notes

Before He Wakes (12/1; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) asks us to believe that Jaclyn Smith, of all the beautiful people, would run up so many debts while failing to sell any advertising at the TV station where she works that she'd resort not only to lying and cheating but even to murdering both her husbands, including Timothy Carhart as a basketball coach. Which behavior Hope Lange (Jaclyn's mother) may be willing to excuse but Diana Scarwid (Carhart's ex-wife) is not.

Selena: Murder of a Star (12/2; 9 to 10 P.M.; A&E), with Bill Kurtis reporting for *American Justice*, is a clip job on the Tejano singer's brief career; the high hopes of her Latino community for a crossover pop heroine; the fan-club nut, Yolanda Saldivar, who shot her in the back in a Texas motel room; and the trial that ended with a sentence of life imprisonment—not really much of an improvement on the slapdash Hollywood movie, with less music.

Intimate Portrait: Gloria Steinem (12/5; 10 to 11 P.M.: Lifetime), narrated by Goldie Hawn, talks to Marlo Thomas, Letty Cottin Pogrebin, Alice Walker's daughter Rebecca, Steinem herself, and several of the men in the eventful life of the mother of contemporary feminism—but, strangely, neither of her biographers—about a dreadful childhood, a deliverance into brain-work at Smith College, a fellowship in India among Gandhi pacifists, the beginnings of a career in big-time New York journalism, and the women's movement and what came after, including *Ms.* Since I've been a friend for 30 years, I'm biased.

Houdini (12/6; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT) stars Johnathon Schaech as the tormented magician, Stacy Edwards as his neglected and alcoholic wife, Bess, George Segal as his manager, Rhea Perlman as a medium who may or may not have reached him in the angry hereafter, Paul Sorvino as a radio shlockmeister, and Grace Zabriskie as the mother who caused so much of his trouble because she never kissed him. It's a production, written and directed by Pen Densham, that's fun to watch for the gothic acting, the period appointments, and the fabulous tricks, but the Houdini we met in Doctorow's *Ragtime* was a lot more interesting.

Girls' Night (12/6; 9 to 10:45 P.M.; Showtime) is the week's best television entertainment, a leisurely look at the semi-blighted lives of sisters-in-law (Brenda Blethyn and Julie Walters) on an assembly line in northern England, until they win a fortune in a bingo game and leave their men and everything else behind for a vacation in Las Vegas, where, of course, they will meet rodeo roustabout Kris Kristofferson. If I tell you that one of these women is dying of cancer, you may run the other way. You would be wrong. Blethyn and Walters are wonderful, and so is the friendship that sustains them, and so is the innocent eye with which they see the American West and the neon slots, and so are the preposterous clothes they wear as they seize their future. Nick Hurran (*Remember Me*) directs from a script by Kay Mellor (*Band of Gold*).

The Christmas Wish (12/6; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) brings Neil Patrick Harris home from Wall Street to sort out the affairs of his dead grandfather, who raised him after the death of his parents in a car crash, to modernize the business practices of the small-town family real-estate firm, and to deliver on a promise to his grandmother (an unnaturally calm, maybe even sedated Debbie Reynolds) to track down a mysterious "Lillian" mentioned often but never explained in the old man's journals. On the way, in the person of dance instructor Naomi Watts, there will also be true love. Not a bad holiday movie, with a genuine surprise at the end.

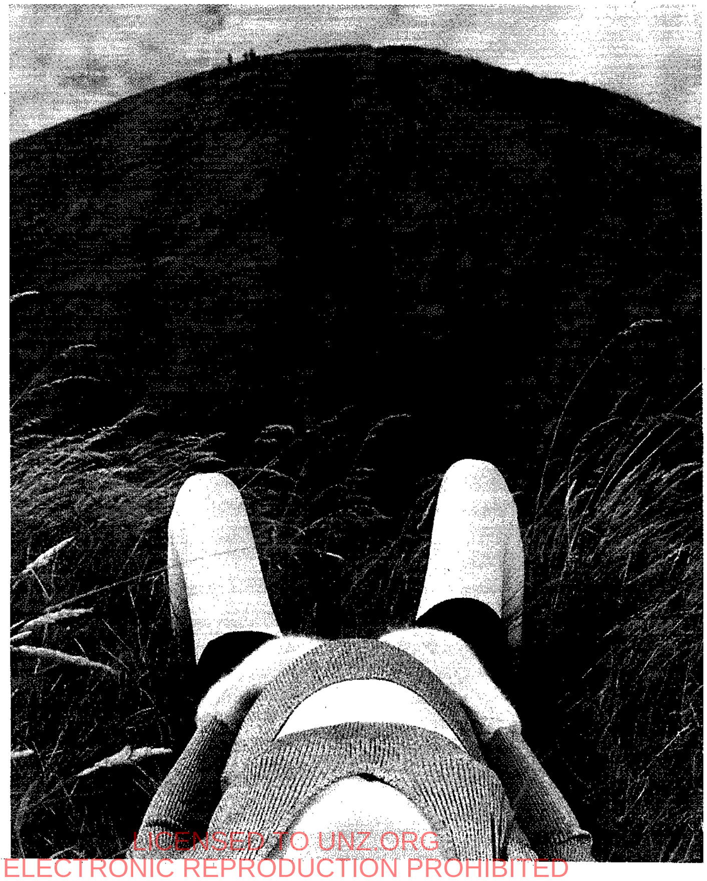
Glorious Technicolor (12/7; 8 to 9 P.M.; TCM) lets Angela Lansbury celebrate the former M.I.T. professor who made Oz possible, with terrific snippets of everything from a color screen test of Vivien Leigh and Leslie Howard for *Gone With the Wind* to the first appearance of Porky Pig to Ingrid Bergman and *An American in Paris*. Kicking off a Turner Classic Movies week-long festival of splatter flicks.

A Chance of Snow (12/7; 9 to 11 P.M.; Lifetime) doesn't exactly waste the talents of JoBeth Williams, Michael Ontkean, Barbara Barrie, Charles Durning, and Dina Merrill, but it does yoke them to a wheezy vehicle (about infidelity, divorce, a snowed-in airport, the kindly intervention of large-souled elders) on its inevitable way to an upbeat ending with happy tears and Christmas music.

On View

Pretty in the Picture

Everybody gets a front-row view at the exhibition "New Fashion Photography," opening December 2 at the Angel Orensanz Foundation Center for the Arts. Shades a must.



Photograph by John Akehurst.

Radio Highlights

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sundays at 8 P.M. 12/6: Howard Norman, author of *The Museum Guard*. WPAT, 930 AM.

The Written Word

David Mamet and Howard Norman—12/7 at 8 P.M.: Reading from recent work. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $12.

Mike McAlary—12/4 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *Sore Loser.* Barnes & Noble Upper West Side, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (362-8835); free.

Michele Wolf—12/5 at 2 P.M.: Reading from her new book of poetry, *Conversations During Sleep.* New York Public Library, 127 Amsterdam Ave. between 65th and 66th Sts. (870-1811); free.

Jameson Currier—12/3 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Where the Rainbow Ends.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850).

Stephen Dubner—12/1 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from his new book, *Turbulent Souls.* Chartwell Booksellers, 55 E. 52nd St. (308-0643); free.

Lectures and Panels

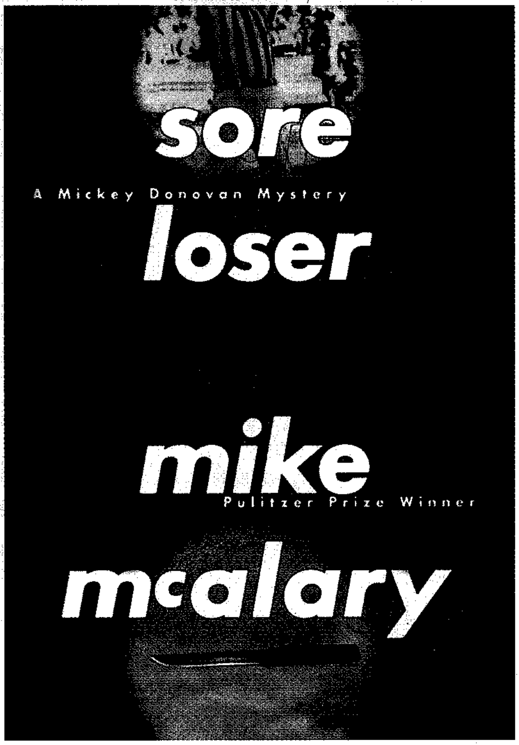
Jeff Greenfield and Tom Brokaw—12/6 at 7:30 P.M.: CNN's political and media analyst talks with the Emmy-award-winning anchor and managing editor of *NBC Nightly News With Tom Brokaw.* 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

"Italian-American Immigration to the United States: A Transferal of Old World Pessimism and Village Thinking in the American Mainstream"—12/3 at 8 P.M.: The Barnard forum on migration hosts this lecture by Gay Talese. James Room, fourth flr., Barnard Hall, 117th St. and Broadway.

"Gender as Insult"—12/1 at 7 P.M.: A panel with Jessica Hagedorn, Maureen Howard, Patricia Spears Jones, Francine Prose, and Joanna Scott.

In Print
Beat Novelist

If Mike McAlary were a character in a book instead of a real guy, you'd think the author had overdone it a little. The quintessential New York newspaperman, he's worked at every daily in town except the *Times,* had the requisite feud with Jimmy Breslin (one of his childhood heroes), and been honored with the golden chalice of reporterdom, the Pulitzer. But there's one thing that's always bothered him about the papers: You can't make things up. After years of squashing his desire to invent and embellish, McAlary has let loose in his new mystery novel, *Sore Loser,* the story of Deputy Inspector Mickey Donovan's struggles with the city and with the women in his life. "It was neat to find out that I could go someplace in my mind and unpack bags—a conversation I once had, a meal I once ate," he says. As a reporter for the *Daily News,* McAlary broke the Abner Louima story, one of the many times in his career he has exposed police corruption and brutality. The protagonist of his novel, however, is both a cop and a hero. "I knew somebody like him," McAlary explains, "and even the stories I've done about bad cops usually unearth a hero cop who refuses to capitulate." McAlary's background was both an asset and an annoyance while he was working on *Sore Loser.* "Fiction should be a hoot, but I was always waiting for the managing editor to tap me on the shoulder and say, 'No, it's not true, it didn't really happen that way,' " he says, laughing. "Of course, I blend the real with the imaginary. Our mayor is different from the mayor in the book"—who is fixated on the Yankees, his own image, and building a bomb shelter in the World Trade Center—"but they could probably end up sharing the same room in Bellevue." McAlary reads at the Upper West Side Barnes & Noble on December 4. ARIEL LEVY



The New School's Tishman Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5600); free.

"Making Drama from Real Life: The Art of the Contemporary Television Documentary"—12/2 at 6 P.M.: A panel discussion with Ric Burns, Michael Cascio, Susan Lacy, Chris Hegedus, Donn Pennebaker, and Frederick Wiseman. The Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $10.

"A Tribute to Charles Kuralt: The Art of Storytelling on Television"—12/2 at 6 P.M.: A panel discussion with Bernie Birnbaum, Charles Osgood, Phil Schleffler, Harry Smith, and Calvin Trillin on how Kuralt's storytelling has been carried on by a new generation of reporters. The Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $10.

"The Northern Ireland Agreement: Implications for British-Irish Relations"—12/1 at 7 P.M.: Mary Hickman, author of *Religion, Class, and Identity: The State, the Catholic Church, and the Education of the Irish in Britain.* NYU-Ireland House, 1 Washington Mews (998-3950); $5.

"Contemporary Chinese Art in America"—12/3 at 8 P.M.: A panel discussion with Tsong-zung Chang, Gao Minglu, Wenda Gu, Jonathan Hay, Robert Lee, Carol Sun, and Emily Cheng. SVA Amphitheatre, 209 E. 23rd St. (592-2010); free.

"Asian Vegetarian"—12/5 at 2 P.M.: Join Eleanor Toy for a good time and snack-making. The Chinatown Cooking School, 70 Mulberry St., fifth flr. (718-468-4586); $35.

"The Meaning of Freedom in American Life"—12/1 at 8:15 P.M.: A panel discussion with Eric Foner, Randall Kennedy, and Katha Pollitt. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

"American Democracy and Economic Success"—12/3 at 8:15 P.M.: Cornel West and Roberto Unger discuss the gap between the country's have and have-nots. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

Carole Maso on Gertrude Stein—12/3 at 7 P.M.: The author of *Beauty Is Convulsive* talks about the writer, patron of the arts, socialite, and proponent of Modernism. Poets House, 72 Spring St. (431-7920); $7.

"Sex, Drugs, and Death in Fairyland"—12/2 at 5:30 P.M.: Charlotte Gere on art, science, dreams, hallucinations, opium addicts, and the newly revealed realms of spiritualism depicted in Victorian fairy painting. The Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); free.

Tours

Broadway's Bright Light: A Personal Tour with Master Architect Hugh Hardy—12/6 at 9:30 A.M.: Join one of the city's visionaries, responsible for much of 42nd Street's new look. Call 996-1100 for reservations and information; $20.

John Lennon and the Beatles—12/6 at 12:15 P.M.: In honor of the December 8 anniversary of Lennon's death, a tour of fifteen sites that influenced the lives of the group. For meeting place and reservations call 465-3331; $12.

Millionaire's Mile—12/6 at 2 P.M.: Explore one of New York's most handsome and exclusive landmark districts, with its palatial homes and prestigious cultural institutions. Meet at the northwest corner of W. 58th St. and 5th Ave. (979-2388); $10.

The Mystical World of Hasidim—Sundays: A round-trip bus and walking tour during which you'll experience a Hasidic synagogue, the writing of a Torah Scroll, a library, and a kosher-deli lunch. Meet at the New York Public Library, 42nd St. and Fifth Ave. (800-838-TOUR); $36.

Metropolitan Opera Backstage—Weekdays at 3:45 P.M. and Saturdays at 10 A.M.: A unique, behind-the-scenes view of the creation of the opera. Includes costume and set design, the performers' rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call for reservations and times (769-7020); $8.

Celebrities of New York—Saturdays and Sundays at 10:30 A.M. on the West Side and 2 P.M. on the East Side: Discover the homes of the stars and the countless cinematic sites of the city. Call 683-4133 for more information and meeting places; $15.

Behind the Scenes at the Waldorf-Astoria—Every Wednesday and Sunday at 9 A.M.: Discover the history and architecture of New York's Art Deco landmark hotel, where Guy Lombardo celebrated New Year's in style and Cole Porter wrote his tunes. Call 872-4790 for further information; $25.

Benefits

Guild Hall Lifetime Achievement Awards—12/1 at 7 P.M.: Steven Spielberg, Betty Friedan, and Julian Schnabel will be honored at this benefit cocktail and dinner party. The Plaza, Fifth Ave. at Central Park South (829-8374); $500–$15,000.

The New York University Child Study Center's First Annual Advocacy Benefit—12/1 at 6:30 P.M.: A gala cocktail party, dinner, and award ceremony. Cipriani Wall St. 55 Wall St. (263-7688); $5,000–$50,000.

St. Nicholas Celebration—12/2 at 7 P.M.: Performances by Lavender Light: Black and People of All Colors Lesbian and Gay Gospel Choir and The New York City Gay Men's Chorus Chamber Choir, sponsored by AIDS Action International. You are asked to bring an unwrapped holiday gift for a woman, man, or child living with HIV. St. John the Divine, 112th St. and Ave. of the Americas (633-1062); free.

Planned Parenthood of New York City's 7th Annual Cocktail Reception—12/3 at 6 P.M.: Featuring highlights from the 20th Century Decorative Art and Poster Auction. Christie's East, 219 E. 67th St. (274-7254); $65.

Inner-City Scholarship Fund's 22nd Annual Award Dinner—12/7 at 6:30 P.M.: John Cardinal O'Connor will be among the hosts at this benefit for 51,000 children. The Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 50th St. (753-8583); $750 and up.

Events

Lee Friedlander—12/1 at 7:30 P.M.: A slide show of photographs of legendary performers from *American Musicians.* Barnes & Noble, 675 Sixth Ave, at 22nd St. (727-1227); free.

Christmas Festival—12/3–12/5: Crafts, toys, furniture, clothes, antiques, and other gift-worthy items on sale to support the outreach programs of the Church of Heavenly Rest. Fifth Ave. at 90th St. (289-3400, ext. 303); $5.

66th Annual Rockefeller Center Christmas Tree Lighting—12/2 at 7 P.M.: A two-hour program with Jane Pauley, Matt Lauer, Al Roker, Jewel, Garth Brooks, Babyface, Cyndi Lauper, Kristi Yamaguchi, and the Rockettes. Rockefeller Center Ice Skating Rink at 30 Rockefeller Plaza (332-6500); free

A Day With(out) Art—12/1: A day of action and mourning in response to the AIDS crisis, with events at the NYPL, the Museum of American Folk Art, MOMA, Thundergulch, BMA, Museo del Barrio, the Museum of Television and Radio, the Cooper-Hewitt, and St. Bernard's Catholic School (627-9855); free.

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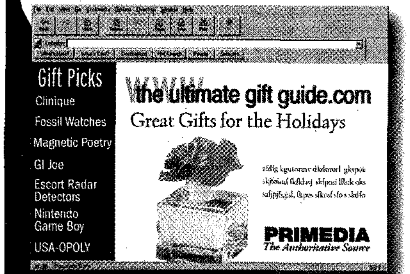

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Designer Arts Holiday Showcase—12/4–12/6: Art, jewelry, weavings, paintings, wood, clay, and glass. Gramercy Park Armory, 26th St. and Lexington Ave. (800-660-1045); $6.

Exhibitions

The International Festival of Fashion Photography—Through 12/12: Two hundred photographs from some of the world's most influential fashion shutterbugs. The Angel Orensanz Foundation Center for the Arts, 172 Norfolk St. at E. Houston (529-7194); free.

"100 Great Ideas for New York's Future: The City That Could Be . . ."—Through 12/30: One hundred proposals dedicated to improving life in the five boroughs by local urban planners, architects, students, community organizations, and government agencies. Municipal Art Society's Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., bet. 50th and 51st Sts. (935-3960); free.

"Eight Million Stories: Twentieth Century New York Life in Prints and Photographs"—Through 1/9/99: The 76 portraits on view record New Yorkers of all ages and social strata going through city life. New York Public Library, 42nd St. at Fifth Ave. (221-7676); free.

"Seinfeld's Diner"—Through 8/1/99: The set of the famous diner frequented by Jerry, Kramer, Elaine, and George is on display along with props and costumes. American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077); $4.50–$8.50.

"Street Trees: The Hunts Point Sculpture Garden"—Through 4/3/99: The first installment of a semi-annual collaboration between artists and community residents: sculptural interpretations of a city-street tree at two sites. Crames/Monsignor Raul del Valle Square, 163rd St. at Hunts Point Ave., and the courtyard of the Pio Mendez Houses on the corner of Hunts Point and Lafayette Aves., the Bronx (212-831-2189); free.

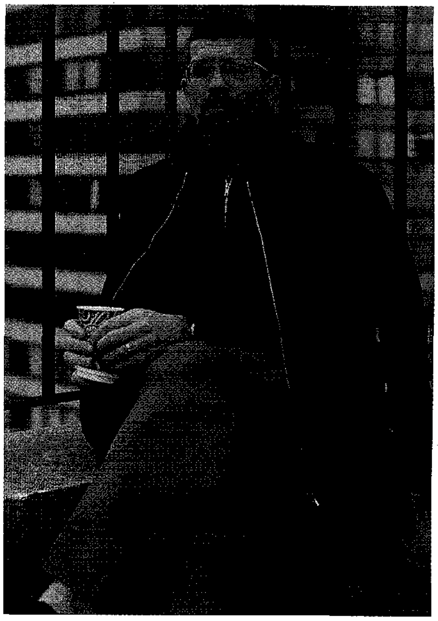
"New York Photographs: Margaret Morton, Christine Osinski, Robert Rindler"—Through 12/5: Images of the city—dwellings built by the homeless, graffiti, building façades, and the tiny islands that surround Manhattan. Cooper Union's Houghton Gallery, 7 E. 7th St. (353-4200); free.

Hall of Biodiversity—Ongoing: Devoted to the variety and interdependence of earth's living things and their critical importance to human survival, the hall includes a dramatic global tour of nine biomes and a diorama of the Central African Republic's rain forest. American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); $8 suggested contribution.

Sports

92nd Street Y Basketball—As the 1998–99 NBA season is looking more and more like a train wreck, why not exercise some of those roundball demons by hitting the court at the Y? Men's basketball leagues play on Thursday nights; women's and co-ed leagues on Monday evenings. Call 415-5700 for more info.

Church of the Heavenly Rest Two-Mile Fun Run—12/5 at 9:55 A.M.: CHR was damaged by fire in 1993, and the New York Road Runners Club is sprinting to its assistance by donating all proceeds to its repair. Meet at the Engineer's Gate (inside the Central Park entrance at Fifth Avenue and 90th Street). For registration and additional information, call 860-4455.



Happening

David Mamet, Pulitzer Prize winner and king of enigma, will read from what he will call only his "new work," *Wilson,* at the 92nd Street Y on December 7 at 8 P.M., along with Howard Norman, who will read from *The Museum Guard*—which we are very certain is a novel.

Hot Chocolate Ten-Miler—12/5 at 10 A.M.: If two miles is too meager, you of course can avail yourself of the ten-mile option on the same day as the race above. Meets at the same location (Engineer's Gate) and concludes with a post-race buffet of hot chocolate and bagels. Call 860-4455 for registration information. Cash prizes to top finishers.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—Click from "Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) to a new Website each weekday. This week: A site with the latest health-care info, personalized for you; a place to get your high-tech tarot cards read; the ultimate portal for all your gossip news; a site that lets you name your price for airline tickets, hotel rooms, new cars, and more; and the easiest way to get a Christmas tree to your fifth-floor walk-up (or anywhere in the U.S.). And hey, while you're in the neighborhood at www.nymag.com, check out all our other great stuff, like selected articles from the current issue and a searchable "Cue" section, plus daily picks of New York events in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," daily deals from Angie Maximo in "Cheap Thrills," "First Words" for bibliophiles, and daily New York trivia. So surf us, already.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
GIANTS	SF ABC 8PM						ARI FOX 4PM
JETS							SEA CBS 1PM
RANGERS		FLA MSG 7:30PM	NYI MSG 7:30PM			OTT MSG 7PM	
ISLANDERS			NYR FSNY 7:30PM		WAS FSNY 7PM	NJ FSNY 7PM	
DEVILS		WAS FSNY 7PM			MON MSG 7:30PM	NYI FSNY 7PM	
	11/30	12/1	12/2	12/3	12/4	12/5	12/6

Photograph by Leslie Hasler/Outline.

kids

Lump of Coal...Golden Egg

Children's Events

Wild Things—Tom Chapin—the terrific singer-songwriter whose "This Pretty Planet" recently serenaded John Glenn and company in space—sings a medley of holiday music and songs from his newest album, *In My Hometown.* As part of the "Just Kidding" collaborative series between two West Side institutions, the concert, 12/5 at 11, at **SYMPHONY SPACE** (Broadway at 95th St., 864-5400; tickets $6) is followed by an afternoon of related activities a few blocks south at the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN** (Broadway at 83rd St., 721-1223; admission with a Symphony Space ticket stub $3, a $2 saving). Beginning at 1:30 and 3, workshops at CMOM, led by folksinger Juanita Faulkner in a "Music Monster Mash," celebrate the thirty-fifth anniversary of Maurice Sendak's beloved classic *Where the Wild Things Are.*

Hanukkah Happening—The idea, at the kids' day of the **ANSCHE CHESED**'s annual Hanukkah Arts Festival and Judaica Crafts Fair, is that hands-on craft projects, mime shows (at 1 and 3), and music absorb children's attention, allowing creative browsing and shopping opportunities for the adults who tag along. 251 W. 100th St., at West End Ave. (865-0600). Dec. 6 from noon to 5 is the special kids' festival; $7 adults, $5 kids.

Little Apple—The current exhibit at the **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK** of more than 3,000 small buildings—some architectural models, some pencil sharpeners, a few musical instruments—called "The Little Apple: Souvenir Buildings From the Collection of Ace Architects," provides the inspiration for a two-hour workshop for families given by architect and educator Catherine Teagarden. Kids should bring a toy figure under six inches in height to act as their client. 12/5 at 2. At the museum's well-attended annual Christmas party, you can expect to meet local entertainers, cartoon characters, and the man from the North Pole. Make candy necklaces, gift items, and participate in a hunt. 12/7 from 2 to 5. Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Free with admission: suggested contribution $5, $4 students, seniors, and children, $10 families. ●

Narnia—THEATREWORKS' musical *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe,* based on C. S. Lewis's classic, is recommended for kids ages 6 to 11. 12/5, 12/13, and 12/20 at 12:30. Shows are approximately an hour in length. The Promenade Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (627-7373). Single tickets are $18.50.

Naughty or Nice—The good tots of colonial New Amsterdam got candies and fruits from the good old St. Nick—but the ones who misbehaved were given lumps of coal. Hear the Bronx Arts Ensemble accompany old Dutch carols arranged by Jack Gale, with a narrative by playwright Robert Kornfeld, at the twenty-fourth annual St. Nicholas Day Celebration. 12/5 and 12/6 at **VAN CORTLANDT HOUSE MUSEUM**, in Van Cortlandt Park near Broadway at 246th St. On 12/12 and 12/13, the celebration is repeated at another suitably decked-out setting: **BARTOW-PELL MANSION MUSEUM** on Shore Road, Pelham Bay Park. Programs are free; call 718-601-7399 for seating availability and additional information.●

Performance
Who's the Dad?

Everyone (winged, and otherwise) who was at the first Christmas is in for a gentle ribbing—in colloquial English—in Seymour Barab's miracle opera *Father of the Child.* And two millennia later, in the After Dinner Opera Company production, we finally get the inside story on why Mary opted not to marry Joseph—a consummate mensch—who, after all, was there at the birth. December 5 at 1:30 and 3:30 at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Avenue at 112th Street. Tickets are $15. Reservations recommended: 477-6212.

A Jet All the Way—Students at La Guardia High School collaborate with members of the New York City Opera in a performance of Leonard Bernstein's *West Side Story.* 12/3–12/5 at 7:30, 12/6 at 3. **LA GUARDIA CONCERT HALL**, Amsterdam at 65th St. (496-0700, ext. 2837). Reservations recommended. Tickets are $10. ●

On Board—If there's a bigger miniature-train exhibit somewhere on the planet, we haven't yet seen it. "The Station at Citicorp Center," in the **CITICORP CENTER ATRIUM**, is open for visitors to gape, free of charge, through 1/2/99. Mon. through Sat. 10 to 6, and Sun. noon to 5. Closed Christmas and New Year's Days. (53rd St. at Lexington Ave.)●

Golden Goose—In *Grimm Tales,* several folktales—familiar and not so—are performed by London's Young Vic Theatre Company in the round. The tales are told in their earliest—limb-lopping and grandma-gulping—versions. Recommended for children ages 6 and up. Through 1/3. **NEW VICTORY THEATER**, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); $10–$25.

Sugarplum Fairies—Feast the ears and eyes of small children on "George Balanchine's *The Nutcracker,*" danced by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET**. Through 1/3/99; $10–$80; for an additional $20, ticket-holders can have a holiday photo taken with a character from the ballet. For tickets and information, call 870-5570.

Big Little Top—In **BIG APPLE CIRCUS**'s show *Happy On!,* legendary British ringmaster Norman Barrett ushers in his own delightfully absurd budgerigar act. The circus tent is pitched at Damrosch Park at Lincoln Center (307-4100) through 1/10. Tickets are $12–$58.

Holiday Stage—Six sheep, three camels, two donkeys, and a Norwegian reindeer have set up housekeeping in midtown Manhattan for cameo appearances in the ever-popular **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL** "Christmas Spectacular." Through 1/3/99 (five Spanish-language performances are given 1/1–1/3). Sixth Ave. at 50th St. (247-4777 for information; 307-1000 for tickets); $27–$72. Kenny Rogers appears in a new musical he co-wrote called *Christmas From the Heart,* with a dozen original songs—some of which you may have heard lately on the radio. **BEACON THEATER**, Broadway at 74th St. (307-7171). 11/18–1/3/99; $19– $69. Roger Daltry stars as Ebenezer Scrooge in a musical adaptation of Charles Dickens's *A Christmas Carol.* The production plausibly claims to have New York's largest theatrical set ever. 11/27–12/27. **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**, 2 Pennsylvania Plaza (307-7171); $19–$58.

Global Warming—The penultimate week of **THE MUSEUM OF TELEVISION AND RADIO**'s Seventh Annual International Children's Television Festival takes up the theme of "What You Wish For." Demonstrations at 12:15 and 2:45 by professionals include a chance to meet *Sesame Street* animator John Serpentelli, and Emily Hubley, award-winning animator of Nickelodeon's *The Girl With Her Head Coming Off.* Afterward, see terrific kids' programming from Switzerland, France, Canada, and England. Intended for an audience of 5-to-10-year-old children, all festival programs are either in English, dubbed in English, or wordless. The festival runs weekends through 12/13. 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6000). Free with admission to the museum; suggested donation $6, $4 for seniors and students, $3 for children under 13.

She Won't Grow Up—Two-time Olympic gymnast Cathy Rigby returns to Broadway as the lead in the 1902 classic *Peter Pan*—for the third time. Through 1/3/99. **MARQUEE THEATRE**, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (307-4100). $25–$75.

cue

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Movies

Sam Grobart
Sports

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In Concert

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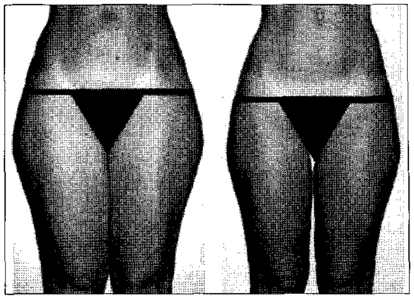

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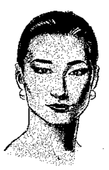

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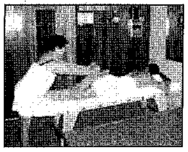

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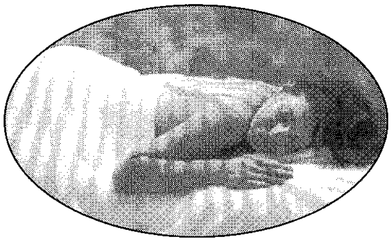

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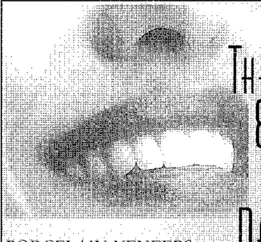

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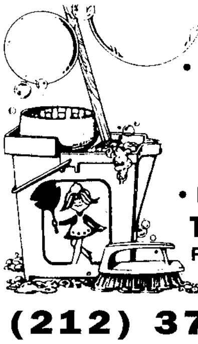

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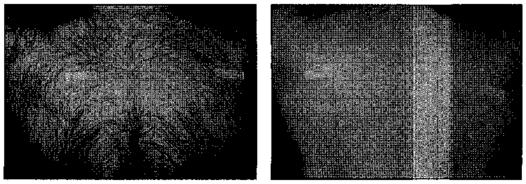

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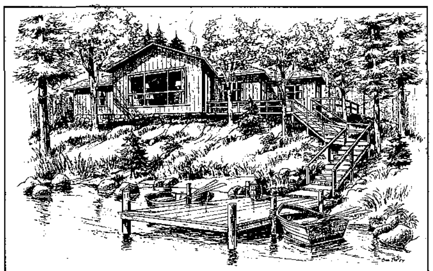

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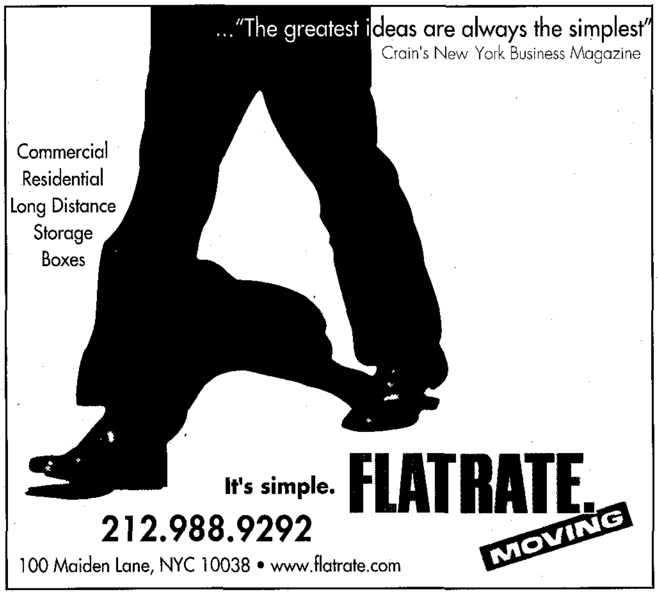
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Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $37.00 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher.. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Everything But The Girl—LI white male, 33, 5'9", 165, Catholic, athletic, handsome, seeks romantic, slim, fun lady who wants a man with his priorities straight, for serious relationship. Swrc2@aol.com 6349 ✉ ☎

Total Package—33, very pretty, sexy, professional Jewish female, 5'4", gym-fit, passionate about the NY Rangers, travel, theater, tennis, working out. You: 33-38, very attractive, tall Jewish professional with similar interests, and ready to settle down. Photo a must. 6323 ✉

Smart, Successful, Funny, Sexy—Sensitive Jewish man, 49, warm, kind, romantic, handsome, tall, fit, marathoner, rich, generous, loves kids...seeks love, passion, friendship. If you are a bright, warm, loving, kind, sexy, sensual, slim, stunningly beautiful woman, your photo/phone guarantees reply. 6353 ✉

The British Are Coming—To my rescue, I hope. Fond of ex-pats - I'm a very attractive, elegant, intelligent exec, 39, who's missing only the company of a 40-50, attractive (please), charming, accomplished gentleman who actually drives his brain as well as his roadster. Go ahead, take a chance. Ring! 6320 ✉☎

Lovely, Leggy Lady Lawyer—Good at alliteration - 5'5", slender but shapely, indeterminate blond, early 40s (original teeth); extensively published writer; e-mail abuser, very pretty, eclectic and creative; great wardrobe; too many interests. Seeking tall, handsome, fit, nonsmoking, intellectually challenging professional guy (45-55) for amusing friendship and possible mid-life romantic crisis. Let's be in awe of each other! Note with photo. 6296 ✉

Dyke Of My Dreams, Where Are You?—Fun-loving, accomplished white professional, at 50, seeks courting and romance with spunky, nonsmoking, successful, baggage-free woman of substance. Note of introduction/recent photo, please. 6297 ✉

Managing Editor—Financial magazine. Young-at-heart 55-year-old woman, funny, smart, tall, Rubenesque, lots of interests. I've just been diagnosed with cancer, but feel and look fine. Hope to meet an under-60s, grown-up, gentle, sweet guy for the good and bad times. Note please, with information about yourself and your work (if no details, no response). 6345 ✉

You See Me On The Deck—Silhouetted by the setting sun. A soft breeze rustles my blond shoulder-length hair and gently sways my dress, sparkles twinkle. You notice I'm slender, sweet and friendly, with a great smile. I love to laugh. You catch my eye and hold the look as you walk toward me. I smile. I appear to be in my 30s. You learn that I'm actually in my mid 40s, educated and successful. I am the loving mother of two teenagers. You sense that I appreciate men and like to be treated as a woman. We share a zest for life, a sense of adventure and a love of action. Please tell me your name and more about yourself. Photo appreciated. 6294 ✉

Dynamic, Cerebral CEO/Inventor—A communicative, warm, gentle Renaissance man with great sense of humor, good looks, 5'10", muscular, 43, into health, fitness, travel. Seeks vivacious, educated woman under 38, for the real thing, family. Phone/photo necessary. 6359 ✉☎

Thin, Beautiful Pediatrician, Chinese—Manhattanite, 32, 5'7", 100 lbs, warm, passionate, open-minded, spiritual and accomplished. Loves classical music, opera, film, refined quiet dining, working out, skiing, tennis, the beach. Seeks tall, handsome Caucasian male, 32-40, intelligent, sophisticated, confident, athletic, open- and commitment-minded, sincere, generous and extremely successful - for best friend, soul mate, companion, possible marriage and family. 6315 ✉☎

Let's Set-Up Home—Elegant blond, 41, Christian, seeks a secure man. 6337 ✉☎

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A GENTLEPEOPLE PERSONAL SEARCH

Life At First Sight?—Beautiful, brainy, 45, tall, slim, successful writer/consultant, seeks financially secure, single Jewish male, 45-60, to indulge in travel, books, movies, high living and low comedy. You have poetry in your soul and power at your fingertips. The only thing you need is me. Serious commitment vital. Photo. 6338 ✉

Divorced Jewish Male Physician—Early 40s, who is athletic, musically inclined, enjoys culture, is looking for an intelligent, warm Jewish woman, 30s-early 40s, of like mind, to share the joys of life with. Could it be you? Photo/letter/phone. 6335 ✉☎

All I Want For Christmas Is—To meet a single white Christian male who is attractive, fit, fun, romantic, nonsmoker, 32-39, who enjoys traveling, dining, dancing and the theater. I am a single white female who is pretty, petite, down-to-earth and fun. Santa, I have been good all year!! Photo and note. 6309 ✉

Seeking Quality Latina—Under 55, with serious professional and financial accomplishments. I am a successful male, PhD, writer, accomplished consultant, into tennis, skiing, gym and travel. 6307 ✉☎

Recently Widowed—Was happily married. Looking for woman to share my life with, 50-60. Manhattan only. 6301 ✉

New Year Resolution—Plan for a new man. I am, and you are: successful, fit, attractive, smart, funny, adventurous, spontaneous, romantic, late 40s-mid 50s. Phone/photo/note. 6356 ✉ ☎

Laughter And Fun—Early 30s, educated, athletic, down-to-earth, successful Jewish male, business executive, enjoys the outdoors, skiing and running. Seeking 25-34, intelligent, attractive, caring female for laughter, theater, fun, adventure and a relationship. Note/photo/phone. 6326 ✉

Seeking Best Friend—Or perhaps more. Successful writer (wine, classical music, travel) and Internet entrepreneur with two lovely cats, seeks fun-loving, sexy, down-to-earth, slender Manhattan lady for friendship, passion and romance. Our interests include ethnic cuisine, gourmet dining, classical music, theater, museums, movies, skiing, biking, hiking, beaches, walks in Central Park and delights of NYC. Let's start as best friends and see what develops. Note/recent photo. 6348 ✉

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Strictly Personals

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Triple-A Sweetheart—Smart, attractive, bubbly brown-eyed MBA, fiscally/spiritually/physically fit, with no children, seeks successful, sincere, in-shape 40s man for friendship, commitment. Photo/note. 6332 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Auburn-Haired—Jewish, female advertising exec - adores Ella, the Dead, Van Gogh and Sunday crossword. Loves biking and exploring corners of NY. Prefers the Angelika over the Sony. Makes a mean pasta puttanesca and a meaner reservation. Chronologically I'm 40, but feel much younger. Seeking white male with similar interests. Good sense of humor and an ability for witty repartee are imperative. Photo, note and number enough to begin. 6293 ✉ ☎

Good-Looking NY Businessman—Early 50s, 5'6", central NJ resident. Looking for slim, attractive professional woman, 38-48, searching for that special partner. Love great restaurants in NYC, theater, walking on the beach. Love to travel. Personable, attractive, quality guy looking for that special someone. Friends first. Send photo and note. 6298 ✉

Sexy, Bright And Kindhearted—What a combo! Great-looking, professional Jewish woman, 33, spontaneous, loves to dance - seeks cool, handsome Jewish guy who's sincere, easygoing, well-educated, successful, 30s, for lasting relationship. Photo appreciated. 6324 ✉ ☎

All In A Small Package—Classy, successful MD, petite, very attractive, romantic - loves travel, the arts, music. Seeks distinguished, intelligent gentleman, 48-60, to share it all. It could be a warm winter. Note/photo, please. 6313 ✉

Attractive, Warm—Professional woman, intelligent, cultured, good humor - seeks compatible man, late 50s-60s. 6325 ✉

Take Me Home For The Holidays!—Not tall or rich, but sane and sincere Jewish MD, 5'7", 150, seeks smart, slender, fit, pretty, unencumbered woman, to age 43, as best friend, lover and future wife. Photo/phone. 6354 ✉ ☎

Gay White Woman—30, sexy, feminine, slim, successful, seeks same, 25-35, who enjoys arts and champagne. Photo. 6347 ✉

Gay White Male—Nice-looking, fit, 52, 5'8", 155 lbs, brown hair/eyes, sane, kind, funny, creative, wealthy. Seeks quality companion, 25-40, to share travel, dining, the arts and much more. Photo/note. 6299 ✉

Dark, Mysterious Stranger—In the night, 56, 5'9"... Didn't you ever want to meet him, find out who he really is - romantic or a boor, loquacious or inarticulate, affluent or effluent? Smart woman wanted, to unmask him. Send photo; will reciprocate. 6351 ✉

Into Hedonism, Too—Early 30s, single white male, professional traveler, cute/handsome, fit, sincere, caring, sometimes quiet - yet open, adventurous. Looking for a cute, fun, affectionate, open female. 6330 ✉

One Of The Good Ones Is Free—Supposed to be better the second time. Good-looking male, 40, Jewish (nonreligious), successful, intelligent, professional, financially secure, seeks normal, happy, fun-loving, in-shape female with style, smarts and good looks. Photo/phone/note. 6300 ✉

Attractive, Caring Man—Sincere, fun-loving, fit, well-traveled, financially secure, semi-retired. Seeks physically and mentally attractive woman, 53-60, to love and be loved, who enjoys good food, wine, music, art and cinema...fun, romance and a loving relationship. That's what life is all about! Note/photo/phone. 6333 ✉ ☎

Look No Further—*If you want to* meet a beautiful, vivacious, professional Jewish woman, young 50, divorced, with a passion for life, a dream of real romance and a great sense of humor... Write/call/laugh. 6334 ✉ ☎

Looking For Ally (With A Little Ling)—Handsome Soho entrepreneur, 39, 5'9", lean, spiritual, seeks pretty, sensual, artistic woman, 26-38, with a dancer's body, for romantic city adventures. Note/photo. 6355 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Tall, Athletic—Very fit, honest, generous, successful investor/entrepreneur, 43, seeks a very pretty, thin, stylish lady, 22-30, for adventure, travel, holiday parties and, of course, shopping. Quiet dinners and quality time together part of the package. Interested?. Please write with recent photo/phone. 6322 ✉ ☎

Juliet Seeks Romeo—Passionate poet, cultured, accomplished, ethereal, sensuous, evolved, honest, beguiling, always smiling, with Claudia Schiffer looks, 46 - look 32, once married. Seeks equal for last(ing) act with happy ending. Please be a kind, sincere gentleman of character - romantic and emotionally available - for friendship, romance and lasting love... I'm waiting. Photo/phone/note. 6350 ✉

All The Great Gay Women Aren't Taken—Jeez, it's hard to meet someone with great energy, who is attractive, not dykey and enjoys laughing at the absurdities of life. I'm an attractive 47, own a successful business, Jones New York by week and jeans NY by weekend, fun-loving and interested in getting to know another woman who loves to talk into the wee hours - or spend the night dancing. Recent photo and a note would be a great first step. 6336 ✉

Herpes—Mid 40s, successful professional male - passionate, honest, whimsical, very fit and athletic, somewhat spiritual, seeks 30-43, open, fit and curvaceous female with sense of humor, who may also wish to avoid disclosure anxiety and subsequent responses. Letter and photo please. 6319 ✉

Greatest Guy You'll Meet—Handsome, humorous, financially successful, 58, seeks outstanding female. Photo a must. 6358 ✉

Pretty Woman—36, Jewish, 5'9" and sexy, seeks The Man In The Grey Flannel Suit. You: tall and a Goodfella, looking for a Funny Lady with A Touch Of Class, who will leave you Breathless. Me: loves Beaches, walking Barefoot In The Park and Pillow Talk. If you have True Grit and Basic Instinct, you can become Addicted To Love. If you're sick of Mind Games, aren't Psycho, in search of a woman with Absence Of Malice, then let's meet one Dog Day Afternoon. If you're a Braveheart, one of A Few Good Men, let's say It Started With A Kiss and was As Good As It Gets. Photo/phone. 6327 ✉ ☎

Blond, Pretty, Fit—Single Jewish female, searching for a professional, intelligent, athletic, emotionally available man, 37-47, for fun, love and family. 6357 ✉

Seek And You Shall Find—A pretty, professional, energetic brunette in her 40s, looking for an easygoing, energetic professional man in his 40s - for friendship and possible relationship that has us both asking for more. 6340 ✉ ☎

I'd Rather Be Dancing—Pretty, petite, perfectly proportioned, vivacious blond, looking for fit, no-nonsense guy in 40s. Note/photo. 6311 ✉

Home Alone In NYC—Warm, smart, attractive, athletic, professional Jewish female, 5'6", slim, 40, with mid-30s looks and no baggage - into movies, theater, sports. Seeks fit, fun, professional Jewish male for love, laughter, marriage/family. Nonsmokers only. Note/phone. 6342 ✉

Fun, Prizes And More—Spirited belle - lady (47), delights in literature, arts, athletics and travel (anywhere), values scholarship, achievement and wit. Seeks like-minded gentleman with substance and style. 6295 ✉ ☎

Striking, Slender Green-Eyed Blond—Substance and style, seeks sincere, spirited, successful, attractive male, 40s-50s - who has a passion for travel, music and the arts - interested in a romantic, committed relationship. Photo/note. 6352 ✉

Full Of Life—Adventurous, smart, creative, cool, attractive, single white female, 30. Warm, easygoing nature, soulful eyes, long shapely legs, great smile, slim build. Witty, irreverent humor. Free-spirited, athletic. Loves the arts, sciences, ideas, tennis, skiing, cycling, Alaskan fjords, Australian outback, Paris, NYC, Bruges. Seeks nonsmoking, smart man - educated, 30-40, 5'9" plus. 6331 ✉ ☎

Professional Woman—Big brown eyes, soft brown hair, curves, 5'2", 37. Mother of teenager; secure, playful, funny. Seeks similar white male - honest, considerate, easygoing. 6312 ✉ ☎

Starting Over At 49—Successful Manhattan female seeks Jewish male - perfect gentleman (mensch), to share tennis, skiing and golf. Let's get together. You might be pleasantly surprised. 6343 ✉ ☎

Sam/Frasier—Tall, handsome, athletic psychologist, 40, Irish, funny, irreverent, adventurous - seeks tall, good-looking, witty woman, 28-38, Diane/Carla. Note/photo. 6317 ✉

Gorgeous, 27, Black Female—Very elegant, European background. Seeks financially secure, older white male for unique relationship. 6310 ✉ ☎

Very Good-Looking Blond—Renaissance lady, 53, athletic, seeking witty male counterpart, 53-65, who loves opera and jazz, upscale dining and cooking at home, Manhattan and travel abroad. Please be tall, slim, Jewish, divorced or widowed professional. Photo and personal note appreciated. 6318 ✉

Long-Legged Blond—Very attractive, slender, 5'5", single white female, 41, psychologist, stylish - loves high heels, laughter and Yodels. Seeking handsome, fit, successful, single white male. Must be playful and romantic. Note/photo/phone. 6308 ✉ ☎

Romantic, Artistic, Imaginative—Warm, slim, financially secure professional male, 35, seeks woman of character, intensity, passion and depth (24-32) for long-term relationship. This woman should be more of the "voluptuous" type, rather than "Twiggy" thin. Note/photo, please. 6306 ✉

Very Good-Looking Millionaire—49, 5'11", 165, green eyes, salt-and-pepper hair (a bit long). You're 35 plus, 5'4"-5'6", very very attractive, sensuous, passionate, and could do without museums and the opera! If you're interested in romance, fine dining, the Caribbean and possible commitment, send at least one photo in your favorite outfit, a handwritten note referring to this ad, and phone number. 6328 ✉

Sharp, Striking—Single Jewish female, 38, warm, witty, fun-loving, enjoys travel, swimming, bicycling, skiing, the arts and more. Seeks warm, professional, single Jewish male, 39-46, with similar interests, for serious relationship. 6303 ✉

I've Got Silver In The Stars—And gold in the morning sun. Presently marooned among the steel and concrete. Any rescue out there? I'm 6', 180, college professional, 50 - enamored of hiking, sports, readin', ritin', 'rithmetic. If you're a spirited woman on a road less traveled, why, I'd love to hear from you. 6346 ✉

Pretty Woman—Slim, shapely, bright, warm, seeks special man, 61-75. 6302 ✉ ☎

Strictly Personals

NYMessage

Happy Birthday
Relly!

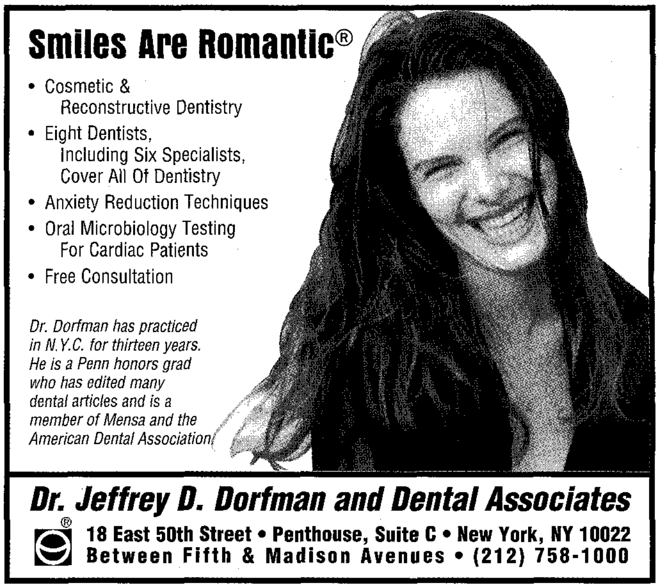
Upper East Sider With Creative Spirit—Beautiful, slim, brown-eyed blond with eclectic interests which include theater, art, travel, movies and NYC - from Fifth Avenue to East Village. Seeks handsome, successful, Jewish (34-45 years old), marriage- and family-minded Manhattanite with an outgoing personality, great sense of humor, passion for his work and a zest for life. Note/photo/phone. 6344✉☎

Blue-Eyed Beauty—With brains, great figure. Vibrant Manhattan attorney, Jewish, dancer, traveler, skier. Seeks handsome, successful man, 40-52. 6341✉

Great Sense Of Style—Sophisticated good looks, intelligence and humor. Extremely attractive, trim, easygoing, upscale, divorced Jewish female. French background. Bilingual. Creative, generous, fun-loving, successful professional. Interested in people. Likes city/country. Appreciates simplicity/beauty. Loves architecture, sensual pleasures, photography, good food/wine, Mozart, etc. Seeks cultivated, financially stable, fit, 48-66 man who likes his life/people. 6329 ✉☎

Christmas Present—Blond/blue, pretty, 5'7", professional female, 39, fit/thin, smart, active and fun. Seeks similar all-American guy, 37-45, for potential romance. A fit, energetic guy with a kind spirit and a sense of humor welcomed. Recent photo appreciated. 6292 ✉

Very Handsome, Fit, Smart, Educated—Sensitive, successful artist/teacher, 51, seeks pretty, smart, sensitive, sensual, educated younger woman for friendship, possibly more. Photo/note. 6316 ✉ ☎



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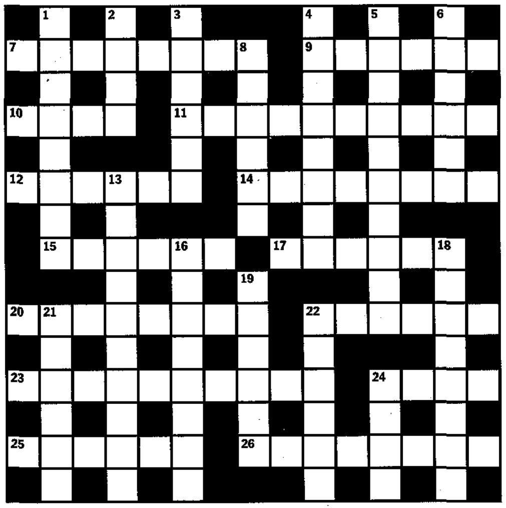
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS
7 Half-hearted evangelist's conflict with Muslim leader. (8)
9 Thought one goes in off. (6)
10 To play legato is a discredit to one's reputation. (4)
11 Brown and green is wrong for fruit. (10)
12 Poet caught by power failure? (6)
14 Combine solid exterior with smooth interior. (8)
15 Polish language, audible. (6)
17 Georgia carrying torch for composer. (6)
20 An old soldier is not so good without a right hand. (8)
22 Rock and roll at labs. (6)
23 Driver taking poor teacher round city. (10)
24 Appear in entertainment. (4)
25 Lament about girl's rent. (6)
26 Ready to be won over? So let it be over island. (8)

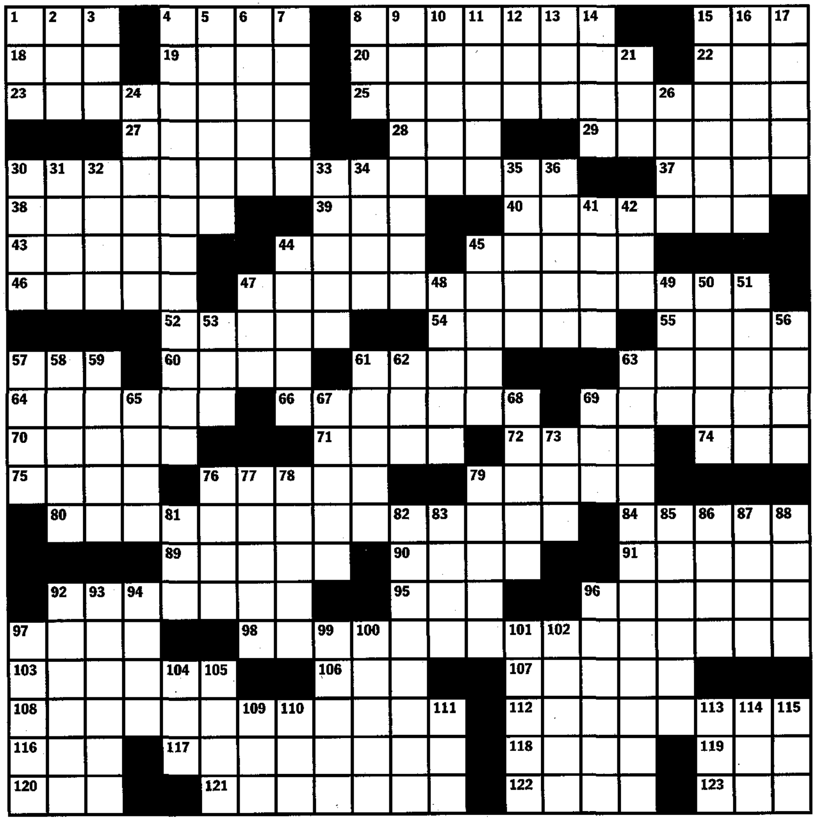


DOWN
1 Hector removed at start of game. (5-3)
2 Drink to be set before the queen. (4)
3 Loudly change flag. (6)
4 Diabolical Lenin? Far from it! (8)
5 Multiplication in Sunday school for youngsters. (10)
6 Concealed lid on top of tin. (6)
8 Is able to rise in low principality. (6)
13 Groggy when beverage gets imbibed. (5-5)
16 Stone or sand shaped with axes. (8)
18 No body in college? (3,5)
19 Dope has time for classes. (6)
21 A swimmer initially approaches Hero waving on land. (6)
22 Quarrel excluding French marshal. (6)
24 Fish with a portion of chips—haddock, perhaps. (4)

'Library Flubs': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
1 Crying spell
4 Matinee times: abbr.
8 Plods through puddles
15 Mealtime dickey
18 Hockey surface
19 Cab customer
20 Violent ocean fluctuations
22 Kanga's baby
23 Spunk
25 Musical misfiled under TERMITES
27 Signs a lease
28 Lubricate
29 Fortieth President
30 Novel misfiled under POMPEII
37 Makes lace
38 Jewelers' measures
39 Important card in blackjack
40 Spider-girl of myth
43 Robin of "Lifestyles" fame
44 Kauai cookout
45 "Oh, How —— You Tonight"
46 —— crow flies
47 Musical misfiled under ETIQUETTE
52 Michigan auto city
54 In a wily way
55 Kind of hygiene
57 Martians and such
60 Top-notch
61 Title for a Khan
63 Table-setting piece
64 Oysters' largesse
66 Novel misfiled under HOUSECLEANING
69 Wickerwork need
70 Sign on
71 Cow conversation
72 Pirate's take
74 Some B'klyn trains
75 Songstress James
76 Seventh Hebrew month
79 Shunned one
80 Play misfiled under WIGWAMS
84 "—— an arrow into the air": Longfellow
89 Yearbook
90 Hitchhiker's hope
91 Chicago airport
92 Skin art
95 It goes before beauty
96 Not as fresh
97 Big blow
98 Play misfiled under INTERIOR DECORATION
103 Meeting program
106 Kid-friendly TV channel
107 Dryad's kin
108 Novel misfiled under MEXICAN FOOD
112 Tractor-trailer driver
116 Doggy-bag item
117 Elusive maneuvers
118 Wave, in Nice
119 Shakespearean fuss
120 Point of law
121 Defame
122 "Untouchables" hero
123 Last of twenty-six

DOWN
1 Donegal dance
2 Prefix with puncture
3 Birthstone
4 Play misfiled under WINTER
5 Swoons
6 Something plighted
7 Feel intuitively
8 —— Lanka
9 Floor-store buy
10 Kind of nerve
11 Robe for Calpurnia
12 Broadway success
13 "Th" in Old English
14 Prophet
15 Work shoe
16 Treat a cut
17 Shipboard noncoms
21 Neighbor of Nor.
24 Take the pulpit
26 Swearing-in recital
30 West coast coll.
31 Scottish refusals
32 Darn!
33 Boast about
34 One —— (form of baseball)
35 Pamby's go-with
36 Bay window
41 Having burnt-out embers
42 Jefferson Davis's govt.
44 Floating hotel
45 Muslim faith
47 Department of France
48 "A man's home —— castle"
49 Electromotive unit
50 Plenty sore
51 Pertaining to birth
53 Pop music's —— Lobos
56 Bifocal, e.g.
57 Fencing sword
58 First extra inning
59 Andrea del ——, Renaissance artist
61 "I'm —— goose"
62 Car in a 1964 song
63 Novel misfiled under NEW ENGLAND FOOTBALL
65 Wander
67 Boy of a Menotti opera
68 Lycée pupil
69 Caviar
73 Unlock: poetic
76 Don't-do
77 Supposing the opposite
78 Sock away
79 Burdened
81 Please the cook
82 Members of the highest Hindu caste
83 Capital of Latvia
85 Crockery fragments
86 Angel's aureole
87 Sandwich cookie
88 Time served
92 Literature Nobelist of India
93 Warns of danger
94 Camp sight
96 Golfer Sam, and family
97 Jacksonville Bowl
99 Edgar Bergen's Klinker
100 Heat: Lat.
101 Boarded
102 Daughter of the Curies
104 Partner of tool
105 Edison's middle name
109 Two of these follow tra
110 Cleo's killer
111 ——tung, now Zedong
113 Income assessment
114 Rival of Ben & Jerry
115 "Frasier" role



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 104.

Where to find the most unique, extraordinary Holiday Gifts!

A
B
C
B
D
H
G
F
E
I
J
K
L

A/ Leather-trimmed wet packs. From Italy. Olive. $228. Navy. $96.50.

B/ Ultra luxe alligator wallets with kangaroo lining. Hand-made in Italy with a silky soft matte finish. Breast pocket. $796. Credit card. $637.

C/ Crocodile belt with brass covered buckle. $387.

D/ Stuart Hunter watch. 14k gold with alligator band. $1,250. 18k gold electroplate with pigskin band. $475.

E/ Exclusive "Triumph of Bacchus" woven Italian silk braces. Inspired by the 17th century Flemish tapestry in our New York store. $118.50.

F/ Sterling silver belt buckle. $108.50.

G/ Java lizard belt strap. $112.50.

H/ Crocodile tapered belt with sterling silver buckle, keeper and tip. From Italy. $487.

I/ Italian woven nappa leather wallet. $118.50.

J/ Vermeil barbell cufflinks. $97.50.

K/ Vermeil knot cufflinks. $92.50.

L/ English enamel and vermeil cufflinks. $265.

Paul Stuart

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